# Liberty

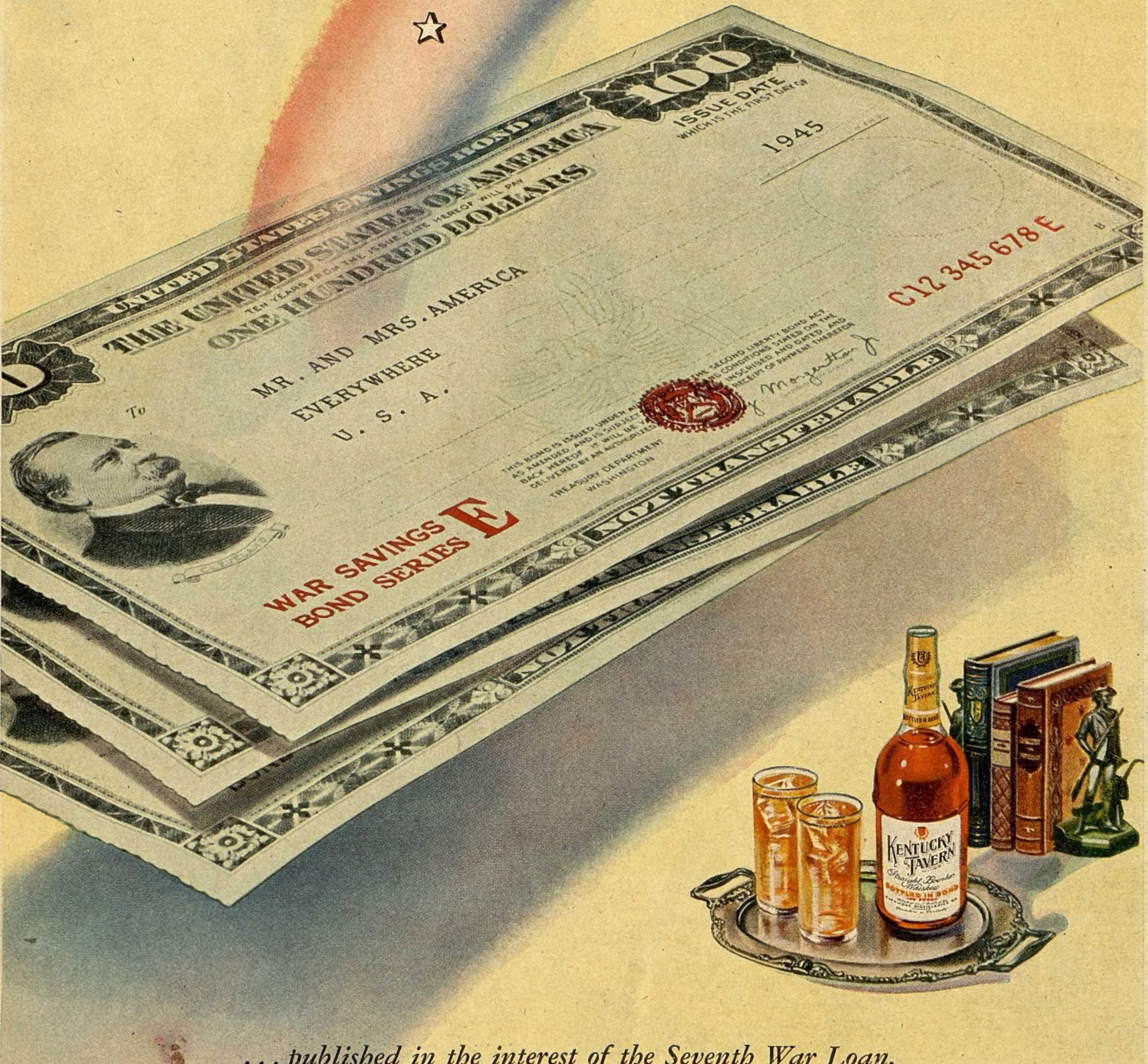
JUNE 9, 1945 10c

**Book: TOMORROW WILL SING**

By **ELLIOTT ARNOLD,** author of the Commandos

**SHORT STORIES by**
**Marguerite Eyssen**
**Day Keene • Carlotta Davies**

# BUY THEM ★ KEEP THEM


100
ISSUE DATE
WHICH IS THE FIRST DAY OF
1945
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BOND
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
C12 345 678 E
To
MR. AND MRS. AMERICA
EVERYWHERE
U. S. A.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON
WAR SAVINGS BOND SERIES E
NOT TRANSFERABLE
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

*. . . published in the interest of the Seventh War Loan.*

*Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.*

OUR BOYS DON'T WANT THANKS ★ ★ ★ THEY WANT GUNS, SHIPS, PLANES, TANKS!

# Famous MODEL...Smart MOTHER

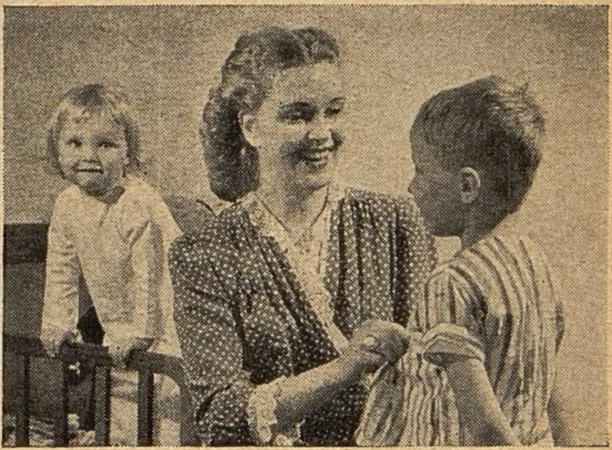
## "Smiles are important business in our family"... says top-flight model, Margaret Johnson

One of Manhattan's most fabulous mothers is Texas-born Margaret Johnson, who has found time for a modelling and a radio career . . . while bringing up two beautiful children.

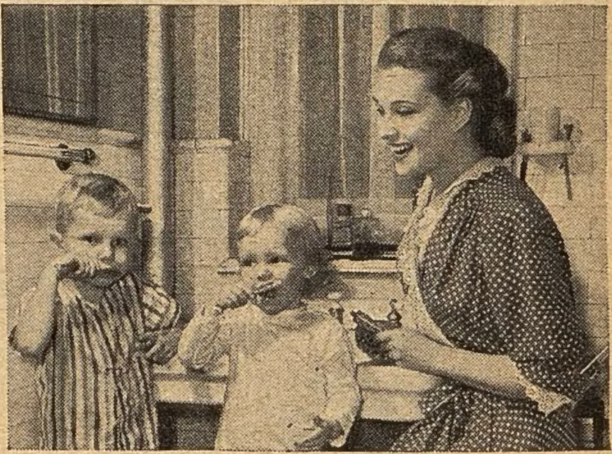
Not least among this career mother's concerns is the care of her youngsters' teeth and gums. For no one knows better than a "cover girl" how important a smile can be. So 6-year-old Hank and 2-year-old "Miss Blue" are already embarked on the dental routine with which Mother safeguards her own famous smile: *regular brushing followed by gum massage with a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Thousands of schools and dentists all over the country are teaching this dental truth today: that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth...and that firm, healthy gums are vital aids to sound, sparkling teeth.

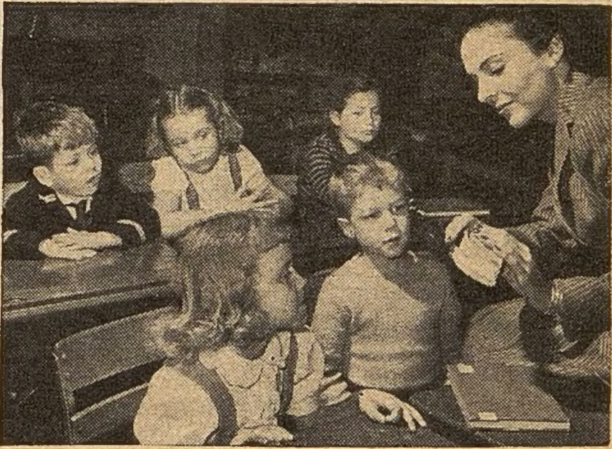
**Sing for your supper** is the rule of the house at the musical Johnsons'. The same close harmony prevails in the care of teeth and gums. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need--that Ipana is especially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.



**High time for bed time** often comes when radio-singing father Travis is still at rehearsal. He knows, however, that the nightly Ipana workout will not be missed. First, because the youngsters love this clean-tasting dentifrice. And, second, because Mother will see to it that teeth are cleaned and gums massaged to speed up circulation.



**Just like Mother.** After some earnest tooth-brushing, Hank and little "Miss Blue" massage with Ipana to guard against tender gums. Among adults, sensitive gums often signal their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* He may suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



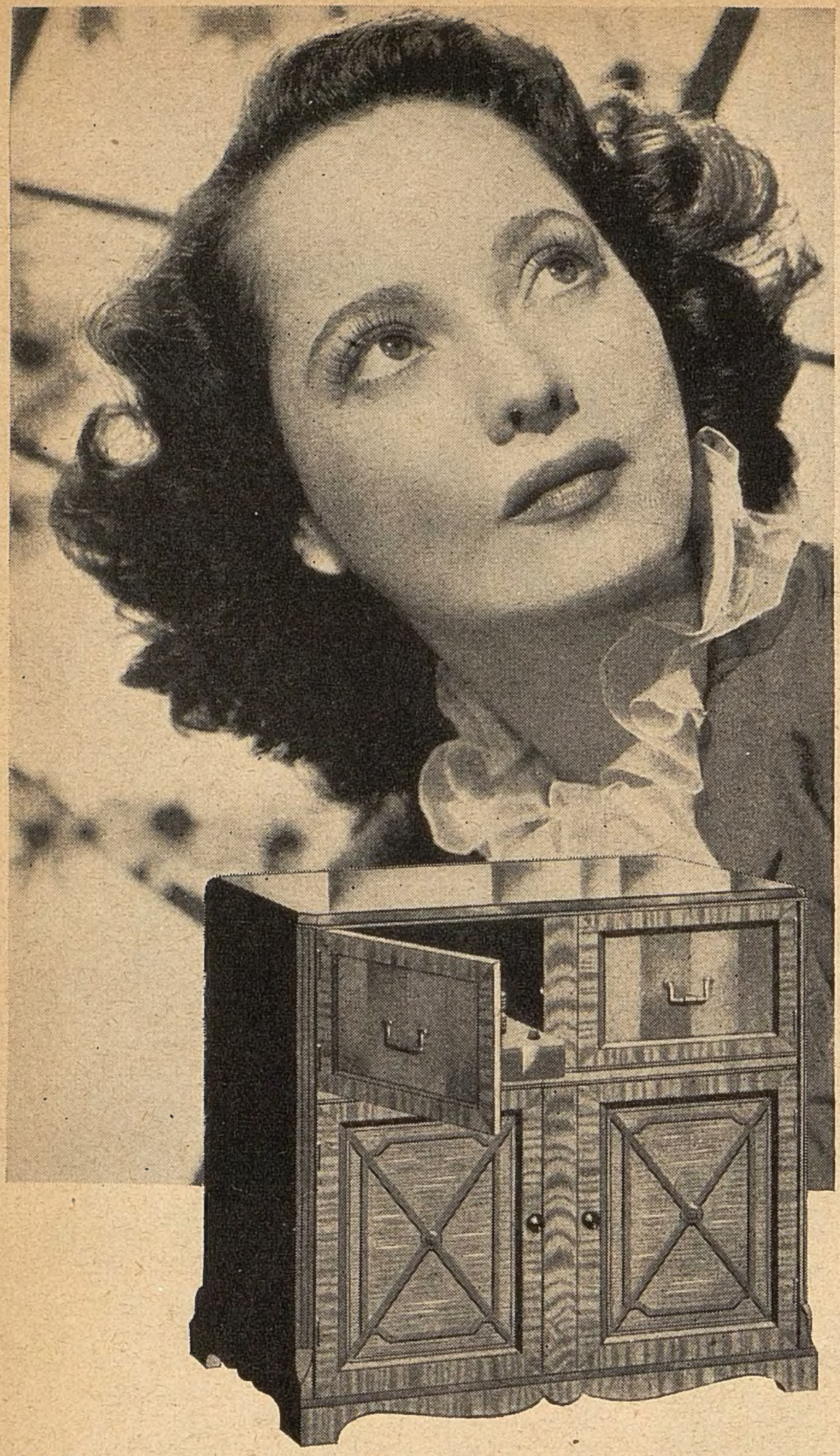
**What parents don't know** about the importance of gum massage is common knowledge to many children. For the proper care of teeth and gums is being taught in classrooms all over America today. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, as shown in a nationwide survey. More, survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their* [illegible]*e!*

**Firmer Gums — Brighter Teeth with**

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

**Ipana and Massage**

*Product of Bristol-Myers*



"I'm waiting for the new Motorola Radio"

SAYS—MERLE OBERON
STARRING IN THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION
"A SONG TO REMEMBER"

Again and again Motorola Radio Engineers have been FIRST with engineering ideas that have made radios for Home and Car more pleasant to listen to. Radio engineering "know how" made possible the Motorola development and large production of the famous "Handie Talkie," fightingest radio in the war. To you who have "nursed" your radio through the war, we say . . . the new Motorola Radios and automatic phonographs will be well worth waiting for!

GALVIN Mfg. Corporation • Chicago 51, Illinois

THERE'LL BE NONE FINER

Motorola A-M F-M Radio

FOR HOME AND CAR

HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION

# In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Edward Maher, Editor

*Associates*

Edward Hutchings, *Exec. Editor*
William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Joseph Anthony, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Helen W. Brown, *Washington*

Staff: Ruth Berman • Alison Butcher • Elsie Christie • Molly Crickmay • Harry E. Dounce • Helen Greenwood • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker • Vivian Saude • Eve Stanley • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler

## ★ ARTICLES

The New First Lady, *Helen Weigel Brown* .......... 19
Jap Prisoners Talk, Too! *Larry Barretto* .......... 22
A Duffer's Guide to Fishing, *Bill Wolf* .......... 24
Gadget of Destruction, *S/Sgt. Lionel L. Van Deerlin* .......... 28
G. I. Mom, *Victor Boesen and John Reddy* .......... 34

## ★ FICTION

The Hand that Feeds, *Marguerite Eyssen* .......... 20
Thanks for the Memory—Short Short, *S. L. Gomberg* .. 26
Not So Dumb as a Fox, *Day Keene* .......... 32
From Baker to Banker—and Back, *Carlotta Davies* .......... 36

## ★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Tomorrow Will Sing—*Elliott Arnold's distinguished novel which combines a touching love story and a timely theme —abridged to a reading time of one evening* .......... 39

## ★ FEATURES

Vox Pop .......... 7
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* .......... 13
The Camera Eye—Pictures .......... 30
Books in Review, *Joseph Anthony* .......... 54
Crossword Puzzle .......... 54
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* .......... 63
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* .......... 67
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary *(Unabashed)* .......... 68
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Eve Stanley* .......... 82

## ★ EDITORIAL

What Is Fascism? *Paul Hunter* .......... 90

*Cover: Here Comes the Groom*
*The Webster Family—No. 8*
*Painted by Lu Kimmel*
*(See Page 88 for Story)*

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

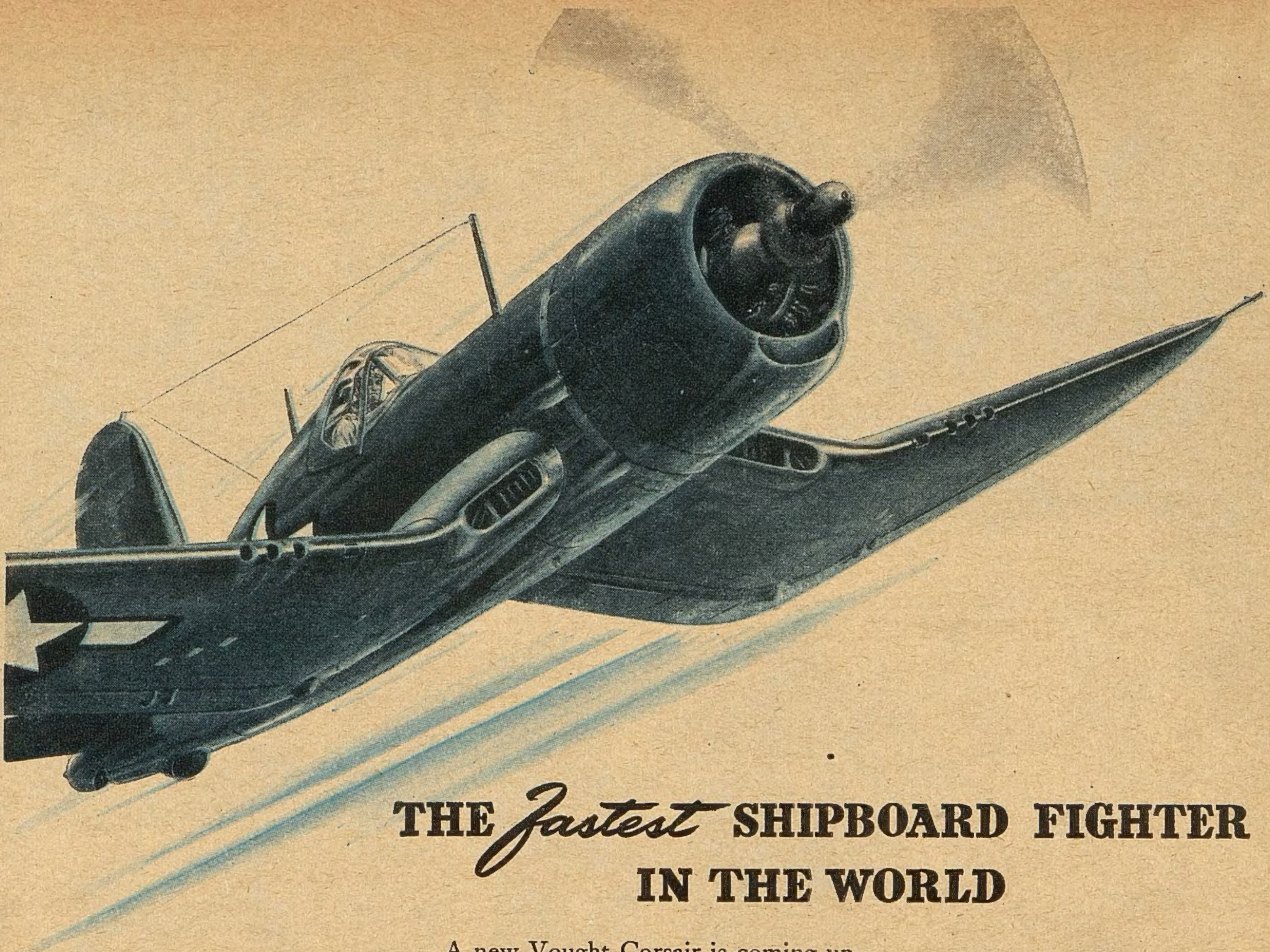
*President*, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Edward Maher, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; *Business Mgr.*, John Dungan; *Circulation Mgr.*, Lee Wagner.

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, June 9, 1945. Vol. 22, No. 23. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions. $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



# THE *fastest* SHIPBOARD FIGHTER IN THE WORLD

A new Vought Corsair is coming up.

This latest version of the world's fastest shipboard fighter takes off *faster* — flies *farther faster* — climbs *higher faster*.

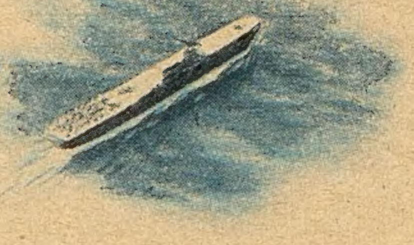
* * *

Great warplanes such as the new Corsair do not happen over night. They take years of development.

An experimental model is designed and built, subjected to grueling test. Before production can begin, intricate manufacturing problems must be solved, plants tooled up.

As production models go into military service, testing continues. New tactics evolve from maneuvers and from the flaming test of battle. These dictate design changes to be developed, tested and put into production — starting a new cycle in the continuous development of the airplane.

This takes time. The original Corsair fighter, built by Vought and by Goodyear to Vought design, was conceived seven years ago. Designed for shipboard use, it first saw action three years ago with the Marines on Guadalcanal as a land-based fighter where it licked the best fighters the Japanese could offer. Now operating from aircraft carriers, it is playing a vital role in Navy task force attacks upon Japan itself, as a fighter, fighter-bomber and night fighter.



* * *

The new Corsair is a product of this intensive continuous development that has established America's supremacy in the air.

These cycles — development and production by the aircraft industry and testing and proving by the armed forces — must continue as national policy if this nation is to preserve in the future its security in the skies.

**UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION**
**EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT**

PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES • HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS • CHANCE VOUGHT AIRPLANES • SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS

*A hearing aid and a telephone both use the same principles of sound transmission. So what could be more natural than that Western Electric, manufacturer of the famous Bell telephone, should also produce a hearing aid built to the same high standards?*

# *Hearing* IS OUR BUSINESS

### Years of telephone experience go into every Western Electric Hearing Aid

● Today there is a new attitude toward hearing aids. Wearing one means simply that you can hear again, just as the wearing of glasses is a sign of corrected vision. Scientific developments have made possible small, inconspicuous, efficient hearing aids. Thus, thousands with impaired hearing are once again enjoying a fuller life in the world of sound.

Western Electric plays a great part in this trend, for the engineers in Bell Telephone Laboratories are pioneers and leaders in the science of sound. The Bell telephones used all over America are made by Western Electric and the Western Electric Hearing Aid has been developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Yes, it's a healthy thing, this new attitude toward wearing a hearing aid. It opens a new world of sound to millions of hard-of-hearing Americans.

***You may need a Hearing Aid if—***

- ★ **If you are in the habit of favoring one ear only, or if you are always asking people to sit on your "good ear" side.**
- ★ **If you think people don't talk as clearly as they used to.**
- ★ **If people always seem to be mumbling behind your back.**
- ★ **If you find yourself not bothering to pay attention to conversation.**

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR about your hearing difficulties. If you need a hearing aid, see your local Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer for a free personal discussion. You will find his name and address under "Hearing Aids" in the classified telephone directory. Or you can write for information to: Western Electric, Dept. 380-E, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

*Look on your Bell Telephone for this great name in Hearing Aids*

On your Bell Telephone you see the words WESTERN ELECTRIC. The same name on your hearing aid means the same high standard of manufacture. The Western Electric Hearing Aid is easy to use, lightweight—and comfortable. Its many features were designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories—by the same organization which brought the Bell Telephone to its present state of excellence.

**Western Electric Hearing Aids**

MADE TO BELL TELEPHONE STANDARDS

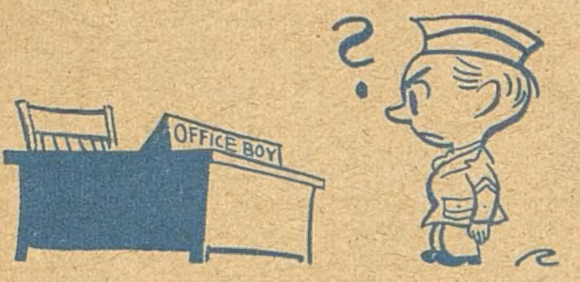
# ★ VOX POP ★

## "The Voice of the People"

### THE OLD JOB—MINUS!

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The letter from Lt. S. (April 28 Vox Pop) about the re-employment of ex-servicemen hits the vet problem right on the nose. I know, because it happened to me.

Sure, they offered to give me the old job back, minus seniority and the chance for something better. What good was it? The men who had had lesser positions than I before the war were on their way up. I was out.



Of course I am one of the lucky ones who got back in time to get set again. But I'm afraid a lot of the fellows are in for an awful beating when they get home.—*Howard S. Nickman.*

### THE PINEAPPLE ARMY

CAMP PICKETT, VA.—May I express my gratitude to Lieutenant Robert C. Ruark for his article, Ho-Hum in Hawaii (April 21)?

As a very recent returnee from that Purgatory of the Pacific, I have been subjected to the lifted-eyebrow stares of many people who obviously regard me as a hopeless psycho case. How dare I suggest that my three years' residence at the crossroads of the Pacific could have been even slightly less than heavenly!

Even more realistic than the beloved Ernie Pyle, Lieutenant Ruark has caught and in amusing fashion pictured the frustration and irritation which permeate the lives of the boys in the Pineapple Army.

These men are doing a fine job—one which has to be done. They in no sense wish to have themselves classified with the men in the forward areas, each and every one of whom is a real hero. They do, however, hope to have their work recognized for its merit. They are justifiably annoyed when home folks picture them as habitually making merry under cloudless skies, and as being lulled to sleep to the strains of Sweet Lelani.—*M/Sgt. George P. Benton.*

### THREE ON A BUS RIDE

RICHMOND, VA.—I've just finished reading the article, Bus Ride in the South, by Howard H. Taubman (April 28). I'm from Indiana. I've been in the Army over eighteen months now, and all that time has been spent in Virginia.

I've seen several instances like that mentioned in your article, and the white people were definitely at fault. If we have racial trouble in years to come, a lot of it will be the fault of these white people who live in the South with their outmoded, selfish, and "better than thou" attitudes.

Let's have more articles like Mr. Taubman's.—*Pvt. G. W. S.*

GREENVILLE, MISS.—Your article, Bus Ride in the South, made me fume! I am a Southerner and, I think, a typical one. Author Howard H. Taubman obviously has never been in the South! His characters are in no way representative of us, and his article certainly did not give our Southern negroes credit.

The whole thing simply reeked of misunderstanding, and I feel it makes those who know no better have a very poor view of us.—*Mrs. T. J. Tink.*

Private Taubman *has* been in the South. He's in Italy now, but he received his military training at Camp Lee in Virginia.—VOX POP EDITOR.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to express my gratitude to you for publishing Bus Ride in the South.

It is heartening to feel that the editors of at least one popular magazine are willing to let an author treat a social theme frankly and openly.

I imagine you're interested in reactions to such a courageous policy. My vote is for more stories of the same sort.—*Robert Cenedella.*

### THE AYE HAS IT!

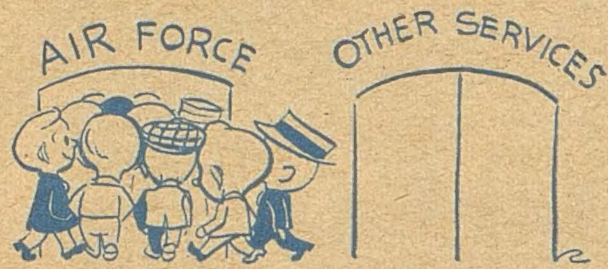
AUSTIN, TEXAS—I have just read Should We Have Compulsory Military Training? (April 28).

Charles Seymour has handled the "Yes" to that question most admirably.

As to Booth Tarkington's "No," I am surprised that a man with such abilities as a writer has put forth so many bad reasons so badly.

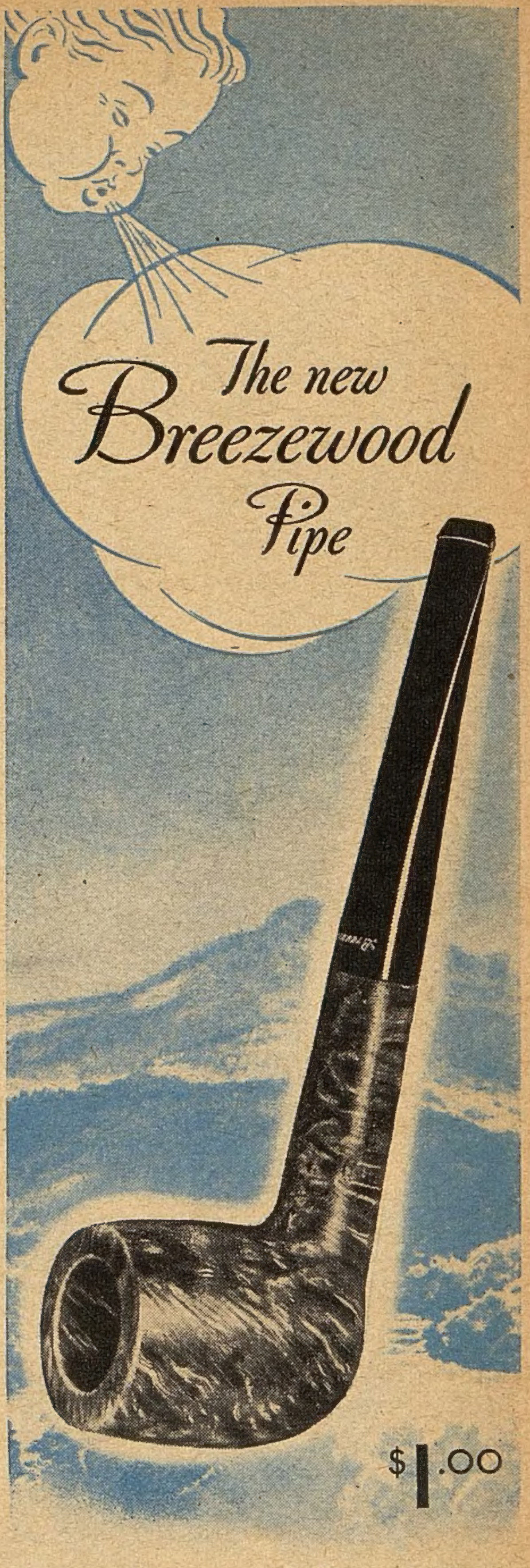
He says, "The word 'compulsory' is a recognition that the measure would prove ineffective unless force were behind it."

I ask how far we would have gotten in this war, or the last one, had we depended wholly upon voluntary enlistments. Doesn't he know the reason this method was outmoded generations ago? If draftees were not distributed among the branches of service by compulsion, there would be only a very few in branches like the infantry or clean-up battalions, but an overabundance in the Air Corps or some other popular division.



"The active conscriptionists" know we are a pacifistic people and forget our sorrows and wounds only too quickly after the pain ceases. They remember what happened after World War I, when we thought every nation was going to be a good nation

(*Continued on page 8*)



**Extremely Light in Weight**—So easy and comfortable in your mouth, Breezewood is a pleasant change if you've been smoking a heavy pipe. America's own mountains yield this fine, sweet-smoking Breezewood. So take one in your hand, at your dealer's, see it for yourself. Then enjoy this handsome Breezewood from the native soil.

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

**Free your Hands for Other Tasks.** The new Breezewood pipe is pleasant to keep in your mouth. Doesn't fatigue you when your hands are busy.

THE BREEZEWOOD PIPE COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Oriental Pearl Replicas at their Loveliest

JANE WITHERS
*Star of Republic Pictures*

Laguna

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PEARLS*

*In three price groups: $30, $20, $10,*
*with diamond mounted clasps from $50*
*At fine jewelry counters everywhere*

*Simulated

*If your jeweler can't supply you write to us*

ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, 36 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

*(Continued from page 7)*

and led the way by demilitarizing ourselves and scrapping our battleships.

I ask Mr. Tarkington how we are to have "an enforced Law for Permanent Peace," without someone to enforce the peace? That automatically calls for an Army, Navy, and Air Force. How strong is this to be? Only the paltry number we had prior to 1940? If any larger, then, according to Mr. Tarkington, we are guilty of rearming for aggression. But if that small, it would certainly not be able to enforce peace.

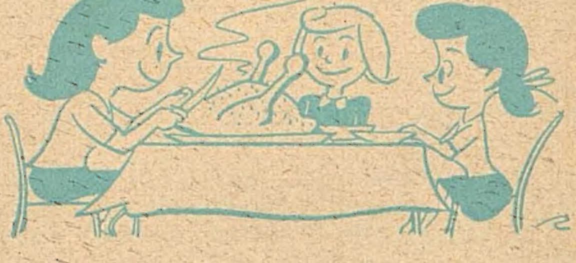
I feel there is no better insurance against future aggression than an Army large enough to keep the peace. "The impoverishing expense" of such insurance would be far cheaper than the impoverishing cost of the present conflict has been.—*James B. Stafford.*

## BACK TO NORMAL

CHICAGO, ILL.—I don't suppose I have been more disgusted in my life than when I read the letter by Lieutenant Snyder (Vox Pop, April 14), who objects very seriously to anyone back home having any of the better things in life while he must remain in service overseas.

He also writes in a vein that leads the reader to believe that he speaks for the men—all of them—who are in service.

Having spent three years in service in the first war and twenty-nine months in this one—and in both instances on foreign soil—I don't think that I have a civilian point of view.



For my own part, I sincerely hoped that my wife and daughter and their friends could continue to live as well and as happily as before the war. I rather had the impression that I had gone into service for that reason.

In all of my years in service, none of the men I knew ever begrudged the folks at home living on the fat of the land.

When you read the papers, you find that 25 per cent of the output of beer, nine hundred million cigarettes a day, and 25 to 40 per cent of our foodstuffs are going to the services, which make up less than 10 per cent of our population. Then, surely, one must be selfish to the *n*th degree to demand that the American people should stay at home nights and give up any enjoyment or celebration.

Let's get back to normal. Let's celebrate every victory that is won.—*Lt. (j.g.) C. K.*

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I have just read The Society of Broken Hearts, by Frances Borden (March 17) and I thought you might like to know that my son, T/Sgt. Henry W. Asher—the G. I. with the towel on his head in the picture that illustrates your article—was the organizer of the club.

He enlisted in the Army in 1941, spent eight months in Florida, was then shipped to Australia, and from there he went to India, where he was stationed for thirty-one months. He is now back in this country. He wrote to me that he had heard so

*(Continued on page 10)*

*Once to every woman*

**comes the moment of great decision . . .**

*In a sullen steel town*
*that smoldered with*
*bitterness and fury . . .*
*they found each other.*
*He offered her romance*
*and riches—but she*
*knew that marriage*
*was not for them!*

THE VALLEY OF DECISION
MARCIA DAVENPORT

*M.G.M. presents*

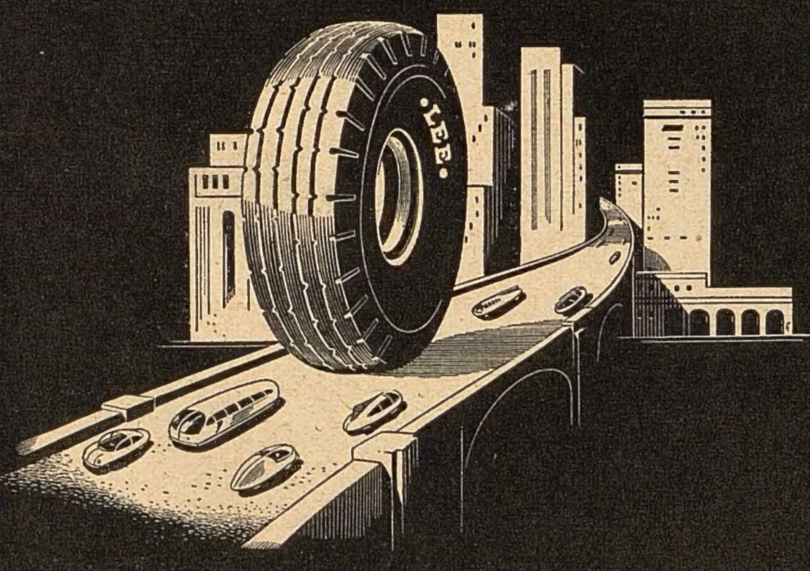
**GREER GARSON** *and*
**GREGORY PECK**

*The Valley of Decision*

M-G-M has filmed Marcia Davenport's best-selling romantic novel . . . faithfully . . . tenderly . . . vibrantly!

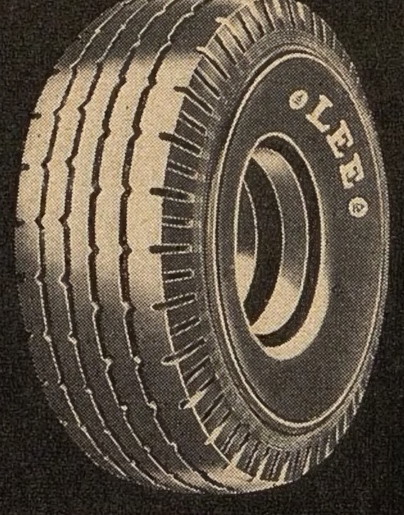
**DONALD CRISP • LIONEL BARRYMORE • PRESTON FOSTER • MARSHA HUNT**
**GLADYS COOPER • REGINALD OWEN • DAN DURYEA • JESSICA TANDY • BARBARA EVEREST • MARSHALL THOMPSON**

Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



POST-WAR dreaming or post-war planning . . . there's a vast difference.

LEE of Conshohocken knows, through 62 years experience, that tomorrows are built on foundations laid today. While its craftsmen are fashioning the LEE DeLuxe tires that are now meeting the nation's sternest needs, its engineers are at work developing the tires that will best answer tomorrow's challenge.



WE ARE PARTICIPANTS IN THE OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF NATIONAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER CORPORATION

LEE of Conshohocken
DIVISION
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

REPUBLIC INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
YOUNGSTOWN, O.

LEE DELUXE TIRES AND TUBES
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

(*Continued from page 8*)

much about the boys being jilted that he was thinking of forming a club, and that's what he did. Although the boys all had sad stories to tell, they got a lot of fun out of the club and, as you know, it has spread all over the world.—*Mrs. Henry Asher.*

MIDLAND, TEXAS—I would like to compliment Frances Borden on her fine article, The Society of Broken Hearts, and on the way she put over exactly the idea behind the club. I know, because I founded the club and wrote the by-laws.

Although a lot of people thought the idea silly, you'd be surprised at the number of fellows I met while in India who had received letters from their supposed girl friends, either canceling all that went before or just telling them, in so many words, finis. Most of the boys took it very hard, because their wives, girl friends, and homes were all that they were living for and all that they dreamed about. I thought that if we could perhaps make a joke out of that sadness, some of the hurt would be lessened. Hence, the Brush-off Club.

As to my status in the club, I can state that at the time it was originated, I, too, had received a romantic blow from my *fille d'amour* in the States and was considered by all the members as a full-fledged member in exceptionally good standing. Needless to say, my castles in the air also plummeted into a void of nothingness.—*T/Sgt. Henry W. Asher, Jr.*

## UNFAIR TO WACs

MONAHANS, TEXAS—It's not fair and I'm burned up about it. For four months I was in the Air WACs and then received a Sec. 10 (minority) discharge.

Since then, when it's mentioned, eyebrows are raised and the general attitude, especially of men in uniform, is that WACs are the lowest type of women.

My husband is an officer and he has asked me not ever to talk about my enlistment. Now, I ask you, is that the attitude the WACs should have to welcome them home?

Most of them joined for a valid reason. For instance, my brother is a Japanese prisoner, and at that time my husband was missing in action in the ETO.—*C. R. H.*

## SOCIAL OUTCASTS

OGDEN, UTAH—In the whole course of this war I have never read such a true, up-to-date editorial as Paul Hunter's 4-Fs Have Rights, Too! (April 7). I think it points up one of the main problems of the war and of the coming peace. Many people of this country are making the 4-F a social outcast. They just don't realize how badly some of these boys feel because they can't get in the service.

I'm not in the service myself and I'm not a 4-F. But in exactly two months I'll be going down for my Navy physical, and if I turn out to be 4-F I certainly don't want to think that because of some ailment I know nothing about I'll become a social outcast.—*Art Webb.*

# How many women are YOU?

ONE or six? . . . Stop a moment and ask yourself the question: "What persons would my husband have to employ if I were no longer here—a housekeeper, nurse, a cook?" In any case, he'd have to spend a lot of time and money making the necessary readjustments.

But he may never notice this danger, and so it may be up to you to point it out to him, explaining that the way to provide against it is to place insurance on your life. And, of course, such a policy before long would build up into a nice little nest egg for you.

A Penn Mutual Underwriter can explain "wife insurance" to you and your husband in detail. His experience has made him familiar with the needs of people just like you. And perhaps at the same time, he can also give you some helpful pointers on your family's Social Security, for it is his business to gather together the various items that concern a family's future and fit them into a pattern that will bring security and peace of mind.

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

**THE PENN MUTUAL**
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

**Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter**

# *The Master's Choice*

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR & SONS, INC.)
F 1912

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

**Bottled in Bond—
100 Proof**

Next to the girl of his heart a man delights most in giving his name to his greatest achievement. So it was with the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., when at the peak of his fame as a distiller he hit upon this rare bourbon and gave it the name of **OLD TAYLOR**. Posterity, too, has kept faith with the Colonel. For his fine old distillery at Frankfort, Kentucky, has never produced any other whiskey than the mellow delight to which he gave his signature and his name.

**NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.,
NEW YORK**

*Signed
Sealed and Delicious*

Here's a close-up of the Douglas A-26 Invader, the Army's fastest and most powerful attack bomber, powered with twin Pratt & Whitney R-2800 engines.

# ON THE BEAM

### Speed limit: 600 m. p. h. . . . Dinner on the wing . . . Shipping locomotives by air . . . Chicago's lake-front air strip

### BY WAYNE PARRISH

THE conservative National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the government's valuable research agency which operates some of the world's finest aeronautical research laboratories, has urged a word of caution on super-speeds which can be attained.

Aeronautical science has not yet achieved speed in *level flight* of as much as 600 miles an hour, and there are problems of great difficulty to be solved through fundamental research before airplanes can achieve speed approximating the velocity of sound—about 750 miles an hour at sea level. So says John F. Victory, secretary of the committee.

The NACA, he says, is designing supersonic wind tunnels to learn more about the natural laws that govern air flow over wings at speeds up to 2,000 miles an hour. But it is not yet experimenting with jet-propelled planes which will fly at these high rates of speed.

All of which would indicate that airplane speeds of 500 miles and over—but not so much as 600 miles an hour—are in the realm of reality and everything else is in the future.

## Coming Up by Air: Crepes Suzette

Here's a tempting postwar prospect:

If you live in the northern part of the country and want to throw a fancy dinner for some special occasion, you will be able to order a complete Creole dinner from a New Orleans restaurant and have it flown to you.

The first such dinner was flown a few weeks ago by Chicago and Southern Air Lines from La Louisiane Restaurant in New Orleans to a dinner in Memphis attended by newspaper publishers and city officials. It was complete from shrimp remoulade and gumbo soup to redfish and crepes Suzette.

Here's the trick: A new quick-freezing process is used. The dinner is prepared ready for serving, then the food is quick-frozen and can be shipped any distance desired. Of course you won't have to order only from New Orleans. Perhaps you'd rather have Southern fried chicken from elsewhere in the South, or have a New England dinner.

There are two possibilities ahead. One is the shipping of dinners by air for special occasions. The other is providing air-line patrons with more variety in meals.

## Locomotives Flown to Burma

Talk about an air shipment—here's one to establish a little history. Eighteen railroad locomotives, built in ninety-two days, have been flown to Burma in the first such flight ever made, to help counter the British Army's supply problem there.

On January 8, 1945, a wire was received by the War Department from the Burma-India theater, asking urgency in delivery of the already ordered locomotives. The rush started. Assembly of the first three locomotives began on March 27. They were put together, tested, and knocked down for shipment within two days. Then the three, weighing 12,000 pounds each complete with crates and accessories, were rushed to Miami, loaded into two transport planes, and sent halfway around the world. For the entire shipment of eighteen locomotives, twenty-seven planes were used.

That's how the airplane is speeding the war.

## Flight Engineers Get Their Due

The flight engineer of a large Army plane has finally attained recognition. Up until now flight engineers have been noncommissioned members of the crew. They didn't rate along with the pilots. But now the flight engineers for the Boeing B-29 Superfortresses have been put on a par with bombardiers, pilots, and navigators.

The course of training for these men has been lengthened by the A. A. F. Training Command, and has been established

(*Continued on page 16*)

Every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much . . .

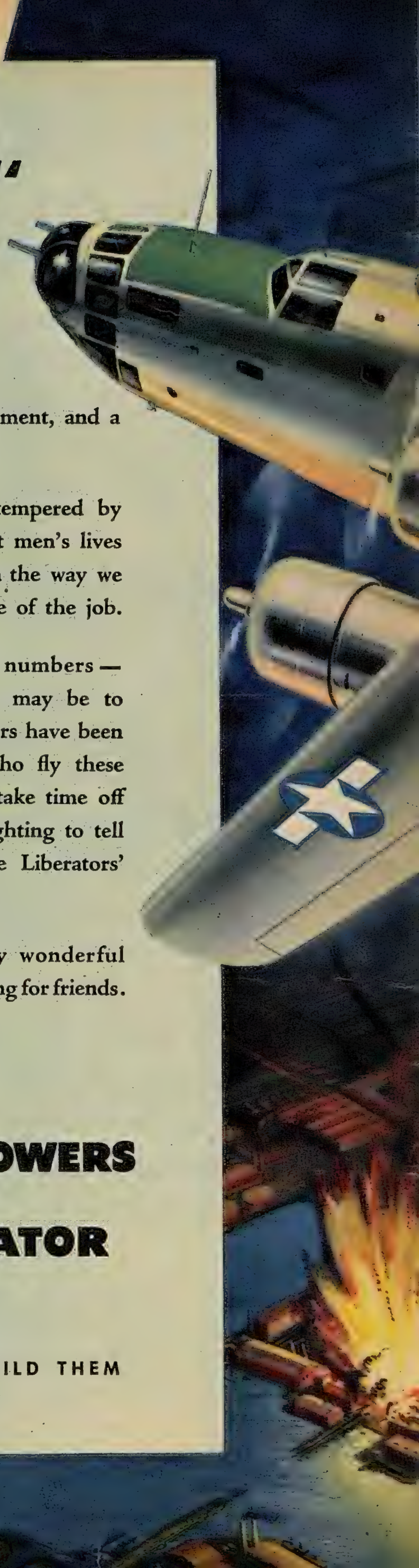
It's the point that insures smooth writing and long wear. This point is 14 Karat gold, extra large, *Iridium* tipped. Guaranteed.

$3.50

VENUS
*President*

American Pencil Co., New York
*Makers of the famous* VENUS *Pencils*

# She's got four "B's" in her bonnets!



She comes of a long line of battle-tested veterans with a gallant record over Europe, Africa and the lands and waters of the Far Pacific.

Thousands have gone before her — to strike their mighty blows for freedom, and to make that name "Liberator" famed and feared the world around.

As you may have guessed from the headline — Buick powers the Liberator.

As of June first, Buick factories and Buick people have sent forth approximately 75,000 Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, destined with few exceptions to find their places in the four nacelles of these far-ranging B-24 bombers.

It has been a proud assignment, and a solemn one.

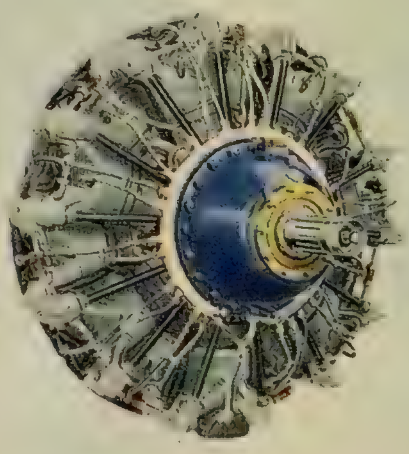
For our pride has been tempered by the constant knowledge that men's lives sometimes would depend on the way we here at home did our share of the job.

So our pride isn't in the numbers — important though volume may be to victory. It's in the way letters have been coming back from men who fly these B-24 bombers — men who take time off from the grim chore of fighting to tell us that those "B's" in the Liberators' bonnets are making good.

There's something pretty wonderful about having such a great gang for friends.

*Buick will be glad to furnish, without cost, a full-color reprint of this advertisement to those interested in this airplane. Write to*
*BUICK MOTOR DIVISION*
*FLINT 2, MICHIGAN*

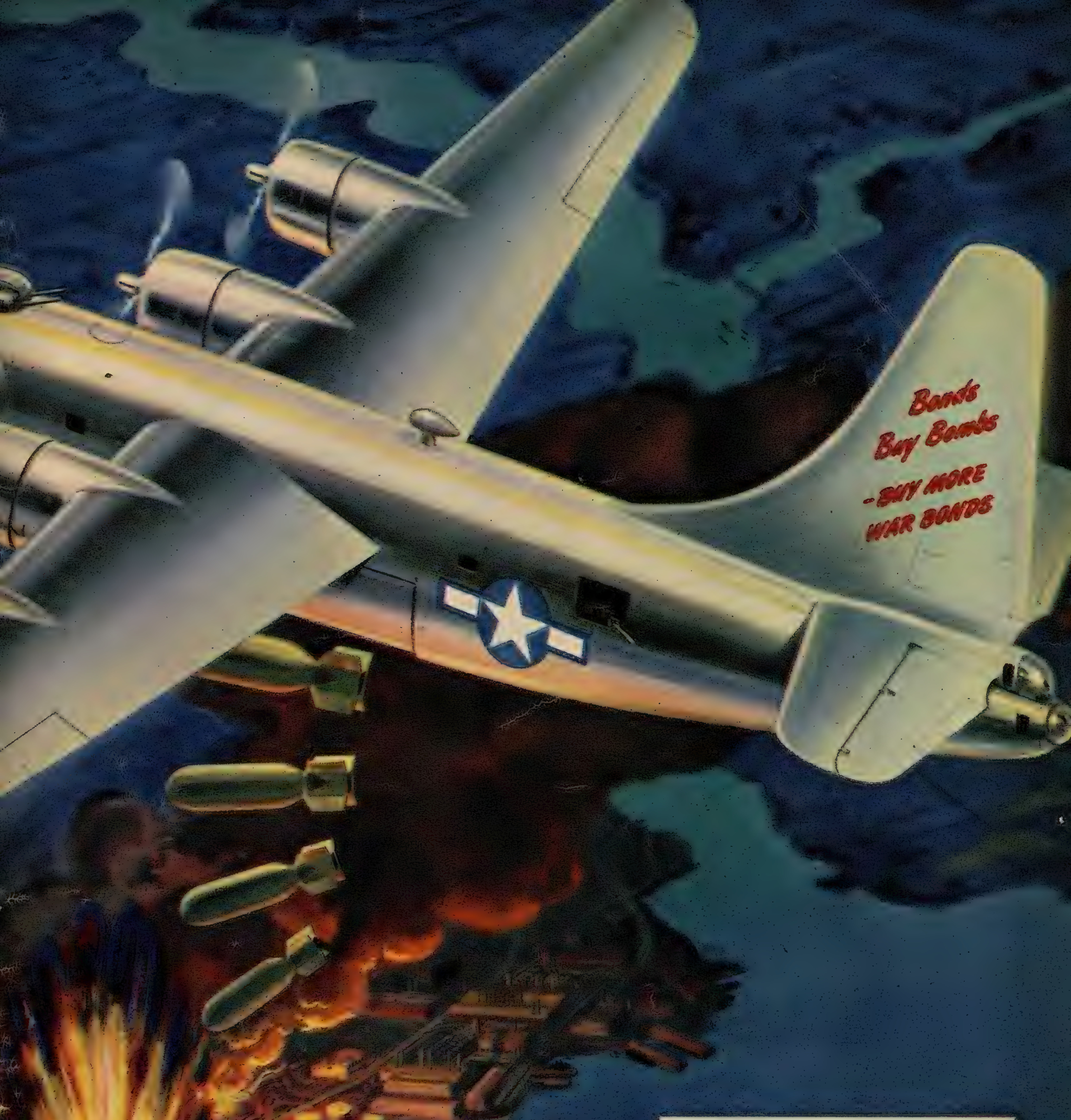
*The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants*



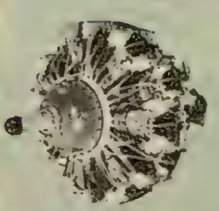
**BUICK POWERS THE LIBERATOR**

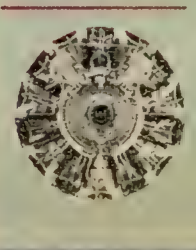
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

*Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network*



### Other Jobs on BUICK'S Work-Sheet





In addition to supplying all the engines for the Liberator, Buick is now producing the Pratt & Whitney engines shown at left. At the top is a heavy-duty power plant developed for use in the cargo-carrying twin-engine Douglas C-47. The engine at the bottom goes into the big 4-engine Douglas Skymaster — the C-54 military transport that doubles as troop carrier and ambulance plane.

**BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

URGENTLY NEEDED!

*Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman*
*U. S. Maritime Commission, says*

"Experienced seamen are today America's most critical manpower shortage. Ships may be delayed and soldiers' lives lost on the fighting fronts for lack of experienced ship personnel. If you have had sea experience, you're needed now in the job you and you alone can fill. The demand is urgent...vital...and upgrading is now faster than ever before in the history of the Merchant Marine. Write or wire collect, Merchant Marine, Washington, D. C."

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE**

There is sound truth in the statement we make in all our advertising, "There is no substitute for experience." This applies to outboard motors, as well as to seamen. Pioneer experience in outboard design, manufacture and service is an important *plus* value enjoyed by every owner of a Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motor.

JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

*JOHNSON SEA-HORSES*
*for Dependability*

*(Continued from page 13)*

as a regular aviation cadet and aviation student course, leading to a commission as second lieutenant or appointment as flight officer. The engineer training is open to all enlisted personnel assigned to duty with the A. A. F., provided they meet the entrance requirements. Out in the Pacific areas this new recognition means a lot.

### An Airport for the Windy City

Chicago may at last have a lake-front airport. Plans for a large air terminal adjacent to the city's business center have been in the making for many years, but the new plan doesn't call for anything elaborate enough for air-line use. It's to be for private fliers only.

The Chicago Aero Commission, the federal Civil Aeronautics Administration, and city officials are all supporting a plan to build an air strip 2,000 feet long and 300 feet wide on Northerly Island in Lake Michigan, near downtown Chicago. The landing strip would be operated under auspices of the National Aviation Trades Association, an organization of local operators, to demonstrate the feasibility of small fields in downtown metropolitan areas.

### Jet Propulsion During Take-Offs

A four-engined Coronado flying boat has been equipped with jet-propulsion units in order to assist the take-off with heavier gross loads. The experiment has been conducted by the Pacific Wing of Naval Air Transport Service.

The jet units are fastened under the wing just aft of the inboard engines. After the take-off they are parachuted into the water and retrieved for further use. With Lieutenant William Fuller at the controls, the Coronado took off with a much greater load than usual and in half the run normally required. The jet units give the airplane a hefty push during the few moments when assistance is needed.

### Peace Mustn't Ground Them

Will military pilots continue to fly in civil life? No one knows the complete answer, but here is an indication that many of them plan to do so. More than 25,000 military pilots still in the services have obtained their civilian pilot certificates during the past five months, the Civil Aeronautics Administration has announced.

Regulations were revised last fall to permit pilots to obtain civilian certificates. Since then the C. C. A. flight inspectors have spent as much time as possible at military airfields in instructing and examining military pilots. As many as 3,000 a week have been examined, and this rate is expected to increase. Not all military pilots want to continue to fly. But it now appears that a large percentage wants to do so.

### Fourth A. F.'s Pin-Up Planes

Personnel of the Fourth Air Force recently voted on their favorite fighter plane in a poll taken by the Army weekly newspaper, the Clipper, on bases from Canada to Mexico. The winner was the Lockheed P-38 Lightning, the twin-tail twin-engine fighter which has demonstrated its ability in many combat areas. Runners-up were the North American P-51 Mustang and the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt. In the bomber class, the B-24 Liberator was given a slight edge over the Boeing B-17 Fortress. The North American B-25 led easily in the medium bomber class, the Douglas A-26 in the attack bomber group, and the Northrop P-61 as a night fighter.

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

## NOVELIST IN THE AIR CORPS

TOMORROW WILL SING stems from Elliott Arnold's experiences as an Intelligence observer in North Africa and Italy. A newspaperman and best-selling novelist before he enlisted in the Air Corps, he's now a captain stationed in the War Department's Office of Public Relations in Washington. Having previously served in New Guinea, in his spare time he's writing a book of stories on air warfare in the Pacific.

## PACIFIC CORRESPONDENT

THE co-author of G. I. MOM, Victor Boesen, grew up on an Indiana farm and entered the literary world by way of the University of Missouri. Newspaperman, radio writer, press agent, and magazine free-lancer, he's now in the Pacific as war correspondent for Liberty.

## SPORTSMAN AND WRITER

BILL WOLF is one man who manages to combine business with pleasure—as sports writer for the Philadelphia Record, his outdoor life comes under the heading of research. An ardent angler since the age of six, he hands out some good tips in A DUFFER'S GUIDE TO FISHING.

# NEXT WEEK

BEFORE you criticize the way other nations handle their colonies, you'd better take a look at the poverty, filth, and disease that are the lot of Puerto Ricans, long-neglected citizens of our own colonial empire. Let Wenzell Brown guide you through AMERICA'S ISLAND HELL HOLE. . . . In TOO MANY SOLDIERS DON'T FIGHT, Herbert G. Moore, a veteran of two wars, shows you how an Army can grow topheavy with unused manpower. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, AT HIS SIDE, by George Korson, tells a great American story of the Red Cross in action.

**Gothic JARPROOF**

the only watch whose heart* is

**GUARANTEED A LIFETIME**

Like the landing gear of a giant plane, a GOTHIC JARPROOF watch is designed to absorb bumps, jolts and jars. Because of its patented JARPROOF mechanism, it "can take a licking yet keep on ticking." Beautifully styled, precision-built, and tested for accuracy.

*Balance staff and its jewels — the heart of the watch — guaranteed a lifetime.

$39.75 Gothic "GEM" 17 Jewels

$59.75 Gothic "CORSAIR" 17J.; 10K. Gold Filled

$69.95 Gothic "GLAMOUR" 17 Jewels; 14K Gold

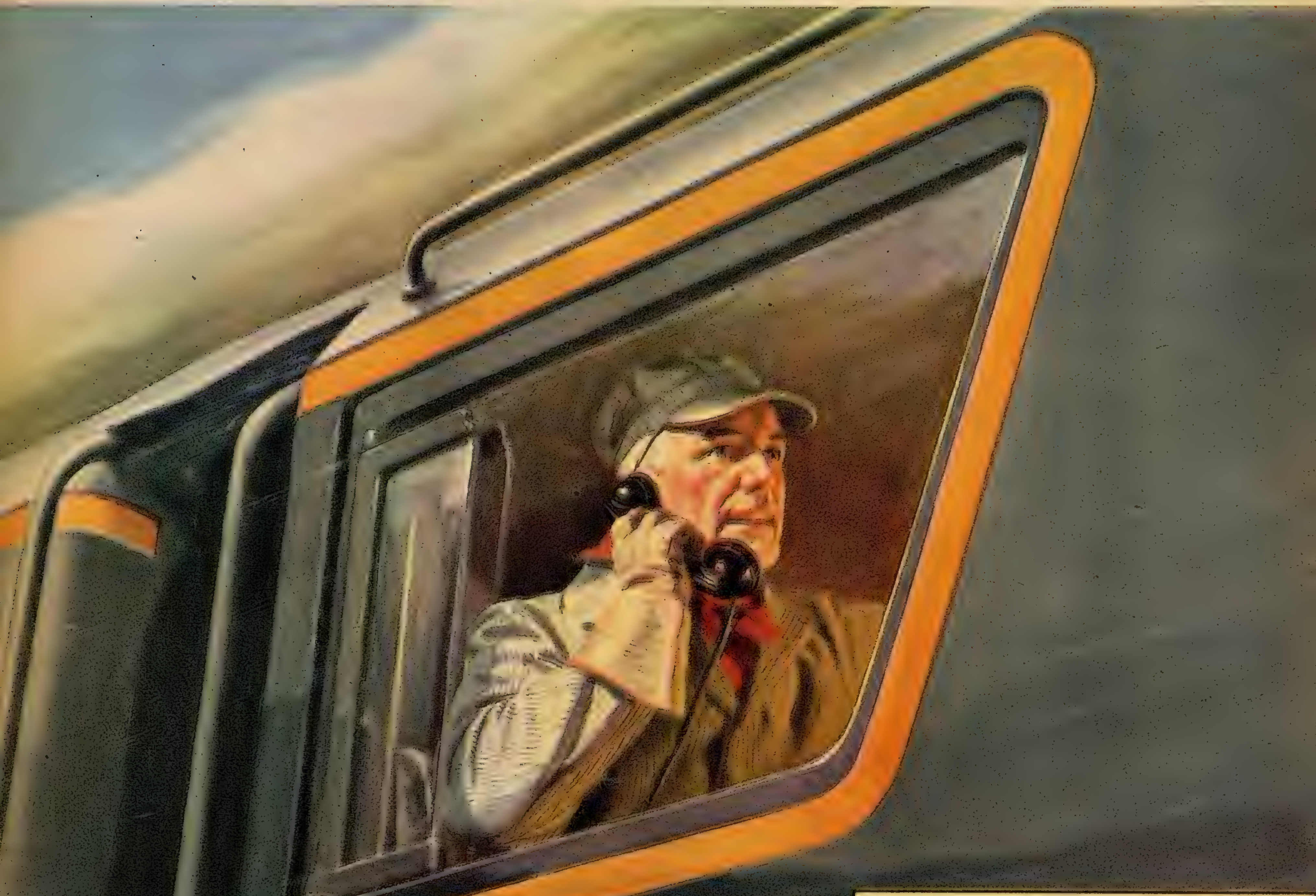
Prices include Federal tax. Other models $33.75 to $1,000.
Illustrated folder FREE on request.

GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP., New York 19, N. Y.

Lifetime Guarantee
this watch movement (the balance staff
jewels) is unconditionally guaranteed
the balance

# Taking a Phone Call

## AS HE ROLLS ALONG!



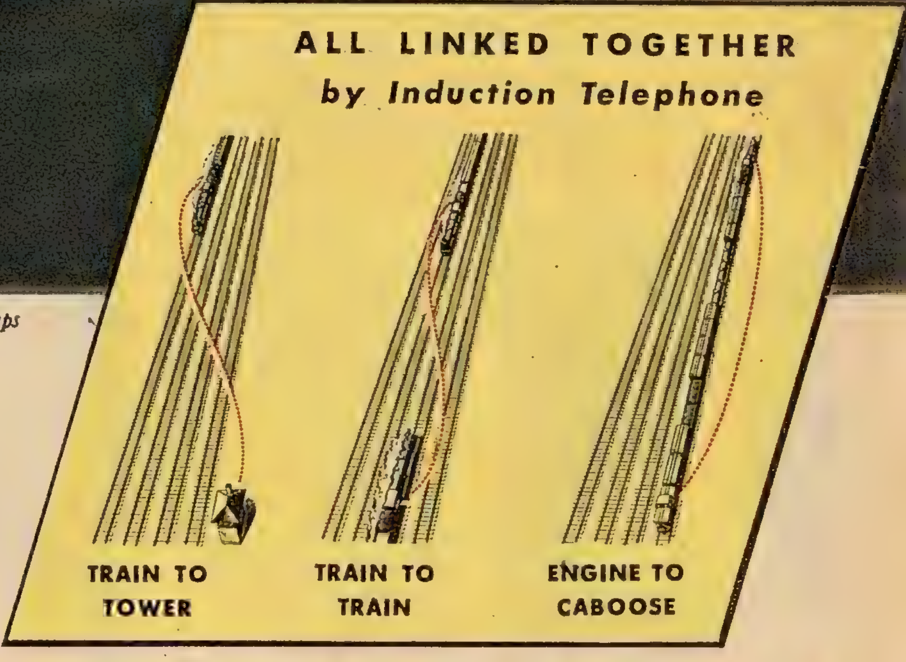
*Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps*

A railroad engineer in his locomotive cab answering a telephone call from the engineer of another train . . . or from the towerman in a railroad signal tower . . . or from the freight conductor in a distant caboose—*while his train rolls along.*

Not only has that become reality on the Pennsylvania Railroad—but installations are now being made on the main line on a big scale.

This train telephone system is a creation of Pennsylvania Railroad research, worked out in conjunction with the Union Switch and Signal Company. Tested and proved, it adds still further to established signaling, communicating and safety devices which make American railroads the safest transportation in the world!

**ALL LINKED TOGETHER**
**by Induction Telephone**



## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

*Serving the Nation*

*★52,299 entered the Armed Forces ★ 724 have given their lives for their Country*

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Modest, quiet home folk are the Trumans, and Bess Truman will be that kind of First Lady.

*President Truman's wife, too, finds herself in a job she didn't want. But she's poised, well-schooled, and gracious. Her neighbors back in Independence say she'll give a fine performance as*

# THE NEW FIRST LADY

### BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

WHEN Bess Truman became this nation's First Lady on April 12, some 150 Washington women correspondents were caught with their copy pencils down. As the Vice-President's wife, she had been anything but "easy copy." Consequently, for days after the inauguration, reporters scrambled madly in the capital. Nobody had thought to hoard bits of information or anecdotes against a time like this, and nowhere in town was there a complete biography of the new mistress of the White House. Democratic Committee headquarters in the Mayflower Hotel buzzed with reporters asking for information which headquarters was still trying to get. Library of Congress researchers hurriedly thumbed through old copies of Missouri newspapers. The Truman phone (which they had never thought to keep unlisted) rang unceasingly, and writers started tracking down friends of Bess like mad. Finally Bess gave with an interview to women reporters whose questions almost mowed her down.

To be "easy copy," a high government official's wife has to be either (1) exceedingly beautiful, (2) devastatingly witty, (3) a behind-the-scenes power, (4) a social pace-setter whose entertaining, like Dolly Madison's, will make history, (5) a crusader for "causes," or (6) a combination of any or all of the five.

Bess Truman, as the Vice-President's wife, was none of these. As the First Lady, she probably will continue to be none of them. For that very reason she undoubtedly will endear herself to her millions of counterparts among American women. She is the average American woman—with a touch of the South in her speech and manners, and a more-than-average amount of personal warmth, kindness, and plain everyday modesty.

She differs little from the grocer's wife who runs a well-ordered home and helps her husband in the store when he needs help, or the big-business man's wife who manages a household staff, shares in community activities, and completes the circle of her husband's social and business life.

Like most women who have reached sixty, she worries about her weight, gets tired feet when she wears high heels to social functions, and would far rather stay quietly at home than be in the public spotlight. She just isn't cut out to face flash bulbs and like it.

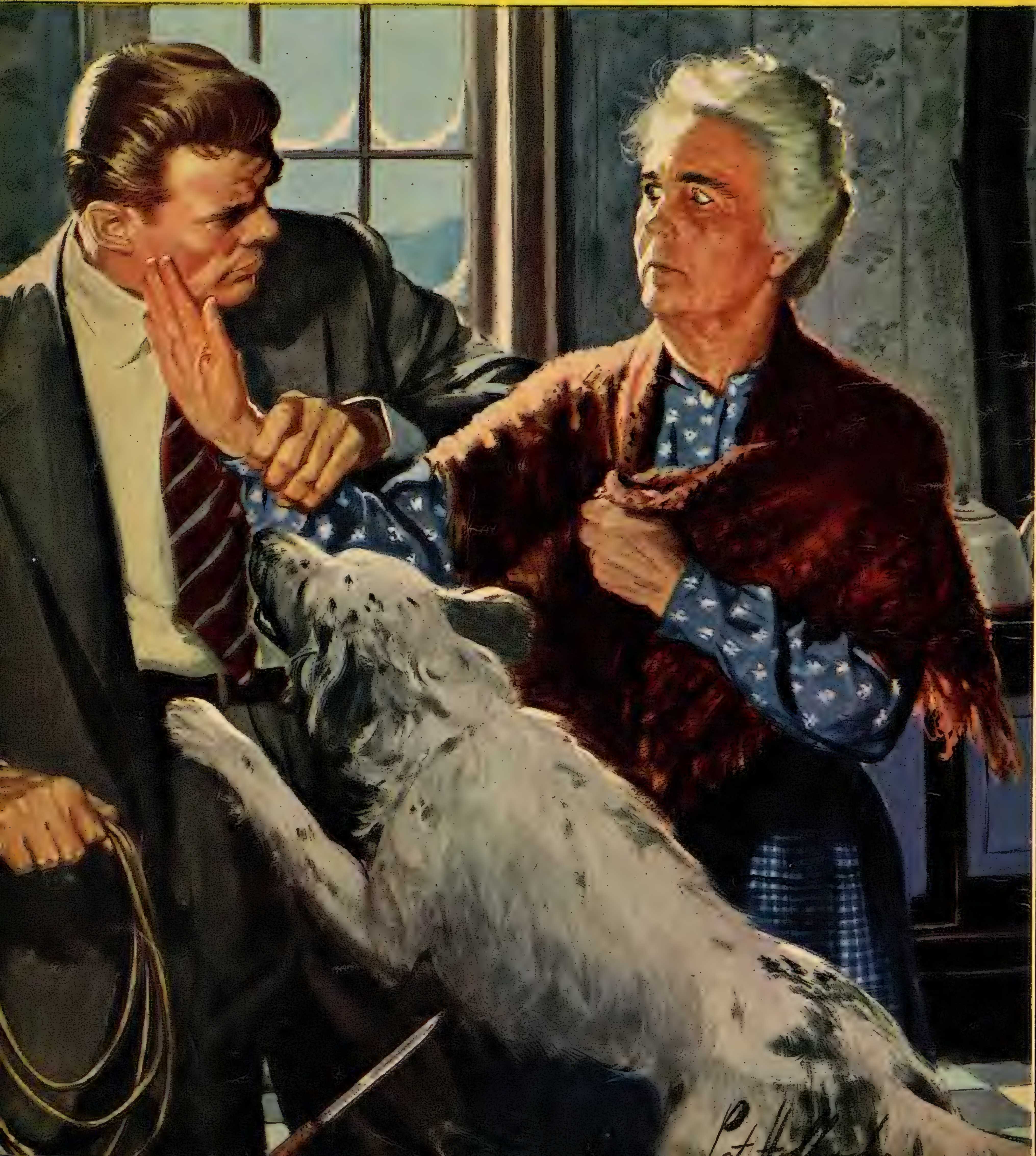
"I'll be glad when we can go back to Independence," she said wistfully just after her husband became Vice-President. But it will be a long time before she gets back to that little town of sixteen-odd thousand in the "show me" state. The years ahead aren't going to be easy, but she will make the necessary adjustments because she's smart and has spent twenty-six years progressing from the haberdasher's wife to the President's wife.

Not that Bess will have to learn to live like a "lady" in the White House. As Bess Wallace, she always did live on the right side of the tracks. In Independence, Missouri, where she was born, the Wallaces have been one of the leading families for four generations—ever since her English-born grandfather, George Porterfield Gates, went there from Vermont to set up a milling business and market his Queen of the Kitchen flour.

When Bess's father died in 1903, her mother, Bess herself, and her three brothers moved into the grandfather's big house, known as the Gates Victorian mansion. After his death they continued to live there, and when Bess and Harry married, they went to housekeeping in "the mansion" too. There was plenty of room, even after their daughter Margaret ar-

(*Continued on page 85*)

# The Hand that Feeds



The knife clatterd to the floor. He caught her wrist, and as he twisted it, something white described an arc across the kitchen.

**Ma Foncher could feel in her bones something was going to happen that day. Such forebodings come frequently to soldiers' families, but Ma never expected the war to move right into her own kitchen**

BY MARGUERITE EYSSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

PREMONITIONS were nonsense, and it wasn't as if Ma Fancher hadn't told herself so often enough. Plump, pink-cheeked, white-haired, and seventy and past, mind you, Ma thought, At my age! It was only that for a long time now she hadn't heard the telephone ring without her heart turning over. Gary, her granddaughter's husband, was pilot officer of a bomber on missions over Germany, and Ma's nerves had been stretched to the breaking point for so long it wasn't much wonder if she did wake up this morning with the feeling that something was creeping up on her to push her toward a precipice.

Ma looked across the breakfast table in the farmhouse kitchen to Orsen, her husband these fifty years. Orsen's mild eyes were contained. He was calmly relishing his buckwheat cakes and smoked sausage.

"Alvira Peters is forever taking on about her premonitions, mind you!" Ma whistled in the dark, "but I don't take any stock in such things."

Pouring maple syrup over a fresh stack of buckwheats, Orsen gave it thought.

"Seems like it ain't ever been the things I worried about that happened, Ma," he concluded. "The things that set me back always kind of took me by surprise."

It was late breakfast after the chores, and Orsen was dressed for town. He had to attend a directors' meeting at the bank in Centerville at one o'clock, and then he aimed to inquire around for an extra hand, come spring. Finding an extra hand these days would be like finding a needle in a haystack, and that worried a body, too. Orsen's long frame was still rugged, but he worked too hard, bound to keep his end of it up with Lon Stoner, their farmer. Most likely it would be five o'clock before Orsen got back from town.

There were shadows in Ma's eyes as they traveled around the kitchen. Mandy, her tawny tabby cat, was tidying herself as usual on the gingham cushion in Ma's rocker by the window. Prince, the white setter dog, lay in his place in the kitchen doorway, his head between his paws, soft faithful eyes on Ma. There was her yellow batter bowl, her whistling teakettle on the stove. Outside, the hemlock branches bent low, snow-laden. Ma thought, It ain't different from any winter morning—except for Gary.

Orsen was getting into his overcoat. He tied his muffler, and Prince thumped his tail on the floor for good-by. Orsen bent down to scratch him behind the ears.

"There ain't anybody going to bother you, Ma," he said gravely, "with a watchdog like this around. He sure does know he's a sergeant's dog, don't he?"

It was a joke, and a faint twinkle in Ma's eyes responded. She had stepped right in to tend his dog for a soldier while he was gone, and the biggest baby of a dog a body would lay eyes on in a long journey! Ma couldn't so much as frown in his general direction without she found him afterward upstairs under her bed, his muzzle on one of her bedroom slippers, grieving his heart out. Mandy, the minx, backed him right into his corner every time. And Ma always said burglars never worried her until she got Prince, because she guessed burglars couldn't find at night what she couldn't find in the daytime. If a gruff-spoken burglar should happen along, though, with Prince around, she wouldn't know how a body would get that dog out from under her bed without she took it down.

She stood in the living-room bay window watching Orsen's Ford labor down the snow-filled lane, and suddenly that feeling of something creeping up was upon her again. The stillness of the room was all at once ominous, and the always friendly tick of the grandfather clock in the corner seemed now to boom, "Look out, look out, look OUT!" Tiny beads of sweat stood out on Ma's forehead and she had all she could do to keep from calling, "Orsen, don't leave me. Orsen, come back!"

Turning from the window, she switched on the radio while she washed the breakfast dishes. That same serial was still running. It was about two women who were in love with the same man, and neither one of 'em was the kind to leave a stone unturned, but, to save her life, Ma couldn't keep her mind on it. Her mind kept winging to Ellie, her granddaughter, and Ellie's baby. It seemed like they never would get the chance to live the way they should. Wringing her dish towels, Ma took them outside to hang them on a line.

INSIDE, she'd closed the kitchen door behind her when the telephone rang, and she stood there a minute with her back against the door until her heart steadied. It was only Alvira Peters, though, and Alvira was in the grip of one of her premonitions again, mind you! She'd got awake in the night and couldn't get back to sleep for thinking about Ma. Now Ma had Alvira in one ear, and those two women on the radio, the ornery one and the one with the nice disposition, in the other ear. It seemed like the ornery one had all the luck.

"Are you all right?" Alvira said.

"Far as I can see, I am," Ma said.

"How long since you heard from Gary?" Alvira hinted.

"I'm expecting a letter from Ellie today," Ma said; and then, "I'll have to call you back. There's somebody at the door."

She opened the door upon a young man, a sight in itself these days, and he was looking for work, which made him two sights in one! Ma's eyes lit up and ran over him, quickly appraising. He was stockily built. He wore a weather-beaten cap, a nondescript coat, blue denim overalls over wool pants that were gray green, and stout boots, snow-caked. His bare hands protruding from the too short sleeves of his coat were thick-fingered and powerful. A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, but for some reason Ma hesitated.

Maybe it was his eyes. They were small and close set with something hard and fixed about them, as if they'd been cast from blue steel. Maybe it was the thin-lipped mouth—it looked a mite slack to Ma. He wasn't the kind a body would take to on sight, but Ma thought, Still, it ain't so vital for me to be petted on the hired man.

"Looks like you might be in the Army soon," she wavered.

"I am already two years overseas." He spoke with an accent. "Six months in the hospital with combat fatigue."

"Tsk! Tsk!" Ma warmed to him. "And I bet you got relatives, too, in the old country."

"Relatives, yes." His eyes darted past Ma into the room. "In Norway."

Just then the telephone rang. The drops of sweat stood quickly out on Ma's lip, but there he was, bare-handed, his chin in his collar, his shoulders hunched and his nostrils pinched against the cold. A soldier, too! Ma said shakily, "Come in along out of the cold." Turning, she stumbled over Prince, forever underfoot, and beside herself, she said, "Drat that dog!" Head down and his tail between his legs, Prince slunk into a corner, his eyes on Ma at the telephone, grieving. And it was only Fred Wurley, the sheriff, over Centerville way.

"Orsen there?" Fred asked; and Ma said, "He's gone to town, Fred."

"How's the tourist business?" Fred said, and there was the faint twinkle in Ma's eyes again. Fred Wurley was a man for his joke, and every time. Ma's six neat tourist cabins in the south meadow beside the house were closed tighter than a drum, and she hadn't seen hide nor hair of a tourist these three years back.

"I guess you know how the tourist business is, Fred Wurley!"

"What! Nobody footing it to put up with you this morning?" Fred joked. Ma was appraising her man again. He stood with his hand on the doorknob. His eyes, darting quickly around the room, settled upon Prince. It wasn't everybody that was petted on a dog, of course, but Ma thought, Maybe I better see what Lon thinks.

"It just ain't tourist weather, Fred," she said.

"Well, I'm coming your way, and if Orsen isn't there, I might drop in."

"You just do that, Fred," Ma twinkled.

TURNING from the telephone, she said to her man, "Take Mr. Fancher, now, he's in town looking for a man this minute most likely, and—"

"How long?" His eyes held Ma's.

"Oh, he won't be back till five o'clock most likely," Ma said; "but we'll go along to the barns, and you talk to Lon."

Ahead of them, Prince flushed a rabbit and was after it like a shot.

"Now if that rabbit was to turn on him," Ma said sociably, "he'd run twice that fast the other way."

Ma's man let her shove the heavy barn door open, his hands in his pockets, his chin in his collar. Inside, Ma called, "Lon?" No answer, and they went along to the harness room. Once it had been the harness room, but now it was the hired man's room. Across one side of it was a built-in bunk. In a corner glowed a gas stove, and on the table were the lamp and detective magazines the last hired man had left.

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Jap when he is alone often has a soft will and opens up. This Zero pilot shot down over Guadalcanal gave much information.

# Jap Prisoners Talk, Too!

## By Larry Barretto

**The Japs don't all die before surrendering. Once they give up and our psychology experts go to work on them, they talk freely, and even look upon Americans as their protectors**

IT was in Burma that I saw my first Japanese prisoner. He had just been brought in, and I'd been told I could look him over if I wanted to. I did, of course, for I was anxious to find out at first hand just what manner of men our enemies really are. This one was a dapper little man in a decent uniform, and he seemed both mild and self-possessed. A dangerous killer? He didn't look it.

The guards said his home was in Tokyo, that he had been a lawyer, and that he spoke excellent English. I looked at him for a moment, then asked him a question:

"What's going to happen to you after the war? Your people won't let you go back to Japan, you know." I had read that any man who surrendered was considered dead by the Japanese. But he answered confidently:

"Of course I shall return to Japan. When the gang in power has been thrown out I shall be perfectly safe."

Later I thought that over. Where did he get the idea that those in power were a gang, and who was going to throw out the gang but his American enemies? It would seem that even before the war was won he was learning from us and leaning on us for his future life. It might be the results of Western influence, I thought. He did speak English and he did come from Tokyo, where there had been many foreigners. Probably he was in no way typical of the average Japanese, almost every one of whom, when captured, expects to be tortured and then killed. That belief is ground into them by their Army. The fact that this little lawyer had nevertheless given himself up confirmed my conjecture that he'd been touched by the West.

But the next prisoner I saw could never have been more than 500 yards from his family rice paddy before going into the Jap Army. He didn't speak English, didn't have the rudiments of an education. He was being brought down the Ledo Road by an American private, and the Chinese who thronged the road were spitting at him and making threatening gestures. The frightened Jap was clinging to the American as if they had been reunited brothers. If he thought he was being marched back to American torture and execution, he certainly did not show it. There was a block in the traffic for a moment and the Chinese pressed in menacingly. I spoke to the G. I.

"Where are you taking him?"

"Back to H. Q."

"Aren't you afraid of the Chinese?"

"Naw."

"I'll turn around and take you back in my jeep," I persisted.

"I wouldn't wish him on you," said the American drearily. "He stinks." The Jap locked his arm even more affectionately about his protector's neck, and they moved off.

So here was another type of prisoner—a simple peasant untouched by the West, yet depending on us for life itself. It occurred to me that the rumor may have spread that in an emergency the Americans are the Japs' best bet. I also inferred that when the Japanese soldier is removed from the influence of his kind, his morale may be likely to crumble and his fanaticism to vanish. I set out to investigate.

My quest took me to a small hut made of thatch and bamboo, open at the sides

The Jap at first fears he will be tortured.

To his captors in the Admiralty Islands a son of Nippon shows his best behavior.

and containing a table, a couple of chairs, and a hammock. At the table sat a Jap officer bending over a map and talking intently to an American interpreter, who stood beside him making notes. Outside the hut were two other men, sitting on a rock and talking earnestly. In the hammock lay a man who was obviously ill, his face even yellower than nature had painted it, his coarse trousers stained from dysentery. At a distance an American soldier walked his post. Of the five men in or near the hut, three were Japanese prisoners and two were interpreters.

The officer who had brought me said, "You can talk to any of them if you want to. I don't suppose you speak Japanese, so our men will translate."

I APPROACHED the sick man first. A look of awful terror crossed his face and he tried feebly to rise as if to flee, then from weakness sank back again. His bird-like hands fumbled in a pocket and brought out a button off his uniform, a photograph of a girl in a kimono, and a few water-stained cigarettes which he tried to give me, the while his lips were drawn back in an ingratiating grimace.

"Come, come," said the American lieutenant. "This war correspondent isn't going to hurt you; he just wants to see how you're getting along. Here, give me those." He took the sodden cigarettes from the man's hand, tossed them on the ground and replaced them with a fresh pack of an American brand. The sick man relaxed a little, but his frightened eyes still studied us. The lieutenant passed his hand lightly over the man's brow.

"Still feverish," he muttered. "Quinine isn't taking effect yet. That damned dysentery! Perhaps we'd better have the doctor again."

The Japanese had shrunk away at the touch, and the officer had noticed it.

"We'd better leave him alone," he said. "He was only brought in day before yesterday and he still thinks he's going to be killed with all the trimmings—the way *they* do it." His voice hardened. "Let's try the other one."

The Jap at the table was a young officer who made polite hissing sounds when I spoke to him, but without fear. I tried a question on him, the interpreter translating:

"How is the war going in the Pacific?"

This was his answer: "There is no war in the Pacific since we occupied the California coast. Some of your submarines, perhaps. Not many."

I was amazed, doubly so because the Jap lieutenant seemed apologetic rather than triumphant. But the interpreter was bored.

"Everyone we can get hold of has been indoctrinated with that bushwa," he said. "Let them think it if they want to. Wouldn't you rather hear about Pinwe?"

I said I had been to Pinwe and knew all about it.

"So do I," the interpreter said quickly. "But this guy was taken before we captured it, and he doesn't know it's fallen. If his facts about it are accurate, we can reasonably trust what he says about things we don't know. So far he's been one hundred per cent right."

The American lieutenant turned to the prisoner. "Do you think you are going to win the war?" he asked. The Jap lieutenant said yes, that was the way it would be. Neither his voice nor his face showed anything other than assurance.

"And yet you are retreating in Burma," the American said. "You have been retreating ever since the fall of Myitkyina."

The Jap's face showed something that time. It may have been doubt or it may have been contempt for the question. It is impossible to read Oriental faces.

"All armies find it necessary to retreat at times," he finally answered.

"Would you be willing to give up Mandalay and Rangoon?" That meant the evacuation of Burma, of course. Some of us had been wondering whether the Japanese still considered Burma worth holding, in view of their commitments elsewhere.

The yellow hands fluttered for a moment above the map and dropped back. No words were needed. He was telling us he was not in the confidence of the High Command. At least he was obviously not trying to please.

THE American lieutenant asked one more question. "If we should win the war, will there still be an emperor in Japan, or will the people—"

"We'd better not ask him that," the interpreter said quietly. "You see, it's all mixed up with religion and he might turn sullen. He's been very co-operative so far."

"How's their food?" the American officer asked anxiously. "They getting plenty?"

"Sure," the interpreter replied. "And we let them cook it the way they like it."

We paused briefly by the man on the rock. "He's the dumbest private I've ever seen," the other interpreter said of the Jap beside him; "but at least what he knows is straight and he takes time to think it out." The dumbest private gave me a toothy grin as if to confirm this.

We left the compound where the soldier still tramped his narrow tracks. But I had the impression that if the stockade were torn down and the guard removed, the Japs would still stick right there.

"Well, you certainly don't treat 'em rough," I said to the lieutenant. "When I get sick of Spam and the cigarette shortage I'll turn myself over to you."

"We never threaten them," he answered earnestly, "much less maltreat them. You

(*Continued on page 68*)

# A Duffer's Guide to Fishing

## BY BILL WOLF

LAMBERT-LEWIS, GENDREAU PHOTOS

A surf caster on the Jersey coast heaves his line with a double purpose—for the fun of it and for the addition to his war-trimmed diet.

MEAT will be scarce this summer, fish will be scarce, red points will be scarce. In that case, why not go out and get your own dinner, without using any red points, and have yourself some fun doing it?

It's possible. The rivers, brooks, and ponds of this nation hold many good food fishes, and the oceans and their bays teem with aquatic life during the summer months. The food's there for the taking, and regular week-end outings in search of it will cost no more than week-end trips anywhere. An hour of fishing will get you more food than an hour of gardening; and fishing yields extra dividends in interesting, often exciting sport and restful exercise.

Each time I haul a struggling fish from the water I feel that I have caught more than a fish—I have landed a red meat point. Other fishermen must feel the same way, because they carefully take their catches home to supplement a war-restricted protein diet.

It's like finding a handful of red points you didn't know you had. It is easily possible to take at least ten small fish which will put several pounds of delicious food on the table.

Last summer, for example, I was out on a party boat with ten anglers. We fished a few miles off the Jersey coast and had only moderately good luck; yet each angler had twenty to forty fish to take home, plus the memory of a pleasant summer day on the ocean.

The fish were good table varieties—porgies, sea bass, mackerel. Each passenger on the boat paid three dollars for his day's fun, and that price included everything. It would be difficult to buy as much food, fresh air, boat ride, and fun as cheaply elsewhere, and this was no exceptional trip, but the sort made every day along the coast and in the bays by party boats.

Ocean fishing is available near most great centers of population, and inland cities such as Chicago and Cleveland have lake fishing. Furthermore, living in a big city doesn't bar anyone from fresh-water angling if ocean fishing isn't at hand. One of my own favorite streams is only eleven miles from the center of Philadelphia.

Let the sports angler go after the hard-to-catch game fish. You go after the ones that are easier to take and which often provide the best eating. Skip the trout, bass, and muskellunge and seek the delicious pan fish.

WE are going to try fresh-water fishing first. Get a state license (this will cost fifty cents to a couple of dollars) and then read the fish laws and abide by them. You are after food, but you are going to catch it legally and you are not going to take more fish than the law allows. The wise angler leaves some to catch the next day—and the next year.

Equipment is no problem even in this time of shortages. The small boy's traditional bent pin and string are not advisable, but something not much more complicated will catch fish.

Forget the expensive picture of the sports fisherman with waders, creel, fly rod, and fancy lures.

Here is all you need to take catfish, perch, bluegills, and other sweet-meated pan fish: A length of almost any kind of line, some hooks from size No. 10 to No. 1, small lead sinkers to carry the bait to the bottom when that is needed, and a burlap bag, kept moist. That's as good as a creel for carrying your catch. Large quantities of patience and optimism should be carried along too, but they're free.

A pole good enough to catch fish can be cut along the stream or lake bank. A jointed fly rod or a bait-casting rod and reels are conveniences, but fish were caught for food thousands of years before such impedimenta were invented. A four-foot piece of gut leader to form a nearly invisible link between line and hook will help.

Ordinary angleworms out of your garden are all right for bait; so are grasshoppers, crickets, grubs, beetles. Carry along a cheap trowel and dig for worms where the ground tends to be moist. Carry them in damp earth or sawdust.

All right, you're ready. Let's go after catfish first—the common horned pout or bullhead—because they are native to ponds and streams over most of the country, and make delicious eating. They bite in deep pools at any time; in shallower water they are more easily taken in the evening and at night, or when rain has clouded the water slightly.

They feed near the bottom, so get the bait down to them (bits of liver are as good bait as angleworms for catfish) and keep the line taut enough so you can feel or see their light bite.

Handle a catfish as cautiously as you would a clawing cat, because they have several spines around the head that can jab your hands painfully. When you take home a mess, you must skin them, for

**A fish doesn't care how much your gear cost or how you're dressed. If you'd like some wonderful eating—cheap—here's the simple way to get it**

these scaleless fish are covered with a tough hide. Like cats, there is more than one way to skin them, but here are the two easiest: Dump the lot in a dishpan and pour scalding hot water over them; this loosens the skin and makes it peel off easily. Or make a cut completely around the body near the tail; then, using two dry cloths to grip the smooth skin, grasp the tail in one hand and strip the skin off with the other. Roll in flour or bread crumbs, fry a golden brown in hot fat, and who cares about red points?

You might hook a fresh-water eel when angling for catfish. Don't run screaming from the spot, because, no matter how much it looks like a snake, it's a fish and one of the best for eating purposes. Skin it as you would a catfish, fry it the same way after cutting it into small pieces, and eat it with the same pleasure.

Yellow perch abound in fresh water, and connoisseurs of fish would rather eat them than trout. Their firm white flesh is delicately flavored and, considerately, they live and travel in schools, making it fairly easy to catch a lot of them. If you can rent a boat on a lake containing yellow perch, try drift fishing for them. With line overboard and bait near the bottom, let the boat drift with the wind until you get a bite.

Anchor and fish there until the school moves. Up anchor and move with it.

Bluegills (called bream in some sections) are more likely to be found in shallow water near lake banks or in pools on streams. They are easy to catch on worms, small minnows, or by using Japanese beetles or grasshoppers on the surface without any lead. They are good fish, too, for your first try with artificial flies, because they strike willingly at a small wet fly or streamer moved jerkily through the water. Somewhat similar in habits are calico and crappie bass.

When you take these scaled fish home, clean them thus: Cut out the big fin on the back, slicing down into the flesh on either side of it, and dig or pull it out with a pair of pliers, which removes many small bones; then scale them; remove the other fins, head, and tail; roll in flour, cornmeal, or crumbs, and fry.

THERE are white perch and white bass in some sections, and the still ponds and slow streams hold carp. There are sunfish everywhere. Sometimes the pan-fish angler will catch a larger game fish, but he won't find it any better eating.

There will be days when you will have lots of luck fishing in fresh water, and other days when it will all be bad. On these latter occasions, don't throw your rod on the ground and dive into the water after the maddening fish that won't bite. You can't catch them that way. Just call on some of the patience you brought along and remember that you can't always get exactly what you want at the meat market, either.

Salt-water fishing undoubtedly provides more variety and more fish than fresh-water angling. It's no feat at all for a beginner to catch literally scores of fish the first time he or she tries it. Almost the entire Atlantic coast and parts of the Pacific coast are vast food factories. Millions already fish for food and fun in the bays or outside, and you might as well get out and join them.

In salt water you can angle from piers, from stone piles, on party boats, or in the surf; from rowboats in the bays or off bridges in some sections. We are after the biggest catch with the least outlay in equipment and cost per trip. The two best bets probably are party-boat fishing and angling from rowboats in the bays.

The party boat takes out fishing parties, or groups, at so much a passenger, and although it's a pleasure to fish from one, the anglers manage to take their fun seriously.

A typical well-conducted one operates like this: The passengers, maybe a group of friends or total strangers, pay an all-inclusive sum of several dollars each. This usually includes bait, but check on it first. The captain takes the boat to a good fishing spot on ocean or bay. If you do not have rod and line, the boat usually is equipped with handlines for the passengers. When the boat anchors, you start fishing, and if the captain knows his business and the fish are running, you will catch plenty. Often such boats offer prizes for the first fish, the biggest, and so on.

During a day of bay fishing I have pulled in croakers and weakfish (also known as hardheads and sea trout) so fast that it got tiring. That will often be your own experience. There are bad days, of course, but most trips yield enough fish to make them worth while. June, July, August, and September are the best months. You also will catch a good case of sunburn if you aren't careful, so take along lotions. As for seasickness, it's a state of mind only—which knowledge is some minor comfort when you're fishing "by rail."

Your bait and rigging will vary according to the fish available. The best course for the beginner is to watch how the veterans rig up hooks and lead sinkers, or have the skipper show you when he has time.

Your bait may be bloodworms, cut squid, shrimp, clams, or shedder crab.

Depending upon the season and locale, you will catch flounders, sheepshead, tautog, sea bass, croakers, weakfish, spots, Pacific and east coast mackerel, pollock, cod, butterfish, or a lot of others. Just to be honest about it you also might catch some of the sea's ugly denizens like blowfish, oyster crackers, sea robins, skates, and young sharks. That's one of the fascinations about ocean fishing—you never know what you are pulling up from the bottom.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Let the sports angler go after the hard-to-catch game fish; the duffer can take his ease on a sunny dock and wait for them to come to him.

# THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

**When three lonesome pilots, loose on the town, run into one beautiful redhead, it's every man for himself. Fortunately for Mort, he was a man with memories — or at least imagination**

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY S. L. GOMBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

AFTER all the wonderful plans we had made for this one great night in New York, everything went wrong. No girls.

It wouldn't have been so bad if the three of us hadn't gone to all that trouble—rerouting our cross-country flight plans, getting orders changed, breaking a few P-38 speed records, and making all those intricate arrangements for the twenty-four hour stopover at Mitchel Field. And for what?

The girls we had seen so far were attached or uninteresting, occupied or uninterested. So we might just as well have been hoisting fifty-cent bourbons at the Officers' Club back at the base, instead of paying the next month's rent for the Champagne Room, which was where we finally wound up, dateless.

We were sitting there nursing our collective misery with oversize under-octaned drinks, when we saw this girl walk in. Phil choked on his drink. I started a soft whistle, but nothing came out. Mort's eyes lit up like landing flares and his hand went up to his tie. That's how beautiful she was. A redhead, gorgeous as a dream, with a fuselage by Varga and a sway to her that was almost music. Without a glance at us, she and an old man who followed her in took a corner table, while we just stared from across the room. Compared to the local talent, she stood out like the Hope diamond in a gravel heap.

"WHAT can she see in that walking mummy?" Phil growled. "He should be arrested for taking candy away from babies like us."

"Maybe he's her father," I said, trying to catch her eye.

"He is," Mort quietly announced. "I knew him once."

"Knew him?" Phil pushed back his chair. "Then what are we waiting for? Let's renew your old friendship right now!"

"Of course," I chimed in. "And after the introductions, may the best operator win. Forward, men!"

Mort grabbed our arms and pulled us back down. "I can't take you over to meet them. It's impossible."

"Why?" Phil wanted to know, pounding the table.

"Because he was my physics professor down at State. That's why."

"That's one hell of a reason!" Phil almost screeched.

"Wait. I'll explain," Mort said sadly, "and you'll understand. You see, I met him at the first class of my first day in college. I was one of a hundred and ten freshmen in a big amphitheater of a lecture room. This was a new experience for all of us and, naturally, we were a little frightened, a little unsure of ourselves as college students. The four years of higher education ahead of us looked like a hard road. And this was the start, this class.

"Well, as soon as that professor walked into the room, the nervous chatter and the noise died down. But the tension mounted even more, because he just stood there and looked us over, slowly, carefully. Then he suddenly smiled.

"'I think I know how you all feel right now,' he said. 'A little frightened, rather awed, and not very hopeful of your chances to learn everything expected of you from now on. Well, don't worry. The secret of education is learning how to learn. Nothing more.'

"Then he did something strange," Mort went on. "He told us to give him our first names, middle initials, and last names—as he pointed to us in order. This took a half hour, for he didn't skip a single person. We told him our names, student by student, row by row. I was the last one, and he thanked us very politely. But that was all.

"Next he became very businesslike. He told us what books we would need, arranged laboratory schedules, and spent another half hour giving us a briefing of what we were to get that semester. It seemed impossible. Formula, physical laws, lab experiments, required reports, monthly tests, mid-term and final exams. We were scared for real by then. But he smiled again as he finished.

"'Seems dreadful, doesn't it?' he asked. 'More than you will ever be able to learn. Well, to show you what is possible if you only apply yourself to learning, I will demonstrate a little experiment of my own.'

"Then, so help me," Mort continued, his voice rising a little, "he began reciting our names, middle initials and all. Student after student, up one row, down another, not missing a single one—over one hundred freshmen he had never met before, names he had never heard until that day, until only an hour ago.

"It was unbelievable. And we listened, amazed, as he went on, pointing to each student, then giving his full name. By the time he came to the end row, we were practically breathless. When he got to me, the last person, the class was ready to applaud." Mort stopped dramatically for a moment, then went on.

"But as he pointed to me, he said nothing. He stared at me, his brow wrinkling, his eyes squinting. The whole room became deathly still—and I felt like a traitor, somehow. Sweat was pouring down my face as I looked into his eyes. Every inch of me wanted to scream out my name. I could hardly keep from jumping up and yelling it out loud. Suddenly he threw his head back and cried, 'Morton V. Soaper!'

"The class broke out in a loud cheer, and I felt like a hero. I had saved the day for this great man! But in the midst of all the noise, the prof motioned for silence, and looked up at me again. 'Mort,' he said, 'I shall never forget your name. Never.'

"And he didn't," Mort finished. "Not once in the four years I spent at State. It became quite a legend on the campus. I found I was almost famous."

"Brother," Phil murmured, looking across the room at the old man, "what a guy! What a memory he must have!" Mort nodded silently.

"BUT why can't you take us all over to meet him?" I wanted to know, still thinking of that redhead going to waste in the corner.

"That's just it," Mort moaned, his voice bitter. "I hate to admit it, but I'll be damned if I haven't forgotten his name." He shook his head sadly. "So how can I waltz over there with you two, and then not be able to introduce you? How could I embarrass him and my own self after what happened at school?"

"No, you can't do that, Morty," Phil assented, patting his back. I had to agree, too; but if I could have gotten my hands on Mort's memory, I'd have ground it into a state of permanent amnesia.

"As long as I don't have to make any introductions, then," Mort said, getting up, "I can carry it off alone. And I should see him. It's only right." He turned to go. "You two try to find a double target. I'll meet you at the field later."

It hurt to watch him go over to the professor's table and start talking to the old man and the "dream." So we ordered another round of doubles.

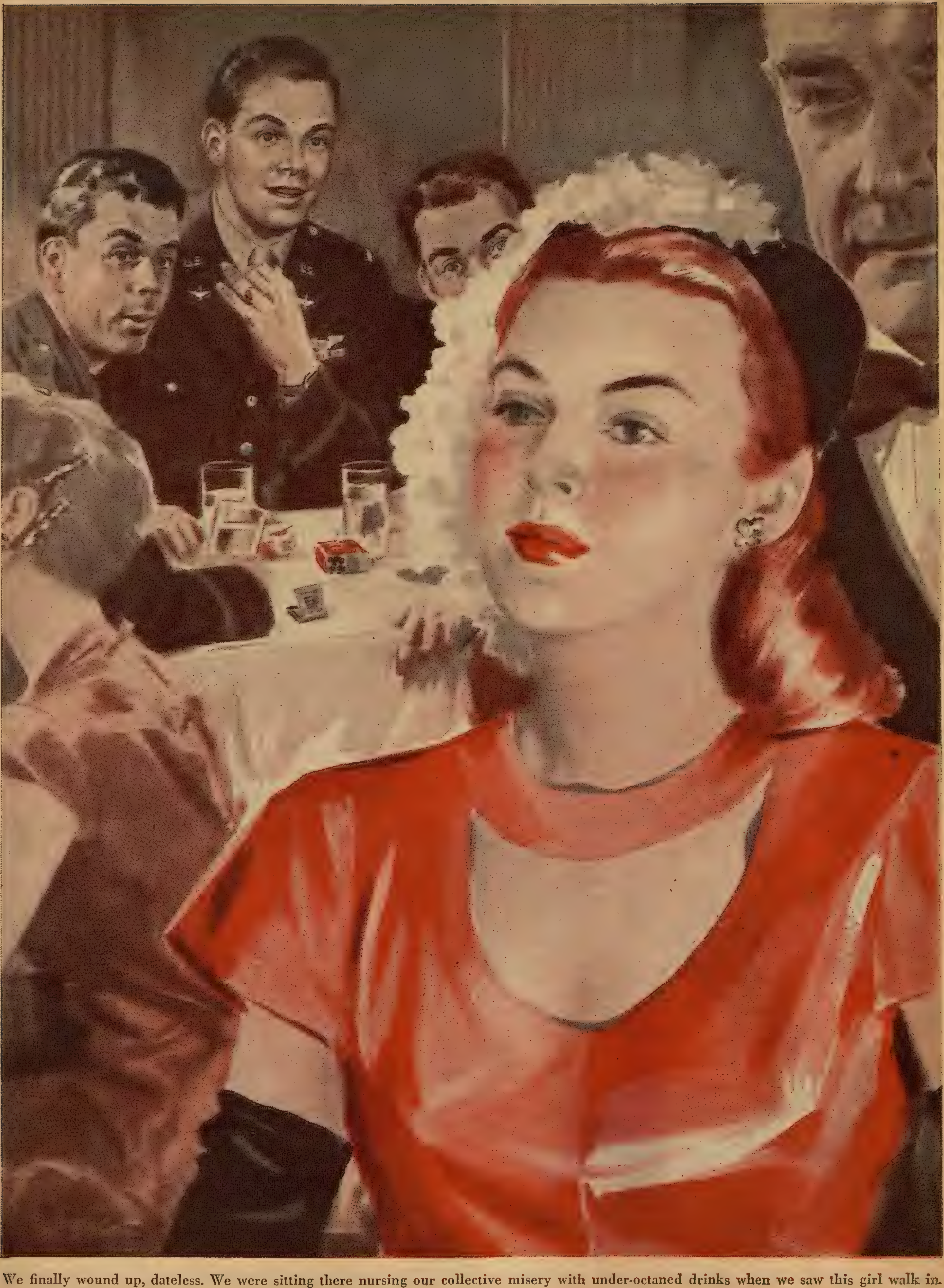
About fifteen minutes later, as Phil and I got up to go, we saw Mort leading the redhead into the ballroom. Her father was coming right past us, on his way out. Phil was just mellow enough to stop him.

"Pardon me, professor," he blurted, "but I just have to tell you how much I admire the way you introduced freshman classes to their first day at State College."

The old man looked at Phil, then at me. He seemed puzzled. "Professor? Freshman classes? State College?" He became very dignified. "I have never even seen State College, lieutenant. I'm a Dartmouth man myself." Then he walked on, and left us standing there.

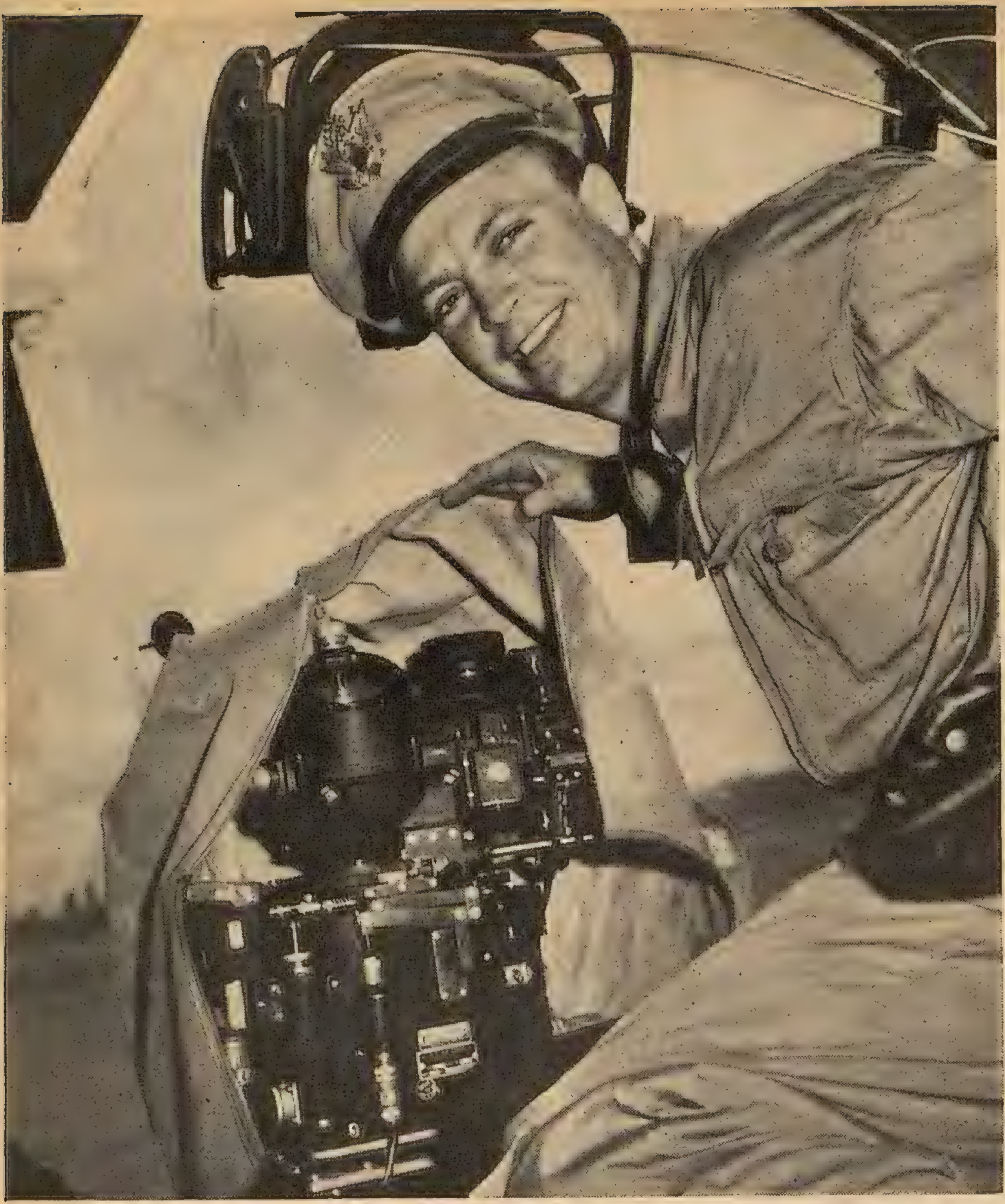
Through the open doorway we could see Mort dancing with the redhead. He was talking very fast, and she was listening, fascinated. And why shouldn't she?

THE END



We finally wound up, dateless. We were sitting there nursing our collective misery with under-octaned drinks when we saw this girl walk in.

# Gadget o



OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES PHOTOS

Norden bombsight—the brain that directed our mighty aerial punch at Germany.

IT was April, 1944. High officers of the U. S. Army Air Forces pored over a map of Europe. In heavy pencil they marked "X" at various points until they had eighty-one cross marks.

Each was a mark of doom. For the high command had selected for destruction fifty-eight refineries and twenty-three synthetic oil plants, prime producers of fuel and lubricants for the Nazi war machine. All told, these plants were estimated to be turning out more than a half million tons of motor fuel a month. Some were more heavily defended against air attack than Berlin itself.

But the Eighth and Fifteenth Air Forces went to work, striking these oil targets on an average of more than once a day for ten months. And by March of this year, Allied headquarters was able to announce that the battering had halted or appreciably reduced the output in seventy-four of the eighty-one plants.

You don't knock out a compact oil refinery by indiscriminate or "saturation" bombing. You have to know ahead of time what vital parts of the target you want to hit: feeder pipes, fractionating towers, cracking units—any part which, when destroyed, halts all work until repairs are made. And then you have to be certain you're hitting those parts.

If any single instrument of war can be said to have clinched Germany's strategic defeat, that instrument could be the Norden bombsight, a scientific marvel that does everything possible to discount human uncertainty and error. And, having devastated Germany, the Norden is now going after Japan in earnest.

Until its mission in Europe neared completion, keeping this bombsight secret was one of the war's most dramatic jobs. Only in recent weeks have civilians been allowed so much as a peek at it. Even now, the features making this sight superior to all others are shielded from public view.

As long as it was a secret, all sorts of tales spread about the Norden bombsight and its feats. None was more fantastic than one that has persisted since Java-born Carl Norden first demonstrated his invention before Navy officials at Dahlgren, Virginia, in 1928. The story also involves Rear Admiral John J. Ballentine, then a senior-grade lieutenant assigned to make the test bombing run. Norden had briefed him thoroughly on operating the sight. Ballentine's pilot was to bring their Martin bomber in at 10,000 feet; the "aiming point" was to be a large target circle in the Naval Proving Grounds.

But none of them had counted (so the story goes) on one important factor—the crisp autumn cold two miles up. The sight's mechanism froze tight and failed to function. Whereupon Ballentine, rather than disappoint the brass hats, ordered another run over the target and dropped his bomb load by guesswork. As a good story would require, his aim was nearly perfect—well within the chalk circle. Onlookers applauded. But Norden, 'tis said, knew better. Taking the bombardier aside, he whispered, "You didn't use the sight. What happened?"

The young man was hurt. "How do you know I didn't use it?"

"Because before you went up I drew a small circle the size of a pickle barrel in the dead center of the target. You missed it by thirty feet. That's how I know, son —because this sight can put a bomb into a pickle barrel!"

Until now, bombardiers could only smile noncommittally when they heard that yarn and others like it. Drilled into them in training was the immensity of the secret entrusted to them—knowledge of the Norden's operation and principal parts. The presence of enemy agents in near-by taverns was possible, and many a trainee was washed out when he could not identify the person with whom he was talking. Bombsight parts were signed out and receipted for in classroom study, never taken to barracks. An officer's signature was required before a bombsight could be taken on a training mission; an armed instructor always accompanied his cadet student, and the precious sight, to and from the plane. Graduate bombardiers vowed to jettison the sight before coming down in hostile territory, or else to destroy it, after landing, with several shots from a forty-five.

Secrecy breeds rumor and exaggeration. It was perhaps only natural that an aura of near-magic surrounded the Norden bombsight. Pickle barrels and *sake* barrels . . . precision bombing . . . pin-pointing the target . . . impossible to miss . . . win the war without ground troops. Some enthusiasts called Norden's device so perfect that the sight itself, rather than the men who operate it, should be commissioned!

But the wraps are off now—almost. It is assumed that the enemy gained possession of at least a few Norden sights, undamaged, fairly early in the war. But Theodore H. Barth, the head man of Norden production, figures it this way:

WITHOUT blueprints, even Germany's optical experts would have needed to study its 2,000 parts for two months to learn how the sight works. Then the Germans would have needed two more months to adapt designs to German industrial techniques; it would have taken them at least a year and a half to tool their plants for the new product; they would have lost additional time breaking in skilled workers on the new equipment. And even then Germany would have been forced to alter her entire strategy of aerial attack by training fliers for precision bombing!

For Japan, the task would have been still more gigantic. And probably neither Germany nor Japan, in 1942, was interested in acquiring a weapon they knew would take three years to develop.

Thus it is that thousands of American bombardiers trained since 1941 are able to tell at last about their deadly work on the world's war fronts. They tell you, first, that precision bombing does not mean you have to hit pickle barrels. It's just a term used to distinguish an operation from "mass bombing." Suppose the R. A. F. has showered bombs on all parts of an enemy city by night. If the Americans coming over

# Destruction

A "now it can be told" story of one of the war's most carefully guarded secrets. The famous Norden bombsight is a fabulous device which converts a giant bomber into a high-altitude sniper

### By S/Sgt. Lionel L. Van Deerlin

next day confine their attack to a single factory area of 160 acres, they may be said to be "pin-pointing" their target. This means hitting a lot of pickle barrels —damaging nearly all buildings in the factory grounds, but causing only nervousness in near-by residential areas. (The bombsight's political value was incalculable during the raids on Rome, enabling our airmen to plaster rail yards without touching the Vatican.)

It must be remembered, too, that our bombers rarely strike singly. Nearly all daylight operations are carried out in group formation: three squadrons of six planes each, forming a V more than 1,000 feet across the sky. Quarterback for all eighteen in the formation is the bombardier in the nose of the lead plane in the front squadron—the group leader. He picks a point just shy of the target to release his own bombs; others start theirs on the way when they see his drop. The pattern of bomb bursts on the ground will cover an area as wide and as deep as the planes are spaced in the air —perhaps a million square feet. And that's still pin-point work.

But even the group leader cannot guarantee to hit pickle barrels. Discounting the ever-present probability of human error, the normal margin of error within the bombsight itself is reckoned to be four mils. A mil measured from 1,000 feet up covers one foot on the ground; at 2,000 feet, two feet on the ground, etc. Therefore, even if a bombardier's aim were perfect, the machine's "built-in" error of four mils means that at 20,000 feet he could be certain only of dropping his load within eighty feet of a pickle barrel. (Yes, most targets—certainly any pickle barrel—would be obliterated by a bomb falling that close.)

THE Norden sight consists of three elements, each performing a major function for the bombardier. They are (1) the automatic pilot, with which he holds the plane on a set course during the bomb run; (2) the gyroscope, which steadies the sighting mechanism in place, offsetting any roll of the plane; and (3) the sight itself, small enough to fit into an overnight bag. When adjusted for speed and altitude, it tells the bombardier exactly where to take the plane for a given target, and then, at precisely the right moment, it drops the bombs for him.

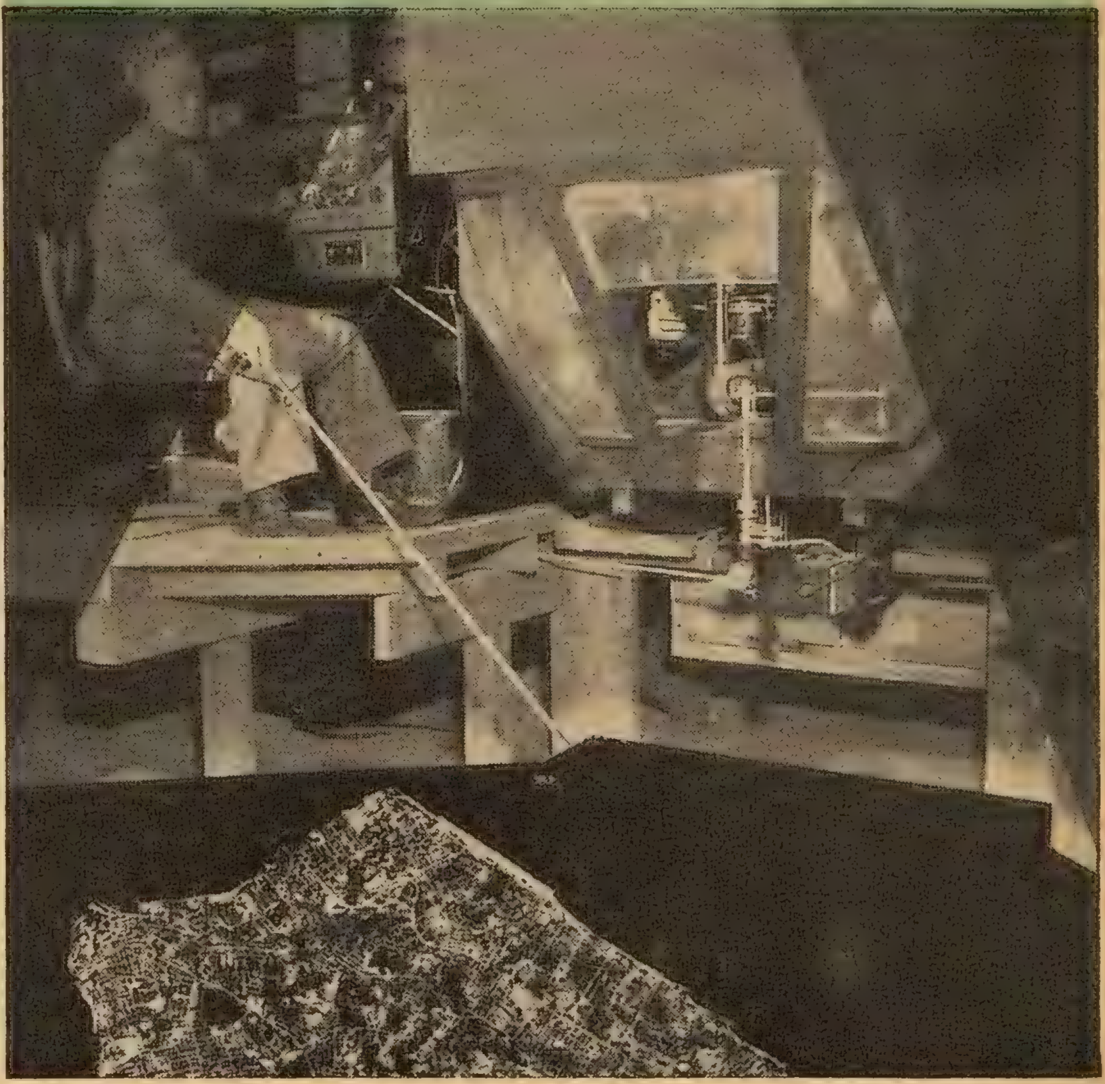
But that's the climax. Let's go back.

The evening before a raid, group leaders are assembled and told the probable target. Reconnaissance photographs and Intelligence have indicated which parts of the target are most vital. Each group leader is assigned a specific aiming point within the target area. Larger maps help them decide on an "initial point." This must be some easily discerned land feature—a lake, the tip of a forest, or the meeting of two rivers —twenty-five to thirty-five miles from the target. It is from here that the bombers will turn and head in for the kill. If Washington were under attack, a likely initial point would be the mouth of the Severn River at Annapolis; if the target were in San Francisco, planes might start their approach from the Farallon Island, or from the conspicuous Dumbarton bridge in the lower bay.

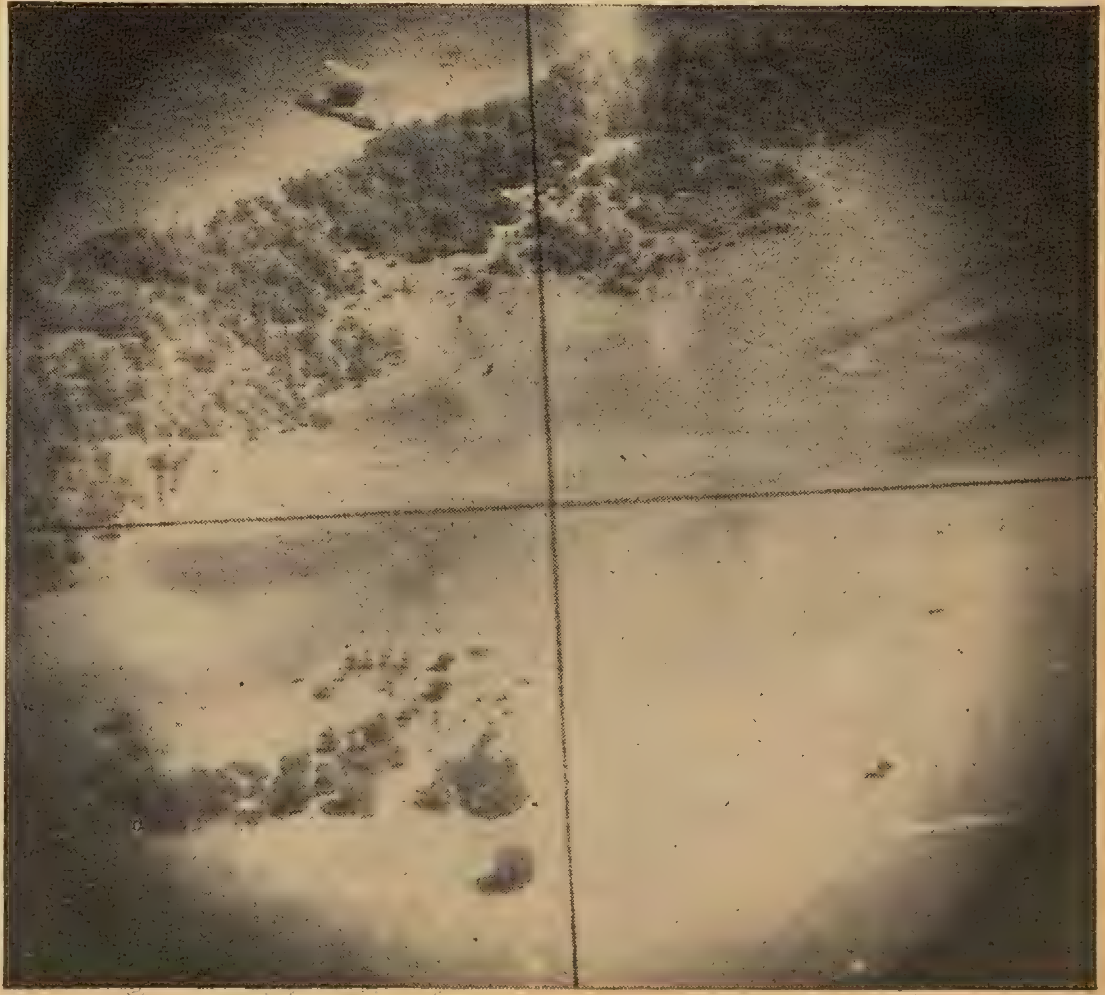
The bombardier assigned to the lead plane of each group might put in as much as three hours' night work on the maps. The mass briefing just before take-off time usually lasts only fifteen minutes.

Fuses are inserted in the bombs while still on the ground. After the take-off and before he goes into oxygen, the bombardier usually goes back and removes the cotter pin—the "safety"—from each one. They are still not set for detonation, however.

From the initial point it is the duty of pilot and navigator to take the plane as directly as possible toward the target. After some preliminary weaving to avoid flak—always heaviest several miles short of the target—the plane levels off for the ten- or twelve-mile stretch that means success or failure of a mission: the bombing run. Here the pilot yields control to the bombardier who, because of the mechanical "brain" at his fingertips, continues as both pilot and navigator. For best bombing, he'd choose to make his run at 10,000 feet. But that would be too easy for ground defenses, so he usually goes in at (*Continued on page 88*)



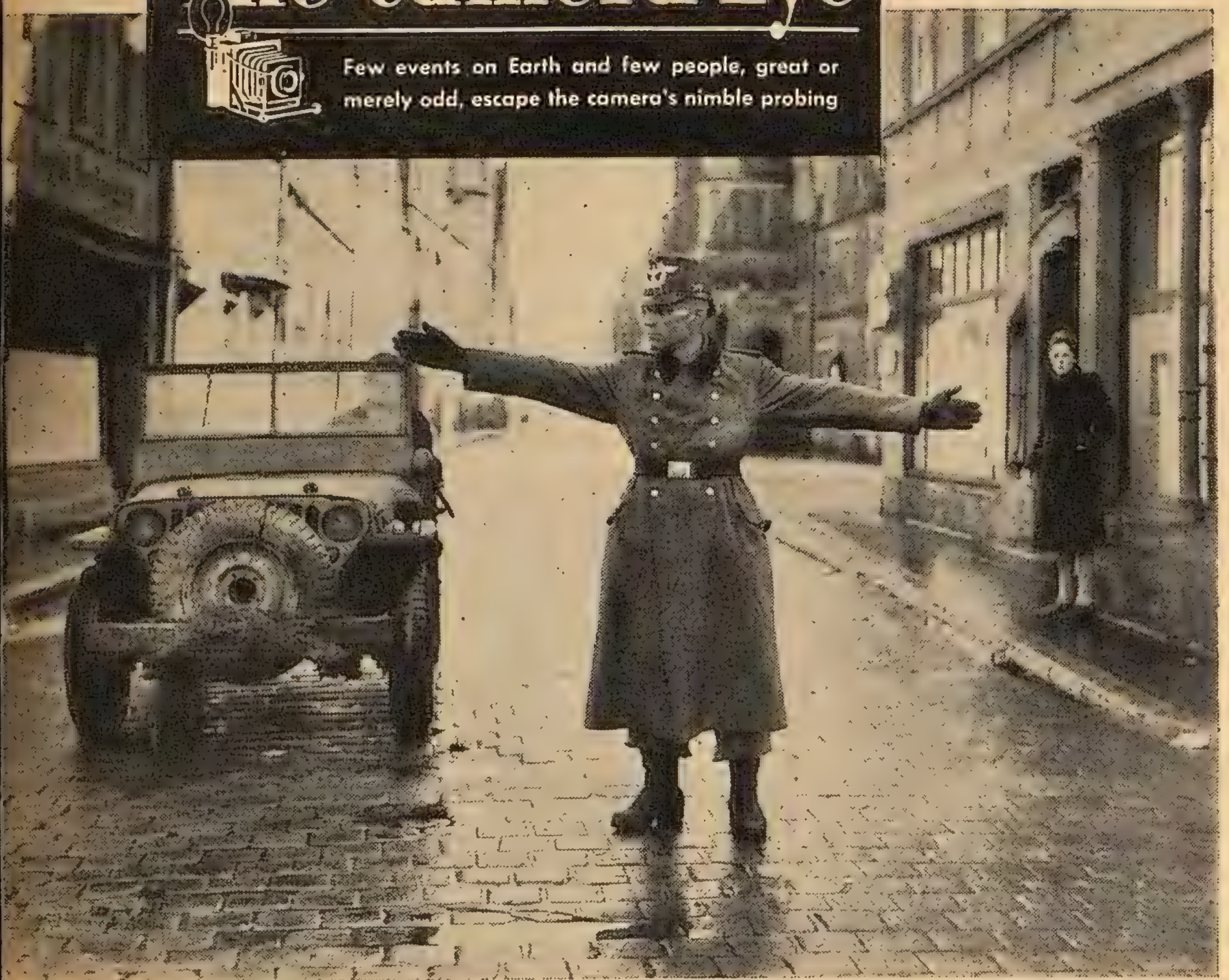
The bombardier learns by pin-pointing targets on a moving aerial map.



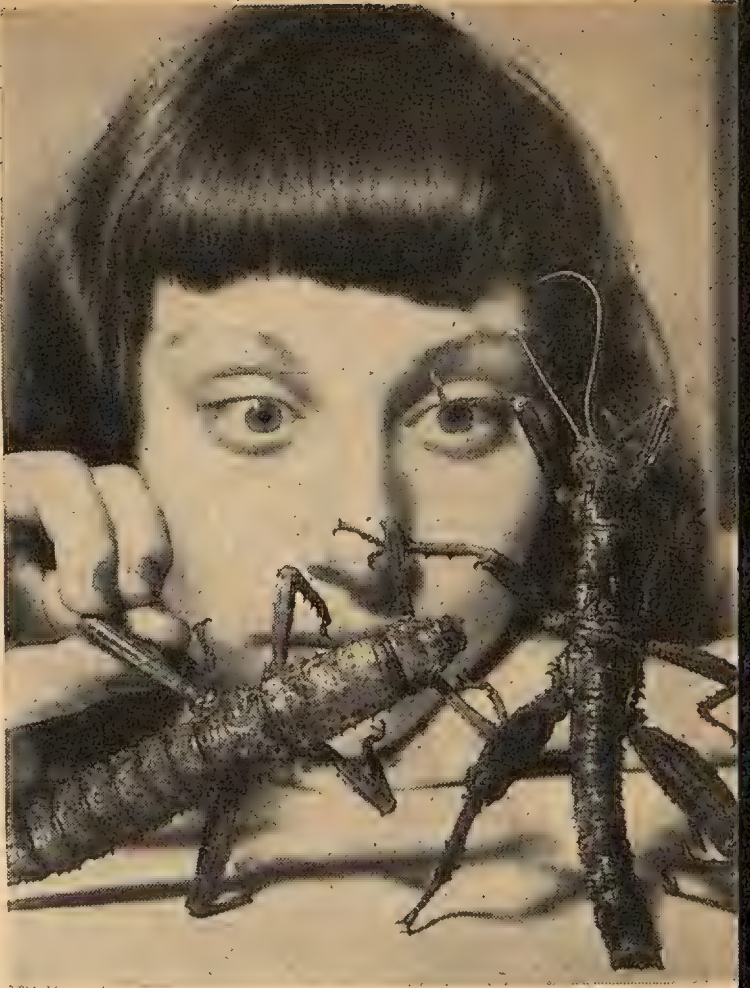
Bombardier's-eye view. Anything caught in the sight can safely be marked off.

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

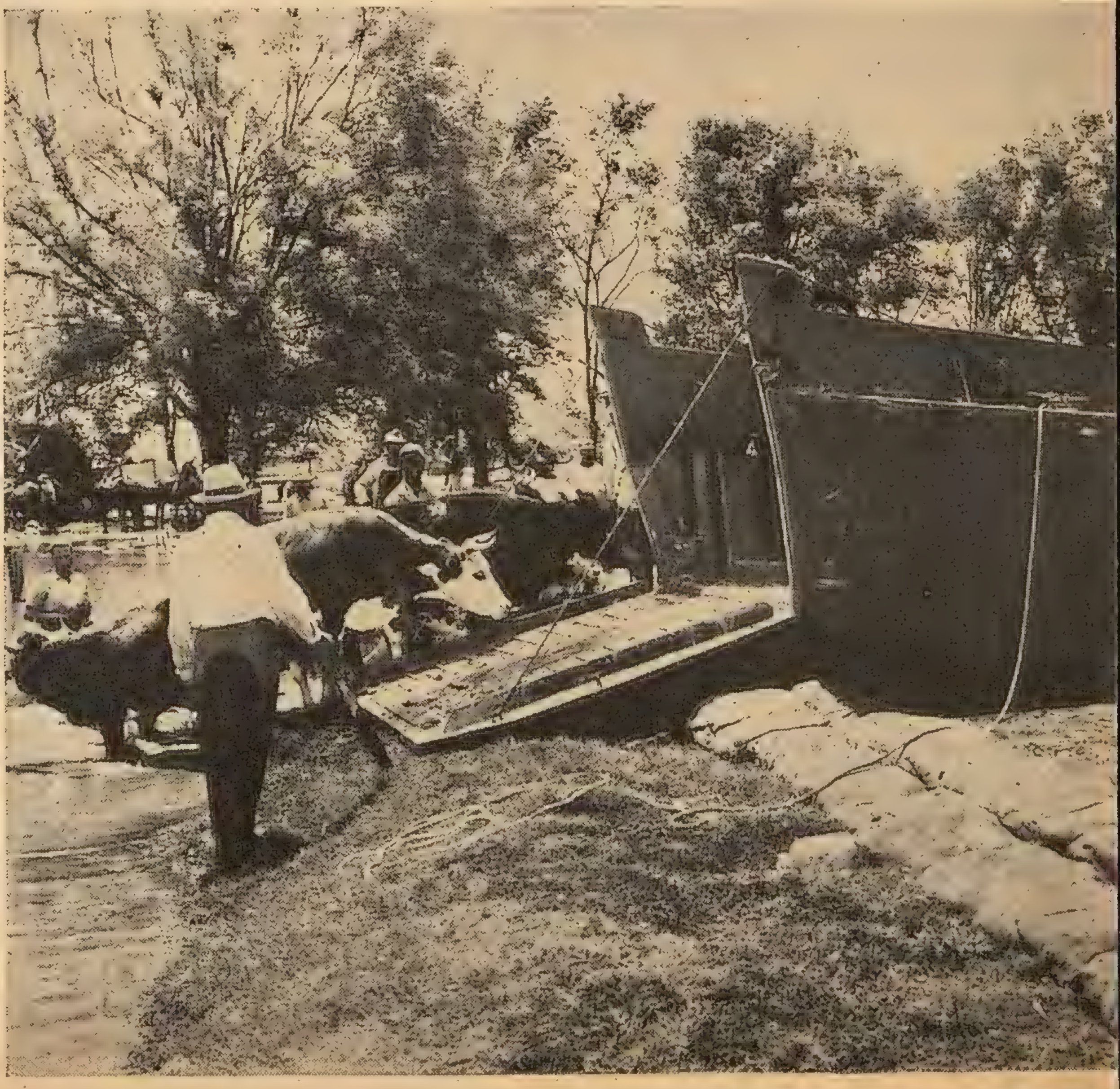


**KRAUT COP**—Here is one of the few Germans who was still in a position to stop a jeep. The Ninth Army put him back at his old job after it captured Lemgo.



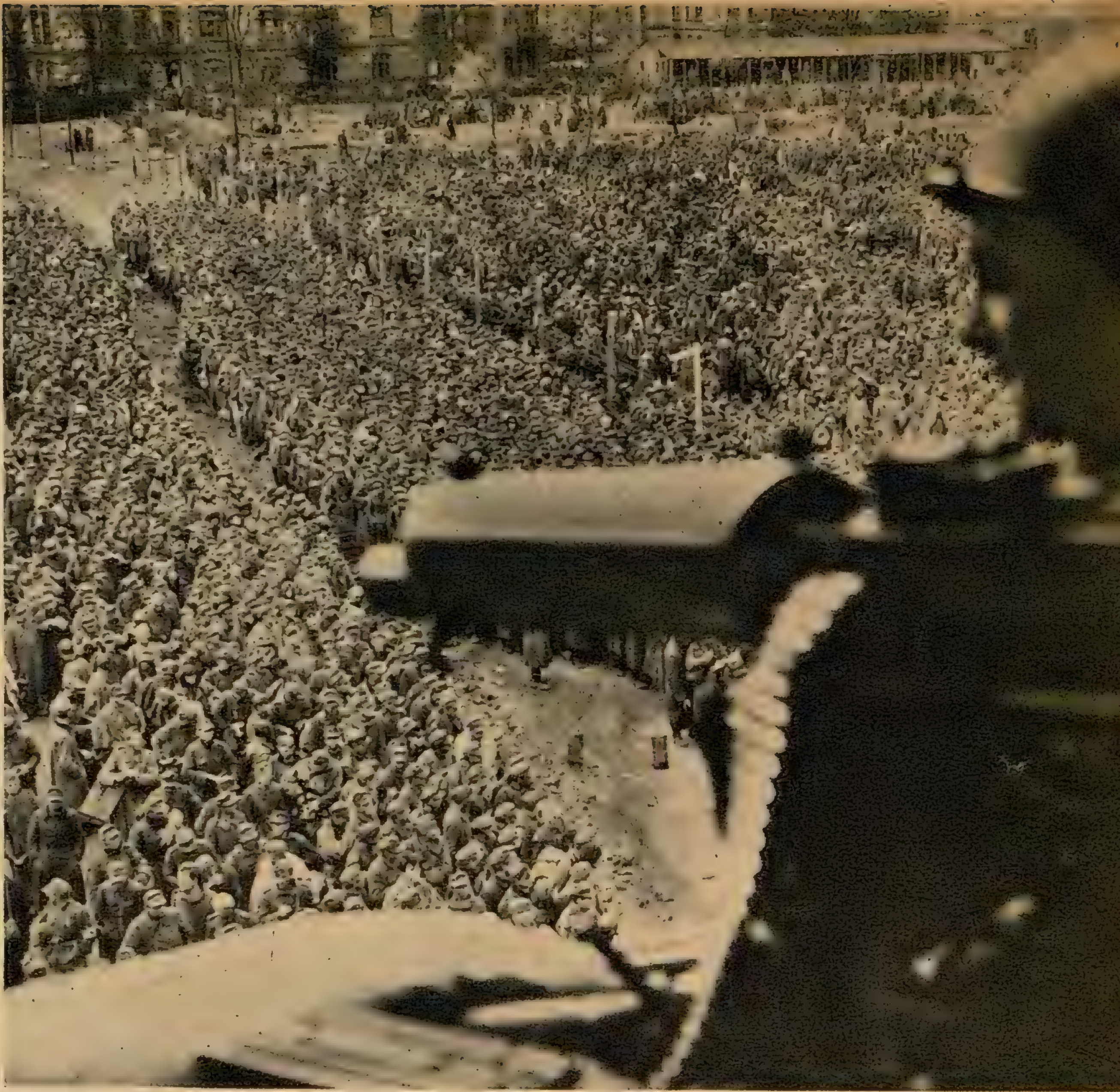
**ARMOR-PLATED WHATZITS**—Mildred Abbe of New York's Hunter College stares bug-eyed at these critters, sent home from a Pacific island by an Army medical officer. About seven inches long, they're still unidentified.

**SPEAKING OF CORN**—A brunette for years, Paulette Goddard blossoms out in hair she calls "moonbeam blonde." Says that it's "two degrees north of corn silk."

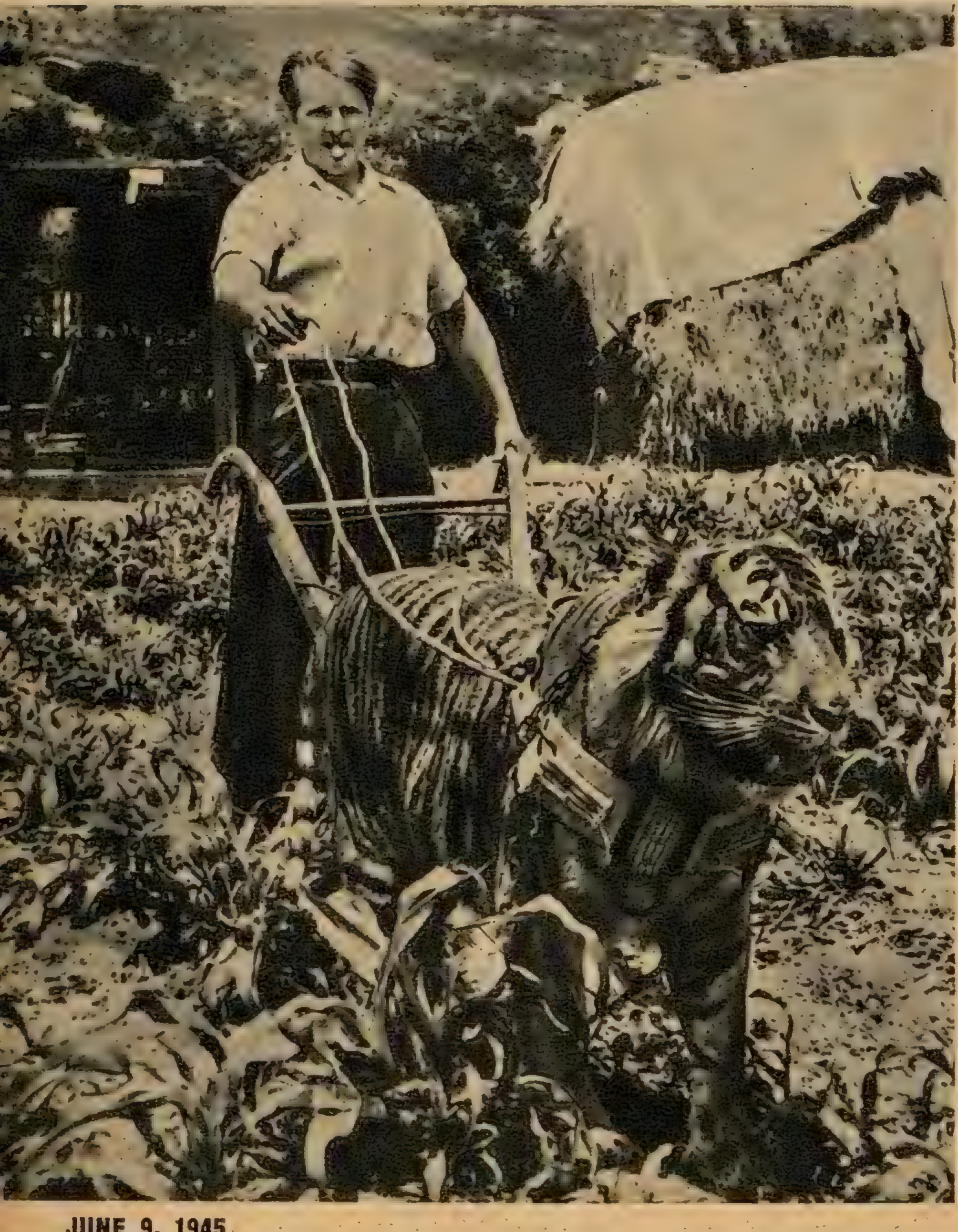


**LANDING CRAFT, BOVINE**—Coast Guardsmen in Higgins boats invaded central Louisiana recently—to evacuate livestock when the Red River flooded rich farm land.

**MAMMY!**—That apparition on Harry James' knee is actually Mrs. James—Betty Grable to you—ready for her part in Dolly Sisters. Proving how a vision can become a sight.



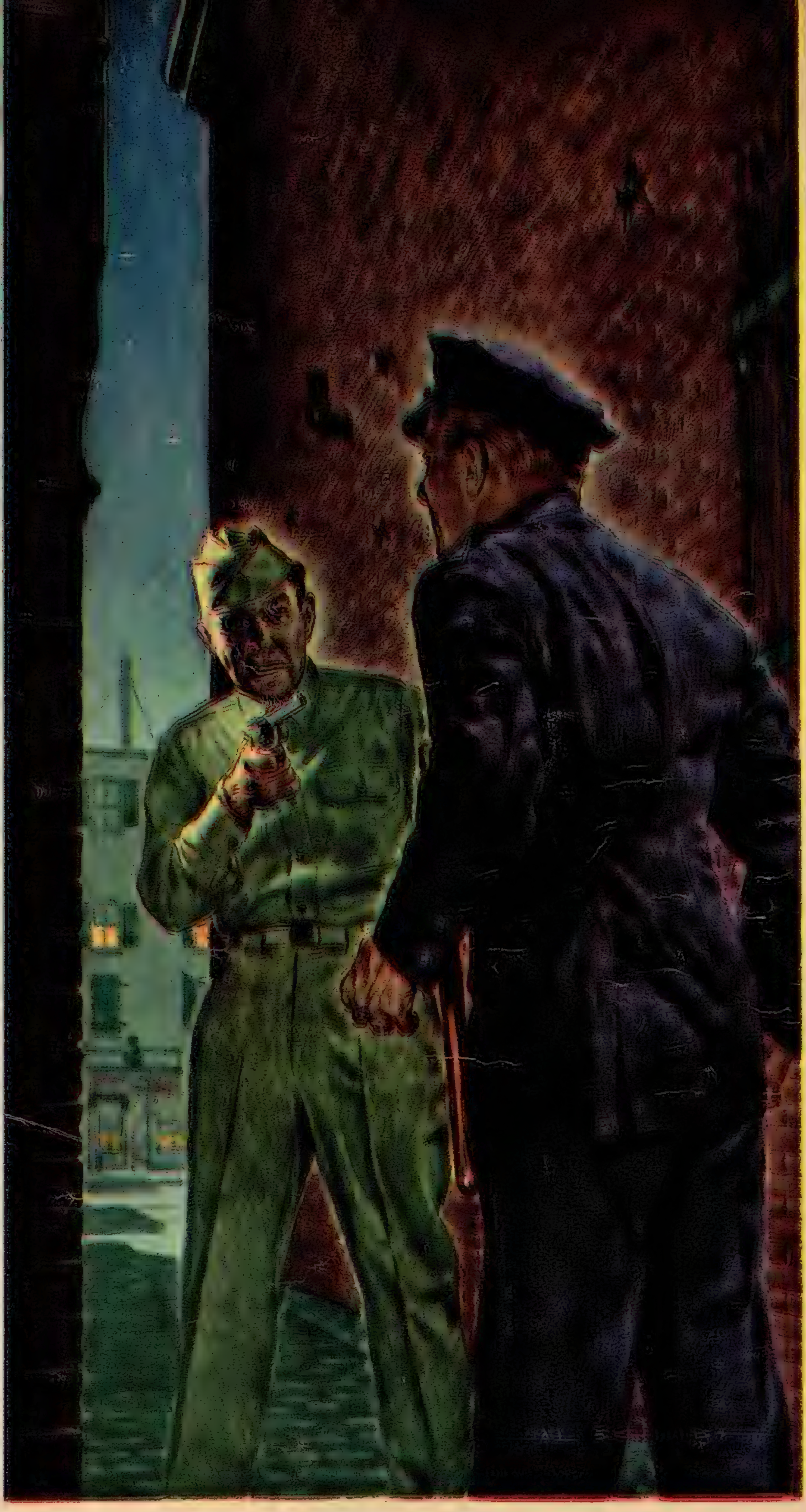
**FAREWELL TO ARMS**—Once the Nazi horde, now just a herd. Here 20,000 German prisoners jam the drill ground of a military academy taken by the Seventh Army. The disciplinary motif appears in the foreground.



**PLOWMAN'S FOLLY**—For us, this would be harrowing. But Fred Coontz, animal trainer and farmer of Chatsworth, California, insists his tiger is perfectly "tractorble."

**INTERNATIONAL HERO**—Lord Halifax adds Britain's Distinguished Service Cross to Lt. Commdr. Doug Fairbanks' Silver Star, Legion of Merit, and the French Légion d'Honneur and Croix de Guerre with palms—among others.

The moonlight glinted on the gun. "Yeah, I'm moving in, sucker."



# Not so Dumb as a Fox

**Danny was returned from the dead—mean, deceitful Danny whom nobody mourned but his wife. But Sally was married again—to Pete. Because of her, Danny was given his chance—and he took it!**

### BY
### DAY KEENE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

IT was four minutes of midnight when Danny Storer returned from the dead. He called to McShane from the dark mouth of the alley that separated the Acme from the Intercoastal warehouse. The greeting came, as usual, out of one corner of Danny's mouth.

"Hello, sucker. Still pounding a beat!"

All day a brazen sun had beat upon the city. Brick, stone, and concrete had absorbed it.

What with the usual street noises, and thinking about Sally, McShane's sleep had been fitful.

He stopped at the sound of the voice, took off his uniform cap, ran a thick finger around its sweatband, and peered earnestly into the dark.

Now he was hearing voices. It all just went to show a man. Danny was dead. Danny had been dead for two years, with no insurance, and more was the pity for his poor mother's sake. He himself had read the telegram. He remembered it well. It began:

THE SECRETARY OF WAR REGRETS TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON PRIVATE DANIEL STORER . . .

Few who had known Danny had mourned the news. Certainly not McShane. He replaced his cap and started on, only to have a thin white hand, attached to an olive drab sleeve, reach out of the alley and stop him.

"What's the matter? Don't you know me, Pete?"

McShane froze to the pavement as a face materialized. He hadn't been hearing voices. It was Danny. When he could speak, he said, "I thought that you were dead."

"You and a lot of others," Storer jeered.

He struck a match to a cigarette, and in the leaping flame his face was still pale, and thin, and cruel. His nostrils were still pinched. He still had the same big eyes that the girls had always admired.

"How's Sally, Pete?" he demanded.

"She's—fine," McShane admitted. He found it difficult to speak.

Storer chuckled softly. "And you're still trying to beat my time."

It was a statement, not a question.

McShane tried to speak. He couldn't. The night silence grew thick around them.

"You—you just get in?" he asked finally.

"Just," Storer answered him shortly.

A block up the street a party of drunks came out of Ginty's bar laughing loudly and jostling one another.

McShane gripped the hilt of his night stick until his fingers ached. Life had been both sweet and simple. Now it had grown complex. It was difficult for a man to know just what to do.

He eyed the other man sharply. Danny would know what to do. Danny thought as quick as a fox. But Sally was wrong about Danny. Danny had never been misunderstood. Danny was bad all through.

No one but Sally had mourned him.

Even Father Wolinsky, who spoke evil of no man, had said on the night that the telegram had come, "May the good Father forgive me for even thinking it, but it's a blessing to know that he died as he did. At least his poor mother will know where he is. She won't have to lie awake nights wondering what fresh disgrace he might bring on his father's name."

ONLY Sally had cared. Sally had cried for weeks. It had been difficult to console her. The small veins in McShane's temples throbbed. Even now he couldn't be certain that she had forgotten Danny.

The drunks in front of Ginty's grew louder and more profane. An owl car clanked up the semideserted street, bathing the two men briefly in its yellow headlight. Danny stared after the car. McShane looked at his watch. It was time, and past, to make his pull. A moment later the bells of St. Angus confirmed it.

"Yeah. I just got in," Storer repeated dryly. "I came in blind baggage, Pete. A shame that you missed your chance. You've always been crazy about her. You should have married Sally while I was still rotting in my grave."

McShane resisted an impulse to beat him into the alley. This wasn't an occasion for force. This thing would take thinking. "So you're alive," he admitted. "I still have to make my pull." He added, unwillingly, "But I'll be back."

"I figured that," Storer smiled.

He shrank back in the alley again as the other man moved on. McShane walked mechanically, mechanically trying a door from time to time. He tried to think, and couldn't.

*Danny, Sally's Danny, wasn't dead. He was alive and had returned to claim her.*

The four drunks in front of Ginty's saw him and all but one moved on. McShane rapped him lightly with his night stick.

"Go home with you. You've had enough to drink this night."

The drunk swung at him viciously. McShane caught his arm, twisted it behind him, and rushed him on up the street until his feet had gained momentum.

Ginty, a fleshy man with an immaculate white apron tied over his ample middle, was standing in the doorway of his bar, mopping at his fat cheeks, when McShane returned to his call box. His belly bobbled when he talked. "Them drunks. It's hot tonight, eh, Pete?"

McShane agreed that it was, and reported in.

Carlson, the telephone operator, grumbled that he was five minutes late, then added that there was nothing to report. "Nothing new has been added, if you get what I mean," he chortled.

McShane hung up and locked the call box. He could feel sweat trickling down his spine. And despite the heat it was cold. He wondered if he ought to go and talk to Father Wolinsky. Perhaps the priest could advise him.

"Sally O. K.?" Ginty asked. When McShane merely nodded, he added, "Well, for Pete's sake stop worrying about her. Women have babies every day." He caught up the play on names and laughed. "For Pete's sake, eh?"

HIS huge belly bobbling, he turned into the bar to wait on a customer. McShane walked slowly on back down the now silent street, his bulk casting a grotesque shadow as he waded the yellow pools spaced by the street lamps.

The drag of his heels on the walk sounded hollow. He realized that his fingers were fondling the butt of his gun, and he released it. Killing Danny wouldn't help matters. It was Sally he had to think of. And Sally had always loved Danny. He had never been but a poor second. Sally had always been Danny's girl.

"Folks don't understand him," she'd say. "It's just because he's poor that he gets into trouble. He's never had a chance."

McShane noted a light in Father Wolinsky's study, hesitated, and kept on walking. Danny was *his* problem.

"Understand. Chance!" he snorted.

The whole neighborhood had been poor. Most of it still was. He was only a first-grade patrolman. He'd probably be one all his life. But there were other lads without half of Danny's brains who had climbed high on the ladder. The trouble with Danny had always been that, even when they had been boys, he would far rather steal a dime than earn a dollar.

But no one, not even Father Wolinsky, had ever been able to tell Sally that. Women were funny that way. Once they had set a man on a pedestal, for all that his feet were clay they'd swear that they were gold.

McShane's own feet slowed as he neared the alley. Danny was running true to form. He was twisting the knife still deeper, whistling; whistling "I wonder what's become of Sally."

Sweat started on McShane's forehead. Thank God he didn't know. Sudden suspicion struck him. Or did he? Was that why he had returned from the dead?

He replaced his cap and walked into the mouth of the alley. "How come that telegram?"

The other man stopped whistling. "That's a long story, Pete." He touched a match to a cigarette. His voice became a whine. The story he told wasn't pretty.

The Army hadn't understood him. They'd made him work at menial tasks. His sergeant had been a fool. His captain had been a smug stuffed shirt. He'd been in trouble from the start.

Storer's voice whined on. Not even the uniform of his country could make a hero out of a heel. The pay-off had come in Africa, shortly after the first landing. He had "borrowed" some Army goods and sold them to an Arab to supplement his "stinking" Army pay. Caught, he had offered his sergeant a cut, but the "dumb bunny," instead of playing it smart, had preferred charges instead.

"WHAT kind of Army goods?" McShane asked.

"Can you beat it?" Danny demanded. "Just some lousy gasoline and shovels."

Gasoline and shovels on which men's lives depended, men with whom he ate and slept. A sudden hot rage filled McShane. And *he* couldn't get into the Army because of a punctured eardrum.

"So," Storer continued, "I draw a court and get forty years and a dishonorable. I'm in a stockade, see, waiting for a prison ship. And then I get a break."

McShane kept his hands off Danny with an effort. His "break" had cost more lives. A flight of enemy bombers had leveled the stockade. Most of the detail had been killed. But Danny hadn't lost his head. Slightly injured, he had changed tags with a dead guard. His original outfit had moved out. In the ensuing confusion he had made the exchange good. For months he had goldbricked in various African hospitals. But finally sent back to the States and a redistribution center, he had been recognized.

The story was fantastic. But it was the sort of thing that Danny had done all his life. He'd boasted the devil would never get him because he could lie his way out of hell.

"So I took it on the lam," he concluded his recital. "Now it's up to you."

McShane reached for a forbidden cigarette, crumpled it in his fingers. His own voice sounded strange. "What do you mean, it's up to me?"

Danny chuckled. "Don't give me that stuff. I know how you feel about Sally. You want me to be picked up by the feds? You want to break her heart?"

The reasoning was somehow twisted. A slow-thinking man, McShane tried to straighten it out, and couldn't. All he could think of was Sally. She had been hurt enough. She musn't be hurt any more.

"So—what do you want me to do?"

"Stake me," Danny said softly. "Give me enough to get away somewhere, and Sally won't need to know."

McShane considered. It was a partial solution. "How much would you need?" he asked finally.

"Five thousand," Danny said flatly. "Five thousand and I disappear and never show up again."

"And where would I get five thousand dollars?"

"That's up to you." The returned dead man lighted another in his endless chain of cigarettes. "What's more, I'd have to have it tonight." He hesitated; added, "Of course, if she doesn't mean that much to you, I probably can spend a few pleasant weeks with Sally before I am picked up."

McShane knocked him off his feet. "Keep her name out of your mouth."

Danny got up slowly. "Why should I? After all, she is my wife."

McShane's lifted fist fell to his side. Danny had him over a barrel. He *had* to

(*Continued on page 70*)

# G. I. MOM

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ALBIN

The Hollywood Guild Canteen offers open house, complete with $10,000 swimming pool, to servicemen from all over the world.

*Bighearted Anne Lehr's canteen has an icebox to raid, 1,400 eggs for breakfast, but there are no rules and no alarm clocks. No wonder fighting men everywhere call it home*

### By VICTOR BOESEN and JOHN REDDY

THERE was a stir in the prison camp in Germany. A few of the Allied prisoners, incapacitated by wounds or illness, had been exchanged and were leaving for home. One of them was an Australian infantryman, his face scarred by a shrapnel wound. As he packed his few belongings, an American flier sidled up and slipped him a piece of paper, saying:

"Pal, if you ever get to the States, here's a place for you to stay."

The Australian opened the paper and on it was scrawled: "1284 North Crescent Heights Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Ask for Mom."

That address is the Hollywood Guild Canteen, a place for servicemen on leave which out-canteens any other in the world, and "Mom" is Mrs. Anne Lehr, the straight-spoken matronly woman who founded the place and presides over it.

To thousands of men in all the services of every United Nation who have been there, Mom's place is the nearest thing to home. Eight hundred stay there each week night on the average; 1,200 a night on week-ends. Sometimes, as during the Christmas holidays of 1943, the guests number 1,300.

The distinguishing attractions are a clean comfortable bed, three square meals a day, and the privilege of coming and going as they please at any hour of the day or night, and staying on until it suits them to leave. If hunger strikes at midnight, the icebox and kitchen facilities are at their service. Pretty girls to dance with are incidental, available anywhere.

If a man's clothes need mending, Mom and the women who help her are ready with needle and thread. If it's a letter he needs help with, or an understanding ear for his troubles, he can get that too.

There is no cost. All he can spend money for is the telephone, and if he hasn't got a nickel, Mom has.

"Whatever a boy was used to at home we try to give him here," Mrs. Lehr explains. "Once a tough marine even asked me to kiss him good night. He was lonesome for his mother. So I kissed him."

If a man comes in slightly the worse for something or other, which isn't often, Mom has him taken off to bed without fuss. Exigencies of misbehavior seldom develop, however, for the place is run without rules and so there is no need for rules.

In a society of such freedom, each guest feels a personal responsibility in preserving it. The nearest thing to a regulation is that everyone register his name and serial number before going to bed, to ensure against A. W. O. L. cases.

Sometimes a man is broke and asks Mom for a small loan. She obliges, and makes it a point to forget the matter. Under these conditions the borrower just as insistently remembers the obligation, with the result that Mom is forever getting money in the mail from unexpected sources. The most money she ever lent was $250. This was to a Marine veteran of overseas action, and the money was to buy a trailer so that his wife and two small children could live near his camp. When Mrs. Lehr handed him the check, the marine went out and sat down on the porch and bawled like a baby.

WHEN neighbors protest at the noise late at night, Mom fronts for the boys. "They are going to enjoy themselves," she tells the complainer. "If you don't like it, you can go sit in a foxhole for them!"

On one occasion a deputy sheriff, complete with gun, showed up to mute the revelry. Grinning at him, Mrs. Lehr said, "It's too bad, sheriff. Why don't you shoot somebody?"

The deputy retreated peacefully.

Mom's boys include lads fighting under every flag of the United Nations as well as Americans. On any evening you might find a British Grenadier Guardsman, a member of Canada's Oxford Rifles, and an Australian flier harmonizing on Tipperary to a New Zealand sailor's accompaniment at the piano, while a Chinese pilot cadet plays ping-pong with an American Seabee and a paratrooper from Oklahoma initiates a Dutch sailor and a French merchant mariner into the doubtful art of jitterbugging.

This is one world in actual practice, and these lads who sample it go away with warm memories of America in general and Mom Lehr in particular. They say it with letters and gifts to her from all parts of the world. There are coins from New Zealand, grass skirts from the Solomon Islands, bark cards from Alaska, sarongs, enemy money, even a silk tapestry that originated in Japan. Mail averages fifty letters a day, all of which Mrs. Lehr faithfully answers.

If international relations hang by the thread of simple things between individuals, it may well be that one of Mom Lehr's hot dogs today is doing what diplomats have failed to do in the past.

High places, too, have taken approving notice of her work. Brigadier General Joseph W. Byron, director of the Army's Special Services Division, has written her a note of warm commendation; and a naval committee concerned with housing and recreational facilities for Navy men sent word that it was inserting a statement in the Congressional Record that Mrs. Lehr's canteen is the only place of its kind, and that there ought to be many more like it.

Mrs. Lehr had nothing grandiloquent in mind when she got the idea for this establishment soon after Pearl Harbor. She was head of a small charity organization she had formed several years before to care for Hollywood's broken-down stuntmen, unemployed Hamlets, underfed extras, and the like. These wards drifted away to jobs in war plants, leaving her virtually alone in the former home of Dustin Farnum, the silent-screen star, with no one to take care of.

THEN she began to notice servicemen walking Hollywood streets all night, or sleeping on benches and in doorways and parked cars for lack of something better. At the USO, when it was open, they could get hot coffee and doughnuts and write a letter home; and the star-spangled Hollywood Canteen offered them a glamorous good time. But neither place was designed to provide a temporary home for the boys.

So Mrs. Lehr decided to turn her show people's sanctuary into a free hotel for servicemen. She was encouraged in this decision after a visit to the British-American Hospitality House, where she was told that a flock of R. A. F. cadets, graduating at the Lancaster, California, training base, would be coming to town on a week's leave before going overseas, and it would be nice if she could put up some of them.

Mrs. Lehr broke the news to her little handful of helpers, and they busily got ready to accommodate fifty of the young Britishers. The ladies begged, borrowed, or otherwise procured enough beds. They cooked a big turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

But when the big night arrived, no guests appeared. With the tables loaded like the famous scene in The Gold Rush, Mom frantically phoned the Hospitality House to find out if the boys were coming. They weren't. Somehow it had developed that Mrs. Lehr's help wouldn't be needed.

She turned and contemplated the cooling turkey and mashed potatoes. Not one to be floored by an emergency, she formed up a task force of two station wagons and went scouting for customers. They drove to the corner of Sunset and Vine and practically kidnaped enough service boys to do right by the waiting dinner.

They were vastly skeptical. "What's the catch, lady?" a couple of them asked. "This ain't Thanksgiving."

But most of the boys took a chance and cautiously consented to come along. There were half a hundred of them finally. They cleaned up the dinner, and after a while, still not quite convinced, they tentatively went off to the beds. Not until they left next morning, after a hearty breakfast, could they believe that this thing was wholly on the level.

This went on for a couple of weeks, Mrs. Lehr and her friends recruiting each night's guests from the Hollywood streets. Then the boys began to appear under their own power. Mrs. Lehr asked a lad one night how he happened to know of the place. "Mac, my buddy, passed the word," he replied. "But from the way he told us, you would have thought it was a military secret."

The word traveled farther; it kept spreading until it reached around the world. Recently a sailor came in after a long hitch in the South Pacific. "I came here first thing," he told Mrs. Lehr. "My brother—he's a soldier in Italy—wrote me all about it." Another arrived from India, saying that Mom's place is known all over the Far East.

As patronage has grown, so have the accommodations, and the institution today spills over a good part of the neighborhood. Additions have been built onto the main house, new structures have gone up on the grounds, buildings near by have been taken over. There are now nearly 1,000 beds, plus 140 more in an abandoned market a block away. A house up in the next block is home to about 100 servicewomen at a time, and there is a place for officers.

The first expansion took in a theater once used by an amateur theatrical group. Beds were installed in the auditorium, in the attic, and on the stage. Then the three-car garage was engulfed, with beds upstairs and down.

More beds were set up in a tent pitched over the garage ramp. The Navy assigned a permanent detail of twenty-five men to the premises, and these built a new dormitory in the yard for eighty beds, and enclosed the summerhouse with walls and put beds there. They tacked a dining room to the rear of the house, extending out over the driveway.

ALL this at first brought down on Mom's head the wrath of the landlady, who complained she could hardly recognize her old house any more. Mom eventually worked out a legal compromise whereby she posted a $3,500 bond as guaranty that she and her boys would put everything back just as they found it when their lease expires.

This will take some doing, because since the agreement was made Tom Breneman and his Breakfast in Hollywood radio program have installed an elaborate $10,000 swimming pool on the grounds. If the agreement is followed to the letter, the pool will have to be filled in before the property reverts to the owner.

In the meantime the trees and buildings have been liberally posted with disclaimers of responsibility for the goings-on, and the rent has been boosted from $250 a month to $350.

Despite the legal sniper fire from the side lines, the Hollywood Guild Canteen rocks along, a frenzied but cheerful ménage. Mrs. Lehr arrives around six in the evening and happily presides over it all until six the next morning. She is helped by about 1,000 women, many regularly employed in other jobs, who clean, wash dishes, make beds, wait tables, dance with the boys, and do whatever else is necessary to keep the place a going concern.

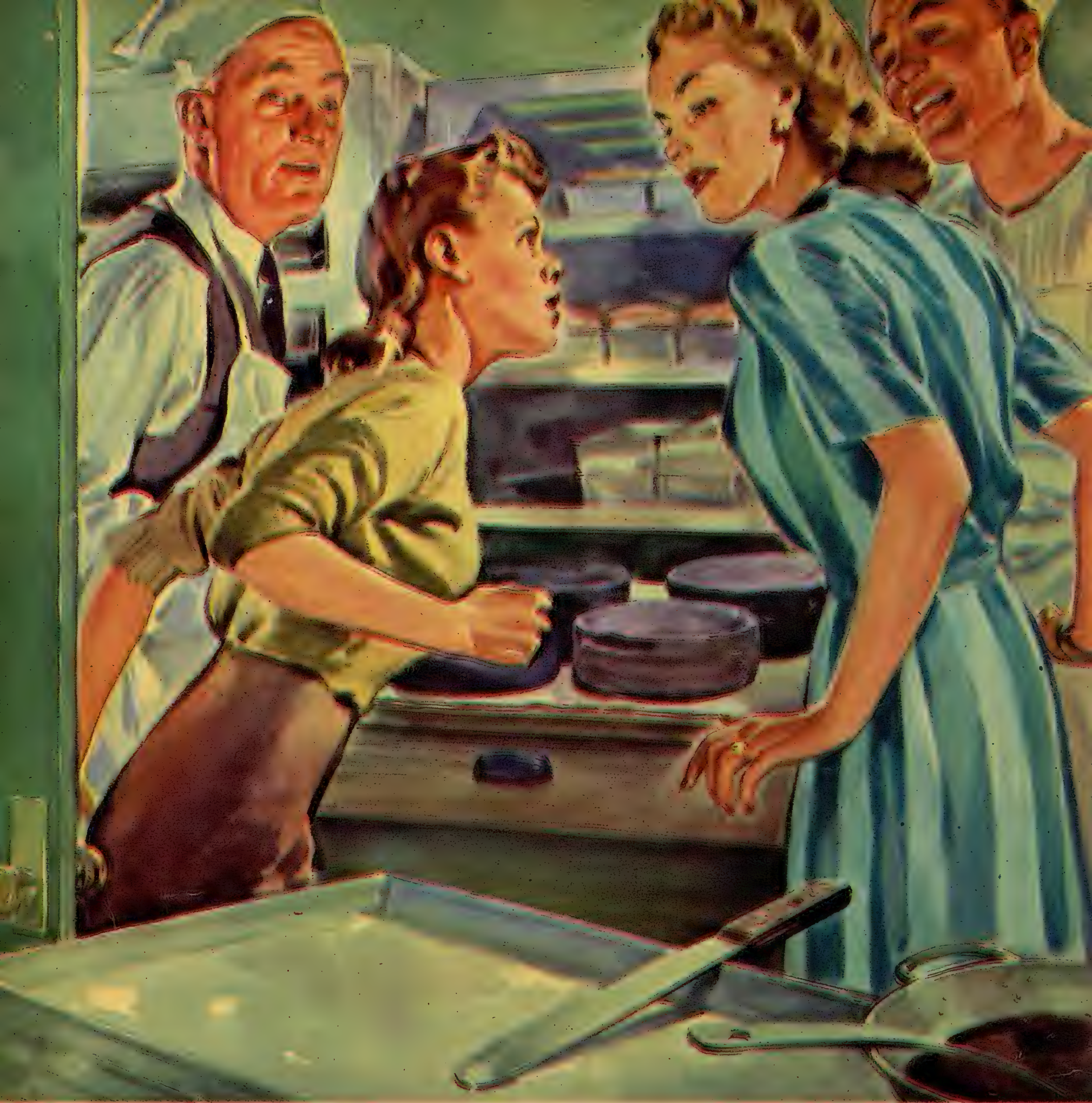
There are men on deck, too. One is a physiologist on the faculty of the University of Southern California. On his night off from a government project in

(*Continued on page 64*)

Mrs. Lehr is "Mom" to all servicemen because she's like their own. She'll even kiss them good night.

DORMITORY
SMOKING

At the Canteen the men live as they did at home. They're sure of a bed and three meals a day as long as they stay.



Sabina burst through the door. "You snob! Mitch is too good for you. Lots of people are going to be happier and better fed because of him."

# From Baker to Banker ... and Back

## Some of the happiest days of Mitch Ryan's life were spent baking in the Army. But his home town insisted on making a banker of him. The hilarious story of a veteran who had no "problems" until his best friends forced them on him

### BY CARLOTTA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

G. I. JOES from Saipan to Reykjavik might cherish nostalgic hankerings for the old home town, but to Corporal Mitchell Ryan, veteran of Normandy and Aachen, Fairpines at this moment was a gruesome experience.

Not that the town itself wasn't O. K., nor its citizens all but popping their seams with pride in him. But Mitch was a changed man. He knew it; Fairpines didn't.

"And now," boomed the mayor, "it is my very great privilege to give you Fairpines' most distinguished veteran—Corporal Mitchell Ryan."

Mitch scrunched lower on the wooden bench at the rear of the platform, his eyes frozen to his shoelaces, his face scarlet.

On his right his mother hissed, "Say something, Mitch."

On his left, Vivian Emerson, the girl who had long since marked him for her own, beamed her approval while under cover of the ferns that masked her feet from public view she brought a high heel painfully against his shinbone.

Mitch's "Ouch!" as he jumped up was drowned in applause.

"Thank you very much," Mitch mumbled at the black knob of the microphone. "I'm glad to be in Fairpines again, and thank you."

"Oh, no! Oh, my, no!" Bert Simpson blocked retreat. "The folks want to hear all about it." Bert flicked a finger at Mitch's campaign ribbons and his D. S. C. "How'd you get these, boy? How'd you do it?"

Mitch gulped. "It was nothing—nothing at all."

"The modest type, eh? O. K., I'll tell the folks." Bert's jaws waggled and words spurted at the audience like machine-gun bullets. "The night was dark and wind and rain drove against the American lines. A Nazi patrol, sliding like some loathsome reptile on its belly, infiltrated our positions."

In the front row a blue-eyed, brown-pig-tailed girl whispered to the man in the next seat and they laughed. Mitch blinked under the strong lights. The man was his boss, Benjamin Harper, president of the Fairpines Trust Company, but the girl he did not recognize. She was as neat a trick as he had encountered, and Bert was making him ridiculous before her. Mitch frowned.

"Visualize the gravity of the situation," Bert was commanding. "If the patrol succeeds, the entire sector is in peril. The very invasion may be at stake. A thin sliver of light, where the storm has rent the canvas, marks the tent of Corporal Ryan, the only man in his outfit who is awake. A huge Nazi sergeant backed up by a dozen men jerks back the flap. Gun in hand, he confronts Corporal Ryan.

"And then—THEN—!" Bert's voice, carried higher and higher, cracked hoarsely.

"Then I bashed him in the face with a hot blueberry pie," Mitch said flatly.

The audience was in an uproar. To a man, laughing, applauding, it bore down on Fairpines' appalled hero.

Minutes later Mitch was on the sidewalk at the rear of the auditorium. He had outmaneuvered everyone but Vivian.

"How could you, Mitchell? Everyone wanting to talk to you, and—"

Mitch stuck his chin out. "Viv, from now on I'm going to be an honest man."

His girl stared at him. "You didn't begin very well. That crude humor about the pie and the Nazi!"

"That wasn't funny. About the only weapon that a pastrycook has handy is a pie."

"Mitchell," Vivian's voice was horror-hushed, "you don't mean—"

Mitch nodded. "Uh-huh. Oh, I know I should have told you right off, but you had such romantic notions and I hadn't the heart—with me so far away."

She clutched his arm. "Nobody knows, do they—nobody in Fairpines?"

"Didn't I just tell them?"

"They thought you were kidding. Promise me you won't mention it ever again."

"Now, look here, Viv! Cooking's about as important a job as the Army's got. What's more, I was a darned good cook."

"Yes, dear," she placated swiftly, "but you don't need to talk about it now you're a banker again."

"Bank clerk," he corrected her.

That was the thing that had stampeded him a few minutes ago.

"We'll be expecting you at the bank Monday morning, Mitchell," Mr. Harper had barked, wringing his hand. "Got your old cage all shined up for you."

"Cage," Mitch muttered now, and began striding down the street so fast Vivian had to run to keep up. "Old man Harper's an octopus—a big, goggle-eyed octopus."

"Mitchell," Vivian gasped, "you—you weren't shell-shocked?"

Mitch snorted. "What gave you that idea?"

"You're so odd. Wisecracking—when everyone's trying to help you settle back where you belong and forget those frightful years."

"They were not frightful. I loved the Army."

Vivian looked scared. She had been reading books about the psychology of returning soldiers. Mitchell was going to be the difficult kind.

"Let's get a coke." She sought to divert him.

Mitch wasn't deceived. Gloom enveloped him. Vivian would find an able ally in his mother. To them, there was prestige in banking; cooking was menial. They'd never understand the deep satisfaction he had felt when tired hungry soldiers had found comfort in his labors with rolling pin and pie pans. The whole town would conspire against him, and inch by inch he would be pushed back into that cage Mr. Harper had polished for occupancy. There he'd be shut up for the rest of his life with rows of figures marching up and down endless pages, with rolls of dimes and quarters and bundles of bills—crisp bills, limp dirty bills.

"No!" he exploded.

It didn't seem to make any sense, so Vivian ignored it.

ON Monday morning Mitch felt even more strongly on the subject. He was no mouse to be baited meekly into a cage. He was a man—a baker man. Two hundred G. I.s had cheered his pies. He marched in a direction diametrically opposed to the Fairpines Trust Company. Presently, trundling a handcart laden with bags of flour, three huge cans of shortening, a sack of salt, and a gallon of honey, he reconnoitered his own house.

His mother had departed for her day of voluntary service at the Fairpines Hospital. Mitch deposited his booty in the kitchen and bounded upstairs. He was back at once, attired in white duck pants. Jauntily atilt one eye he wore the huge white cook's hat the boys of his unit had wheedled from a French chef. There was a bullet hole through the top, souvenir of the Nazi sergeant he had walloped with the pie.

At intervals the telephone rang, but Mitch ignored it. He whistled as he worked. His big hands manipulated dough with deft care, his plain face glowed. He was flipping sizzling golden-crusted doughnuts from the fat when Vivian looked in the window. She gasped, rubbed frantic fingers across her eyes and looked again, but it was true.

Vivian shuddered. She had been to the bank. She had hoped against hope that Mitchell would look out at her from behind bars—the highly respectable bars of the assistant teller's cage. Mr. Harper had been in the cage himself, looking mighty testy.

Then she had met Mrs. Brendar, Fairpines' one-woman Information Please. "Mitch Ryan's working for the Green Garden Grocery. Saw him this morning making deliveries," she said.

After that, Vivian felt justified in observing unannounced the depths to which Mitchell had sunk. Her lips quivered as she marched away, but there was determination in the set of her chin.

DR. WILLARD LEE had come to Fairpines not to practice psychiatry but to circumvent a nervous breakdown, but Vivian had no compunctions about seeking his professional assistance. If her description of Mitchell's plight was incoherent, it was because she was too mortified to describe the form of his dementia.

"He could be shell-shocked and not know it, couldn't he? If you talked to him, you could tell. And he wouldn't have to know you are a doctor, would he?"

Dr. Lee frowned. "The Army doctors would certainly know if he had any mental disturbance," he said firmly, "and I will not attempt a diagnosis without his consent."

Vivian stood up. "All right. I'll get him here somehow."

"Under no false pretences," he warned.

THE top of Mitch's white hat was barely visible between the mounds of rolls and doughnuts when Vivian returned. He was perched on the kitchen stool nibbling critically. Cooking utensils overflowed the sink and were stacked on the floor. A thin dusting of flour marked the orbit of his activities.

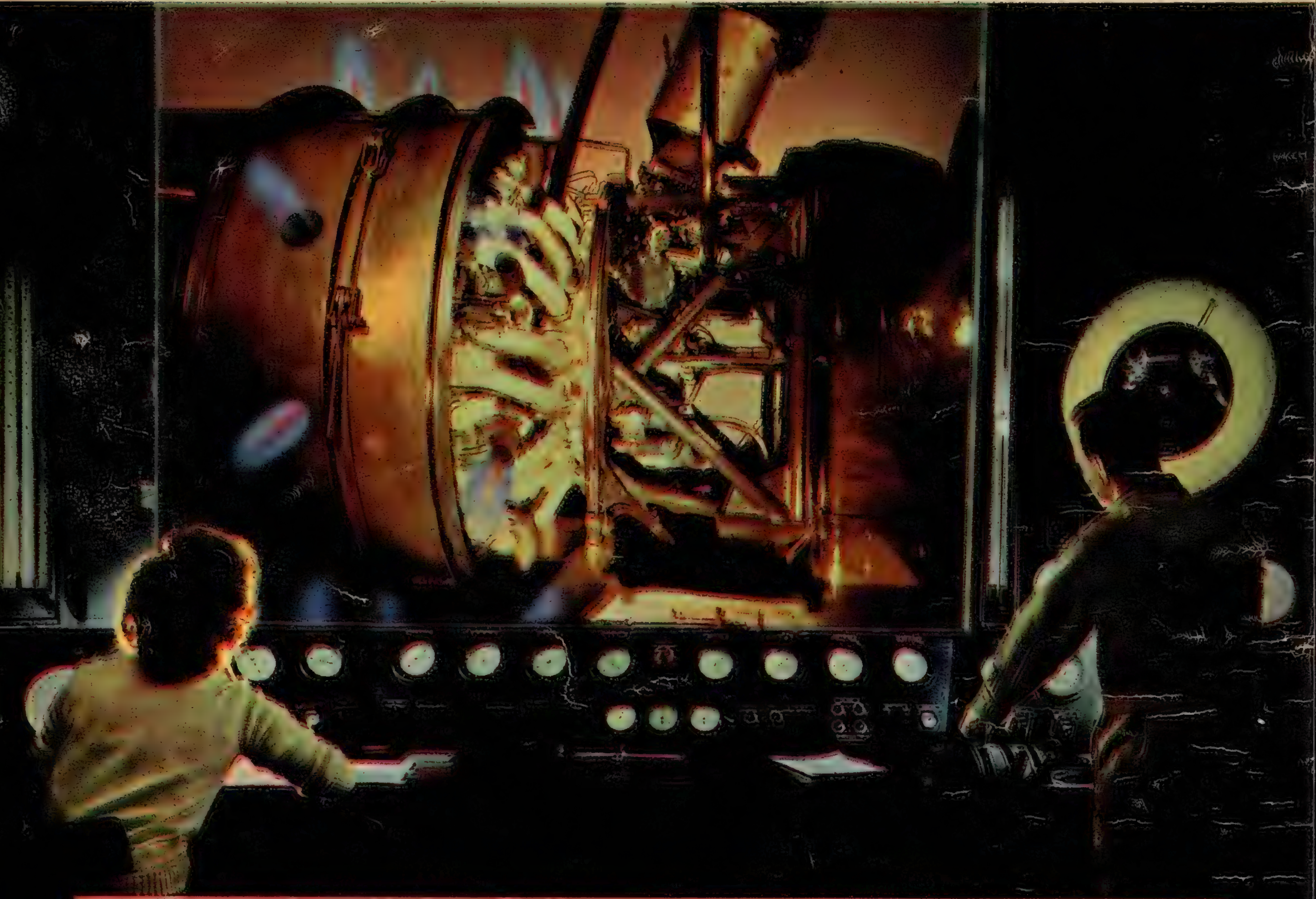
Vivian burst in without knocking. Mitch grinned at her. "Hi, honey!" Pride in his

(*Continued on page 56*)

**IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER**

# IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE

## HOW THEY BENEFIT YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



*Pre-flight test of a Chrysler-built Wright engine for the Boeing Superfortress in the Dodge Chicago plant* • **BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

**Imagination puts science to work to make sure that B-29 engines won't fail their crews over Japan — or that your car won't fail you on the road.**

**When no known measuring devices could check the quality of B-29 engine gears, our scientists developed a way to make chemicals do the measuring!**

Strange chemicals — invisible atoms — sounds you can't hear — light you can't see — science *and imagination* turn these curiosities to use at Chrysler Corporation, to improve products or reduce costs.

Applied with *imagination,* our practical research in chemistry, physics or metallurgy pays off in better war materials — or more useful and serviceable cars and trucks.

This inventive *imagination* leads us to many car improvements — the combination of Fluid Drive and Floating Power, for example, that brings you such smooth performance and economical maintenance.

Such useful *imagination* is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation. Its influence, like all our methods and experience, is applied to all our products.

*Today, our practical imagination is at work on guns, tanks, rockets, B-29 engines, other war products.* In peace, it will again improve the comfort, service and performance of cars and trucks we make for you.

**CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

Plymouth
DODGE
DeSoto
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration

CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines

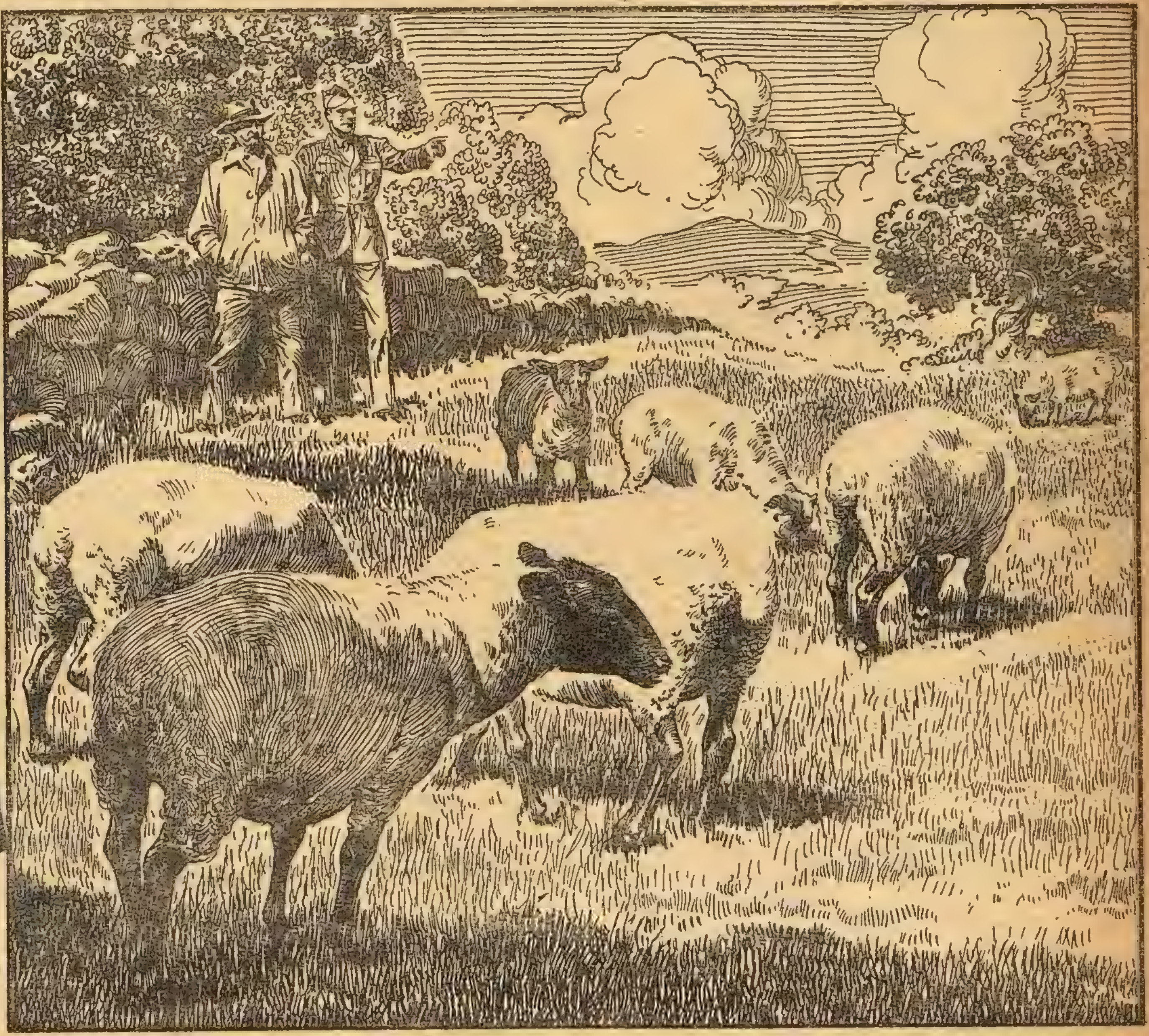
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY "THE MUSIC OF MORTON GOULD" THURSDAYS, CBS, 9:00 P.M., EWT

When Lieutenant Eddie Amato of the Air Corps arrived in the Italian village where his father had been born, dramatic events followed. This distinguished novel combines a touching love story with a timely and thought-provoking theme.

### BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

# TOMORROW WILL SING



A Liberty Book Condensation
READING TIME ONE EVENING

*ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN*

EDDIE AMATO sat in the nose turret of the big bomber and stared down. He watched as the formation swung around Taranto and roared on to Foggia. The earth looked bare and cold and there were patches of snow. He tried to feel a kinship with the land. This was where his father had been born, where he might have been born if his father had not decided to go to far-off America more than twenty-five years before.

Eddie was twenty-three. He was just a little over middle height and he had black curly hair and dark eyes. The long stay in tents in the sunless days of North Africa had not paled a naturally high-colored face. He was a second lieutenant and he was the bombardier on a B-24. Before his father had died he had spoken often of Italy and the part of Italy from which he came and he had said that some day his son would have to visit Italy, and now he was here.

He heard himself being called on the plane's interphone system: "Pilot to bombardier, pilot to bombardier, over."

"Bombardier to pilot, bombardier to pilot, go on," he said into the throat microphone.

"Hey, Eddie," the pilot, Michael Kelly, called out. "Recognize anybody?"

"Sure. I just saw a cousin."

"Wave to her and tell her I'll be right down," Kelly said.

Captain Jock MacDougall, the squadron flight surgeon, who was riding as passenger in the waist of the ship, cut in: "It does look good, doesn't it, Eddie?"

"Yeah. Wait until I write to Mom in Long Island. She'll never believe I got to Italy, of all places. Do you think we can say we are in Italy if we don't tell exactly where?"

"I think so," MacDougall said. "You have some relatives near here, haven't you?"

"I got an uncle somewhere around Foggia," Eddie said.

Copyright, 1945, by Elliott Arnold. Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $2.50.

The plane was over the field. Kelly landed easily. The bomb-bay doors were slid back. Eddie jumped out and looked around. It was cold and the meadowland was bare. MacDougall walked up to him. Eddie looked at him and grinned. The doctor was a tall, thin, quiet man, older than the flyers, and Eddie liked him very much.

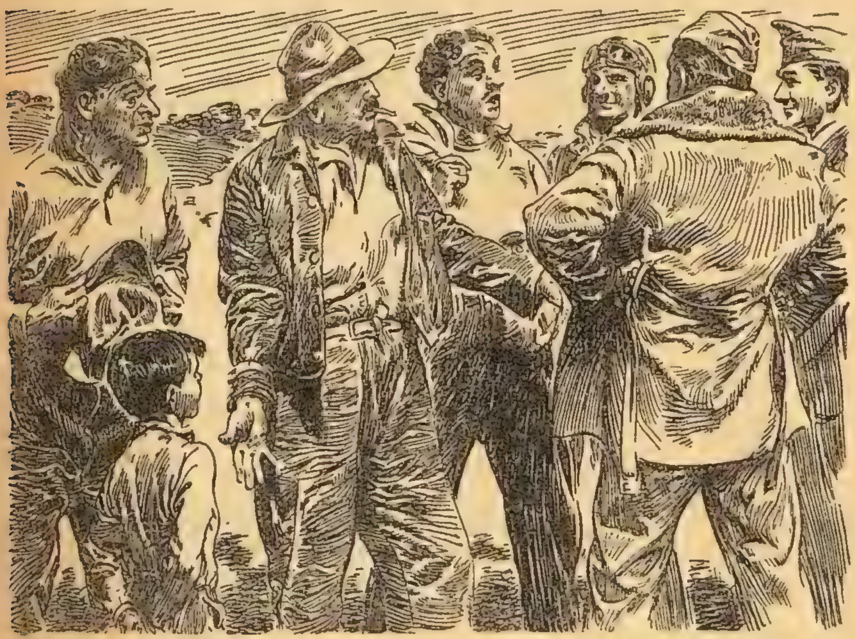
When they finished checking off the plane, they started to walk to the tent area. They passed a small group of Italian men and children. The Italians touched their hats respectfully and smiled.

"Let me hear you speak the lingo," Kelly said.

Eddie spoke rapidly in Italian. The grins left the faces of the men. They looked at each other in amazement. Then they started to talk back to him.

"They wonder how come I speak the same Italian they do," Eddie explained. "There are a lot of different accents. I told them that my old man was born around here."

One of the men spoke rapidly and seriously to Eddie, and then Eddie started to laugh. "This guy thinks I'm doing something wrong being in the American Army," he said, "because my old man was Italian." He turned to the man. "Listen," he said in Italian. "I was born in America. My father was born somewhere around here, but I was born in Long Island in America. I am an American citizen."



"Does the government of the United States know of this?" the man asked.

"Certainly," Eddie said gravely. "I have a complete understanding with the government of the United States."

"Ah," the man said. He puffed his cigarette luxuriously and looked at the other men as though this conversation with the American officer had set him apart. "The government of the United States considers you the same as others?" he asked. Eddie nodded, and the man turned back to his friends. "He has full legality as an American citizen." He looked at Eddie and raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"That is correct," Eddie said.

"You see," the man stated, "it is as I have said."

"Ask him about the dames," Kelly said.

Eddie said farewell to the peasants and they saluted again.

"Ask them about some dames and *vino*," Kelly said.

Eddie started to walk away.

"I can see you're going to be a useful guy around here," Kelly said.

A NUMBER of Italian men and boys were employed at the base, working as waiters and kitchen help in the mess hall. Others worked in the tent area, keeping tents clean, shining the shoes of officers. One of these men who worked in Eddie's tent was a youth about Eddie's age. On a day when Kelly's crew was not flying, he came into the tent and began to work on the shoes. "What are you called?" Eddie asked.

"Dino," the youth said. He raised his eyes in surprise at Eddie's Italian.

"I have an uncle somewhere near here," Eddie went on. "His name is the same as mine—Amato. It is Gennaro Amato."

"I know of him," Dino said. "His farm is very near."

"Do you know him well?" Eddie asked.

"I know his son, Ricardo. He was an officer in the Italian Army and I served under him."

"I remember my mother said he had several children. What kind of man is my uncle?"

"In former days he was a very important man. He was a local official of the government." Dino looked frightened. "I do not mean to say anything that would cause trouble," he said nervously.

"Don't worry about that," Eddie laughed. He turned to the other men. "My uncle was a big shot around here," he said.

"Ricardo was a *tenente*. He was a brave officer."

"Were you a soldier?"

"For five years," Dino said proudly. He squared his shoulders for a moment and then resumed shining the shoes.

"How did you like it?"

"I did not see my wife for four years," Dino said. "I did not see my boy until he was old enough to speak."

"Was my cousin Ricardo a member of the Fascist Party?" Eddie asked.

DINO did not answer for a few moments. Then he said, "Perhaps it would be wiser not to speak anything of that."

Eddie nodded. "I would not make trouble for one of my own blood," he said quietly. "But you are right to be loyal. About yourself. Did you like to fight?"

"I am not one to fight," Dino said.

"Why did you go into the Army?"

"There was no question. At a certain age one entered the Army."

"And you did not like it?"

"I was just married, *tenente*. One who is newly wed does not enjoy leaving his bride."

"Did you like Mussolini?"

Dino looked up at him slowly. Then he used an obscene Italian word in describing Mussolini. His voice was hot and full of hate.

"Did many of you feel thus?"

"Yes, *tenente.*"

"Why did you not do something about it?"

Dino looked at him with tired eyes. Eddie felt suddenly childish, as though he had asked a foolish question.

"That is a simple question," Dino said with a faint smile upon his lips. "If only the answer could be as simple. Many tried to do something about it, as you express it. It is difficult—to give the exact answer. There were many who knew ours was not the best way, but there was nothing they could do about it. I know of several who agree with me, but that is all. One wishes to live."

By now Dino's face was flushed and he stopped abruptly as though he realized he had been talking too much.

"Excuse me, *tenente,*" he said. "In speaking my own language I forgot that I was not speaking to an Italian."

Eddie looked at him intently. "A man may speak to another," he said. He felt warmed inside that this stranger should have confided in him. "Where is the farm of my uncle?" he added.

"I will show you," Dino said. He walked out of the tent and Eddie followed him. Dino pointed down the road. "If you follow this road for about six or seven kilometers you will see a smaller road that goes to the right. Follow that road and you will see a yellow house on top of a hill."

Later that afternoon Eddie, Kelly, and MacDougall started out in a jeep for Gennaro Amato's farm. He followed Dino's directions and then he saw the house. It was a large stone house and rested on a small hill, and near it was a large olive orchard and a vineyard, bare now in the late winter.

An old man stood erect at the head of a flight of stairs leading up to the house. He was tall and white-haired and his face was the color of aged mahogany. His white mustache gleamed against his weathered cheeks. Eddie walked up to him shyly, neat in his short overcoat, his second lieutenant's bars shining on his shoulders, his pink dress trousers neatly pressed. "I am Eddie Amato," he said in Italian. "I am looking for Gennaro Amato. He is the brother to my father."

The old man looked down upon him for a moment and then he walked slowly down the stairs, and when he reached Eddie he put his arm around him. "I am Gennaro Amato," he said. "You are welcome here."

"This is Capitano MacDougall and this is Tenente Kelly," Eddie said.

"You are welcome," the old man said. "Come into the house."

He introduced them to his family. There was Rosa, his wife, a small white-haired woman who welcomed Eddie with reserve and with a distant worry in her eyes. There were two small children, Pina and Toti, two girls; and there were Franco and Mario, two older boys. And there was the eldest son, Ricardo, a tall slim man with a handsome face.

Ricardo wore the green riding breeches and black high boots of an Italian Army officer. When he was introduced to the American officers, he drew himself up in a military manner and clicked his heels. He glanced at his mother and something passed between their eyes.

"This is a time for celebrating," Gennaro said. "I must call friends here," the old man went on. "They must welcome the son of my brother. I will get some wine." He went to a closet and returned with a bottle of red wine.

"Drink," he said. "It is not often that the son of a dead brother comes to visit one."

Ricardo barely tasted his wine. "Do you intend to remain here long?" he asked.

"As long as my unit remains here," Eddie said.

"What do you do?" Ricardo asked.

"I am a bombardier."

"Did you bomb Foggia?"

"That was done before we arrived," Eddie said.

"Ah," Ricardo said. His eyes were dark with small flecks in them. He looked steadily at his cousin.

"Enough talk of bombing," Gennaro said. He refilled the glasses. "This is a time for celebration."

"Shall you bomb Italy?" Ricardo asked.

"I shall bomb what I am ordered to bomb," Eddie said.

"I have said it is enough," Gennaro said with emphasis.

Ricardo looked again at his mother and then stepped back a few feet as though he had withdrawn himself from the others.

"Rosa," Gennaro said, "I wish you to put out some cheese and some fruit. Ricardo, Mario, Franco, I wish you to tell friends of ours to come here." His wife and sons left the room without a word. Gennaro lighted his pipe. "Now, Eduardo, I wish you to tell me of your home and your mother and what you do."

"I am a farmer, as you are, uncle," Eddie said.

"A farmer?"

"In Long Island, near New York."

"What kind of farm do you have?"

"Many different kinds of vegetables. I sell them to the market in New York."

Gennaro was impressed. "Your vegetables feed the tables in New York?"

"Yes."

"They must be of the highest quality."

"They are as good as any on the island," Eddie said proudly.

PRESENTLY the guests arrived. Gennaro rose and introduced each newcomer formally.

Then Kelly whistled. Eddie looked at the doorway. A well-dressed elderly man and woman stood there. Next to them was a young girl. The girl was about nineteen. As she stood there her eyes roamed over the room until she saw Ricardo. Then her face brightened. They were introduced as the Sorvino family, Pasquale and Maria, and their daughter, Nina.

"Brother, that's for me," Kelly said.

One of the farmers brought an accordion and he swung it around the room, singing as he played. Kelly walked over to Nina and held out his arms. She walked to him without a word, her face grave, and started to dance with him.

Gennaro suggested to Eddie that they stroll over the farm. Eddie agreed gladly. Gennaro led him through the fields, soon to be laid open again to the spring. Frequently Eddie bent down and took a handful of dirt between his fingers and felt of it.

"Uncle?"

"Yes?"

"The girl Nina," Eddie said. He became uncomfortable now that he had mentioned her name. "She appeared to dislike us."

"It was not you, Eduardo."

"What was it?"

The old man walked a little farther. "The Sorvinos had a son. He was killed by the Americans in North Africa. Ricardo and he were the closest friends. They entered the Army together. They were together when the Sorvino boy was killed."

Eddie shook his head. "No wonder she hates the sight of an American uniform."

"It is not you personally, nor your friends," Gennaro said. "The girl is young. To youth sometimes war is a good thing. She was very proud of her brother and of Ricardo."

"Is she in love with Ricardo?"

Gennaro shrugged his shoulders. "Ricardo was a friend of her brother. Whether this is love or just the remembering of her brother I do not know."

"After the bombing of Foggia they must hate all of us here," Eddie said.

"Let us speak of things that are more pleasant. Do you like this farm?"

"What farmer would not? It is a fine place."

"Good. I am glad you speak thus. It is not my land. It is not my farm. It is not my house. It belongs to you."

EDDIE looked up and smiled. He thought his uncle was being hospitable, saying the place belonged to him in the way a host says his house belongs to his guest.

"You are the owner of this property," Gennaro repeated with a smile. "This farm belonged to your father. Before he left for America, he left it in my care."

"But you have worked it all these years," Eddie protested.

"That is true," Gennaro nodded. The old man's eyes were shining as he looked up and down the fat land. "I have kept it as well as I could. But it belongs to you."

Eddie looked around him and whistled. "All of this, mine?"

"All of it," Gennaro said. "The house. The land. The sheep. Everything. It is yours." The uncle's voice was low. He sighed softly as though he had got something off his mind.

"I never knew of this," Eddie said. "Pop died when I was a kid and my mother never said anything."

"Let us return to the house." Gennaro stood erect. He turned his head slowly and looked in all directions. Then he lifted his chin slightly and started to walk away. Eddie followed him, still confused. As the old man and Eddie entered the room, the eyes of the family asked a question.

"I have informed my nephew that he is the owner of everything here," Gennaro said. His voice was firm and a little weary. There was a sigh, a concerted sigh, from the family. Ricardo stiffened and his remote dark eyes flickered. He stood up and appeared to want to say something. Gennaro, as though expecting this, had a sharp look ready for him, and Ricardo said nothing.

MacDougall put Kelly's coat on him and then started him through the door. "We'll wait in the jeep," he said. He said good night to the family and pushed Kelly through the door.

Eddie was still too bewildered to say anything about the farm. He sat around for a few moments and then said good night to the family, who had sat quietly, unspeaking, since he returned to the house, and then he shook the hand of the old man and left.

When the door was shut behind him, Ricardo turned savagely on his father. "There was no need to tell him," he said.

"It belongs to him," Gennaro said evenly.

Ricardo leaned over a table. "You have worked this farm for twenty-five years," he said. "There is nothing here of him or of his damned father."

"You will not speak thus of my brother," Gennaro said quietly.

"You are an old fool," his son retorted.

The old man straightened in his chair and he seemed to grow larger. His deeply lined face lifted and his lips tightened. "You will apologize," he said, softly.

Ricardo looked at him and then he turned to his mother. Her face was lowered and she refused to meet his eyes. "I am sorry, father," he said. "I spoke in haste."

Gennaro rose to his feet. "In the old days, perhaps a son could speak to his father in that manner," he said in the same low voice. "Perhaps you were taught thus. I will not accept it."

Rosa began to sob softly. Ricardo now slumped against the table and despite the military uniform and the trim mustache he seemed a very small boy.

"While I am alive I am the head of my family," Gennaro went on as though stating a law. "This house is no longer mine. But I am still the head of my family." Then he sat down heavily and the sternness left him and his face became unhappy. "This is not an easy thing for me," he said in another voice. "There is none here who feels a greater love for this farm than I do. But what is right is right and what is wrong is wrong. A man does not steal from his dead brother."

CAPTAIN MacDOUGALL stuck his head inside the tent flap.

"Where's Ed?"

"Haven't seen him for a while. Last time I saw him he was on the road, gabbing with those Eytie nut peddlers." Kelly looked up. "Funny thing. I always figured Eddie wasn't much different from me. It seems different now. He seems to belong more with them than he does here."

Eddie walked into the tent. "Hello, Mac," he said.

"Hi. How's the farm?"

"Don't know. Haven't been there."

MacDougall lit another cigarette and said nothing.

"I feel funny about going there," Eddie said, pursing his lips. "I felt like Joe Villain there, after my uncle told me the place belongs to me." He sat up. "What do you think I ought to do, Mac?"

"Your uncle seems to be a fine man."

"Yeah, he's O. K. That son of his, Ricardo, would like to choke me, I guess. And my aunt has no love for me."

"Why not tell them you're going to let things stay the way they are for the time being? Maybe the whole thing will work itself out."

"Do you think so?" Eddie asked eagerly.

"There is no need to cut yourself off from the place."

Eddie stood up. "Maybe you're right, Mac. I can tell them that nothing has to be done now. I may never get back."

MacDougall nodded.

"I think I'll go over now."

On the way over, Eddie thought about the farm, and he thought how good it felt to be going to it. It seemed to him that was where he belonged, on a farm.

Ricardo was not in the house when he entered. Rosa stood up and greeted him quietly. He looked around him. There was something in the house that added up to home. It was funny; it made him feel at home and it made him feel homesick at the same time. The religious pictures on the walls. The old-fashioned furniture. His mother might walk into the room at any moment.

Gennaro came in. He held out his hand and shook Eddie's hand warmly. "Why have you waited so long to visit us again? Is it that you do not like your Italian relatives?" Gennaro tried to make his voice sound jovial. It was a little strained.

"No," Eddie said. "I love this place. It is like home." Rosa stiffened when he said "home."

"What have you been doing lately?"

"Flying. We have been kept busy."

Ricardo entered the room and nodded coldly. "It must be a great pleasure to release your bombs," he said. "Were they over Italian cities?"

Eddie looked at his cousin for a moment. "It seems to me," he said, "that one of Mussolini's sons said something about how beautiful it was to drop bombs."

"He was speaking of bombing bloodthirsty savages. We did not kill people on Monday and then come around on Tuesday as friends and then go out and kill again on Wednesday."

"Enough of that," Gennaro said.

Ricardo walked out of the room.

The old man sat down heavily. "It is necessary to reach an age, perhaps, to have seen certain things and to have learned certain things before one thinks twice when he speaks."

Eddie looked him full in the face. "That is not the way I would wish it here, uncle," he said softly. "I would wish that always each of us speaks clearly and truthfully what is on our minds."

Gennaro filled his pipe slowly. "If you wish it."

"I have no desire to be an intruder here, uncle." Eddie turned to Rosa as he spoke. She was watching him dully. "No matter what you have told me, this is still, in my eyes, the home of my uncle."

Rosa dropped her eyes. Gennaro puffed on his pipe. "Let us walk outside," he said.

Eddie filled his pipe and walked alongside the old man. He felt very close to him.

"It is a strange thing," Gennaro went on, almost to himself, "how in a war a man is provided with many different opportunities to experience feelings of greatness that are supplied by no other thing. The pity is that it all must be directed toward the death of others."

"There is some fighting that is necessary," Eddie said. "I believe in the fighting we are doing."

"To believe, you must be able to hate. I do not hate. I am willing to accept many things for quiet. If there is something with which to shelter my family when it is cold or when it rains, that is sufficient for me."

How much he sounds like Dino, Eddie thought. This resignation, this acceptance was something that was alien to him. It was strange, he thought, how different he was in this respect. The farm and the things of the farm were as close to him as though he had had them always. But this unchallenging resignation was something that was not in him at all, and that, he realized suddenly, was something that belonged to him because of his birth in Long Island. Long Island never meant that to him before at all, and now that was what it meant. And he felt suddenly very proud and he felt that he knew something that his uncle did not know.

BY now they had reached the stone fence that formed the boundary for one of the fields.

"Shall I plant my fields as always?" Gennaro asked.

Eddie wanted to say it carefully. "Uncle," he said, "I have thought about the farm. The farm belongs to both of us," Eddie went on. "It belongs to me because it was my father's. It belongs to you because you have made it into the fine thing that it is."

"It is yours," Gennaro said. "For my work my family and I have had a good living. The farm owes us nothing."

Eddie dropped to the ground and began to rub his fingers on the ground. "One does not come along and take something another has worked for for twenty-five years."

"It is yours," Gennaro said stubbornly.

"There is nothing to do now, in any case," Eddie said. "I have a job to do. Later, when the war is over, there will be time to decide new things. I wish you to regard the farm as you have until now—as though I had not come."

Gennaro said nothing.

"There is only one thing, uncle. There are days when I do not fly. I would like to help work here on the farm." He looked up questioningly.

"It is your farm to do with as you wish," the old man said.

Eddie looked around him. The sun was warm and the sheep were making small noises. "Back home they say that I am a good worker on the land." He spoke respectfully, as though he were applying for a job.

Gennaro gazed peacefully ahead of him.

"I wish to know whether you would find my presence here distasteful, uncle," Eddie said.

Gennaro emptied the dead ashes from his pipe. He filled it slowly. "You will not be unwelcome," he said.

IT was a Sunday morning, clear and cold. The Group had assigned a truck for any of the men who wanted to attend services. MacDougall and Eddie climbed in the back. Many persons were entering the church as the truck pulled up.

Eddie walked up to the font of holy water and dipped his fingers and crossed himself. Then, followed by MacDougall, he walked down the center aisle. He found a row with space in it for them. Then he turned and smiled at the doctor. "I almost expect to look around and see Mom somewhere."

"Was your mother born in Italy?"

"No. She was a native American. But it's kind of the same thing in church." An old Italian with a flowing white beard nodded his head and smiled. "People don't seem to mind us coming, either," Eddie said.

Presently the priest and his assistants appeared before the altar and the service began. It was very quiet and the church smelled very sweet and old. The Americans in uniform had spread to all parts of the church and the natives had made way for them, smiling, and now the brown and the dark green were blended with the clothing of the other men and women.

When the service was finished the priest faced the congregation and began to speak in rapid and vigorous Italian. Eddie turned to MacDougall and whispered, "He is saying that he is grateful for the appearance of the Americans and that the congregation welcomes them here."

The priest continued to speak rapidly, and as he spoke the Italians turned and looked at the soldiers.

Eddie whispered, "He says that one man stands before Christ as another, and it does not make any difference what uniform or dress he wears or what language he speaks or what country he comes from."

Presently the men and women began to file slowly out of the church. Several rows in front of them were the Sorvinos. Pasquale's eye caught Eddie's and the man nodded gravely. Nina looked at him without expression.

"I'll meet you outside," Eddie said to MacDougall.

The doctor nodded and Eddie walked down the aisle to Nina.

"Hello," he said. "Do you remember me?"

She said nothing for a moment, and then in a voice so low he barely heard her she whispered, "Hello."

"This is the first time I have been here," he said, suddenly not knowing what to say to her.

She stood very quiet, holding her prayer book in both hands. Her face, at first startled, now was composed and distant.

"How have you been?" he asked.

"I have been well." She started to move away from him.

"My friend, the Tenente Kelly, asks for you often."

She smiled faintly and continued to walk away from him. He followed her up the aisle. At the head of the aisle Sorvino and his wife were standing. They greeted each other.

"May I call at your home sometime?" Eddie asked Sorvino.

The old man looked at his wife. "The *tenente* may call at his pleasure," Sorvino said finally in a polite voice.

The four of them stood there. Eddie was glad when someone in the truck called to him. He nodded his head and smiled at Nina. Her face was without expression. He ran to the truck and was hauled up into it. He waved again from the truck. The three Sorvinos walked slowly down the street.

"Who's the babe?" one of the men asked.

"I wish I could speak this Eytie," another man said. "Brother, you could make time in this town!"

Eddie looked up. He wondered why he suddenly felt angry.

HIS pockets filled with his weekly rations of candy and smoking tobacco, Eddie walked from the PX in the little town. Then he came to the branch road that led to the farm and he turned into it.

His thoughts away, loving to just meander, thinking, he heard the slow patient clump of a small Italian donkey and he turned and saw a little fat-bellied animal with long ears pulling a huge wagon, and in the seat of the wagon a round-faced little man with pink cheeks and tufts of white hair sticking out from all sides of a battered black felt hat. The old man's face broke into a wide smile, and even from this first distance Eddie could see his eyes twinkling.

*"Buon giorno, amico,"* Eddie called out.

*"Buon giorno,* Tenente Amato," the little man answered. "Whoa! Whoa! Angela," he called to the donkey. The donkey, with a slow disgusted shaking of her head, stopped and planted her four small feet together.

"You know my name?" Eddie asked.

"I was at the welcome given by your uncle."

"How are you called?"

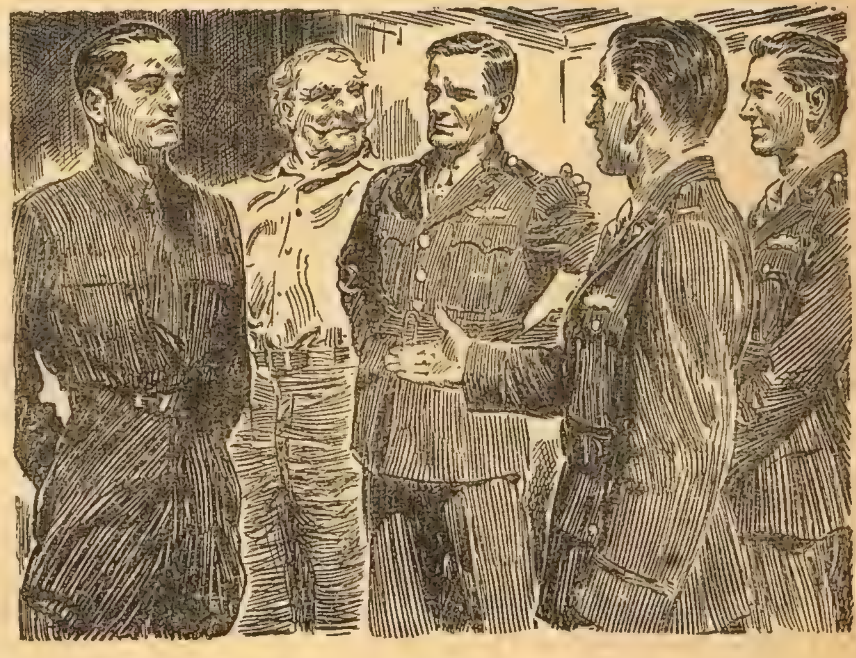
"Picillo," the man said. "Alfredo Pietro Rudolfo Picillo."

"How does one call you in affection? Alfredo or Pietro or Rudolfo?"

"None of these." The old man began to blush.

"None of these?" Eddie asked. "What, then?"

The old man rubbed his face and looked painfully at Eddie. "This is always a time of embarrassment," he said.



"So? Have a cigarette. It relieves embarrassment." Eddie held out the package of cigarettes and the old man took one. "Now, old friend," Eddie said, "what is the name that is attached to you in affection?"

Picillo sighed and looked mournfully at his donkey. Angela turned her head and returned the look. "I am called Angelo," he said sadly.

"Angelo? And why Angelo?" Eddie asked innocently.

Picillo's face now was fiery. "That is the question that causes the embarrassment," he said. "Since the death of my wife it is said by my friends that I am come to resemble her"—pointing with his finger at the donkey—"more and more each day. And since her name was Angela from birth, I have come to be Angelo."

"I see," Eddie said.

"It is not true, of course. A man is sometimes a little firm in his opinions, but that does not make him to have the stubbornness of a donkey, does it?"

"Certainly not. I do not agree with this name," Eddie said.

Picillo clasped his hands together. "You do not, *tenente?"*

"I shall not call it to you," said Eddie. "Which name would you prefer that I call you?" he added.

The old man wet his lips. He took off his battered hat and scratched the shining bald pate that sat in the middle of the ring of white hair like a small pink pond. "I have a preference," he said. "All my life, *tenente,* I have had the desire to be known as Caesaro. It is a name for which I have the deepest love."

"Caesaro?"

"Yes, Caesaro. If an old man is to be renamed, surely he has the right to choose for himself a name he can hear with pleasure."

"It is done, Caesaro," Eddie said.

Picillo's face now lighted up with pleasure. "Call out the name again, *tenente,*" he said joyfully.

"Caesaro. Caesaro Alfredo Pietro Rudolfo Picillo."

"Ho, ho," Picillo chortled with ecstasy. "That lies well upon the ear."

"It is an honor to be a godfather to one such as you," Eddie said.

"Where do you go now, *tenente?*"

"To the home of my uncle, Caesaro."

Picillo blushed with pleasure. "There is room on this seat for two."

Eddie climbed into the wagon. "Another cigarette, Caesaro?" He offered the package again.

Picillo looked at him. He wanted the cigarette badly. "You have already given an old man one," he said politely.

"This is a baptismal day," Eddie said. "It must be commemorated. It would please me greatly if you would accept the entire package."

Picillo swallowed hard. "Does the *tenente* have sufficient for his own needs?"

"I have a great plenty and more to come from where these came," Eddie said. He held out the package of American cigarettes and Picillo placed them gently in his pocket. Then he took out the package again. "Would the *tenente* like one?" he asked.

"Yes," Eddie said. He took one of the cigarettes from the pack. "Thank you."

"For myself, I will wait for another," Picillo said. "Ha, Angela!" the donkey lifted her head. "Get going, idiot."

The donkey looked at the two men in the wagon and shook her head sadly. Then she began to trot along in resignation.

"Could one visit your farm one day?"

"The *tenente* has another home where I live," Picillo said soberly.

By now the wagon had arrived in front of the home of Gennaro Amato. Eddie jumped out.

"Thank you, *tenente,*" Picillo said.

"If one calls you Caesaro, one should be called by his Christian name as well," Eddie said.

Picillo swallowed. He tried and swallowed again. "Yes, Eduardo," he said.

"Good day, Caesaro."

"Good day, Eduardo."

Eddie waved his hand and started to walk toward the house.

"Move on, sluggish dolt," Picillo shouted to Angela. "Pretend you have life."

FROM his uncle's, Eddie walked to Sorvino's house. He wondered whether he had been presumptuous in inviting himself to the Sorvino home. He began to think he had acted arrogantly, and he felt ashamed. He thought of turning back. Then he guessed it would be worse to have promised to come and then not show up.

The Sorvino home was a small square yellow building about a third the size of Gennaro Amato's place. He lifted the iron knocker and dropped it a single quiet time against the door. The door was opened immediately, as though someone had been watching and waiting inside. It was Maria, the mother. She was a buxom black-haired woman with very red cheeks. She was dressed in the same clothing she had worn to church, a severe shiny black satin.

"Good evening," Eddie said.

"Good evening, Tenente Amato," she said in a deep and rich voice.

She stood back to permit him to enter. He walked slowly into the room. Sorvino rose from his seat in a corner. He, too, was wearing his Sunday best. Nina stood in the center of the room. She also, he saw unhappily, was dressed as she had been in church. He realized the Sorvinos had apparently made an occasion of this visit.

Nina indicated the best chair in the room and he sat on it and looked around him. There was a lace tablecloth on the small table and on it was a decanter of wine and two glasses.

"Pasquale," Maria boomed in her deep voice, "perhaps the *tenente* would like some wine."

The woman poured out two glasses of wine. Eddie sat on the edge of the chair and felt more uncomfortable by the minute. He knew that he had been a fool to ask to come here. Maria gave him a glass and gave the other to Sorvino. The two men lifted the glasses and then drank slowly.

"You are young, *tenente?*" Maria said.

"I will be twenty-four."

"My son was two years older," the woman said.

"I am sorry about your son," Eddie said.

She brushed her hand against her head. "It is always so in war. Where is your mother, *tenente?*"

"She is home on her farm."

"Is she alone?" the woman asked slowly. Her voice became richer than ever. Eddie thought that he had never heard so deep and full a voice.

"She is with a smaller brother and two sisters."

"The house is empty without you," Maria stated.

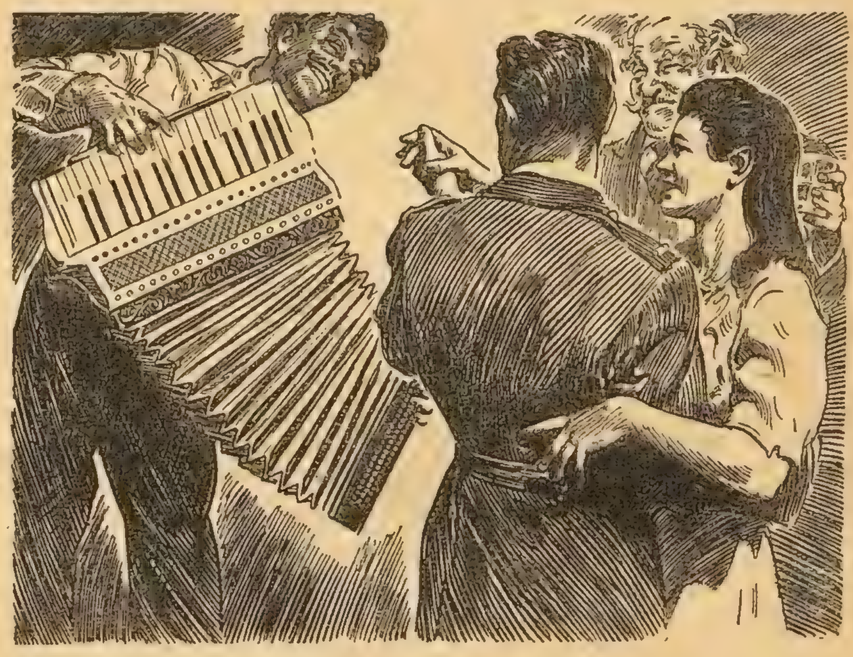
"The smaller ones are there," he said.

"I can tell you that, *tenente,*" she repeated. "Her home is empty without you. She will not live again until you enter the house."

Suddenly Maria started to cry. Her face kept silent and she did not lend herself to the tears, but they came from her eyes. Instinctively Eddie rose from his chair and walked over to her. He put his arm on her shoulder.

"Momma Sorvino," he said, without thinking of what he was saying.

She looked up at him. Her face was gray. "I did not see him for months. Then he was killed. In Africa. What was he doing in Africa? He belonged here."



"Maria," Sorvino said uncomfortably, "it is not fitting before a guest."

"Do not be a fool, Sorvino," the woman boomed out. She wiped her eyes. She blinked them and then smiled. "This man is not a guest," she said. "This man is not a man. He is a boy. What is he doing here in Italy? What was my son doing in Africa? Each belonged to his home. Why are they not there?"

"It is war," Sorvino said automatically.

The woman rose. She put her hands on her hips. "War! War! That is an answer for the idiots. Why is there a war? Look at this boy. Yes. He drops bombs and he destroys cities, as you all say, and he kills people beneath. Yes. Look at this boy, Sorvino, and wipe the blindness from your eyes. He is a stranger here as my son was a stranger in Africa."

Eddie took her hand. She lifted his hand and pressed it against her huge breast.

"Drink some wine, *tenente.* Nina, pour our guest a glass of wine."

Nina poured out the wine. "Do you not drink?" he asked her.

"I did not want to," Maria replied. "I wish it now. Nina, bring two more glasses. This boy is a friend in our house. Bring two glasses and let us drink together.

"How long is it since you have been home?" Maria asked him.

"It is more than a year now." He looked at Sorvino, then at Nina. "You would like it there."

"Yes?" Sorvino said.

"Especially in New York. New York is in many ways and in many places an Italian city. There is an entire section which is all Italian. It is almost like living in Italy, my father used to say. On the saint days there are parades and the figure of the Saviour is moved along the streets and my father said one could believe one was in Italy."

"And the American government still permits this?" Sorvino asked.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"It is an unusual thing," Sorvino said.

Now Maria rose. *"Tenente,"* she said, "I leave now. I am tired. I am not young. Sorvino, come with me." She took Eddie's hand. "It is my wish that this will not be the end of your desire to visit us. This house is welcome to you."

"Thank you, Momma Sorvino," Eddie said. The woman put her arms around him and held him tightly for a moment.

"Come, Sorvino," the woman said, her deep voice filling the small room. "It is time old people were asleep."

Sorvino held out his hand. "The welcome is from me as well," he said.

When they left the room, Nina stared at the door through which they had passed and then she turned suddenly on Eddie and her lovely face was distorted.

"My mother is old and she thinks old and sentimental things. My father is afraid of you. What do you do here?"

Eddie felt a tightening in his throat. "Do you dislike me that much?" he asked.

"I am not old and I am not afraid of you. I ask you again: What do you do here?" the girl asked, her voice rasping.

He wiped his face and wet his lips. "Nina," he said, "listen to me. I wished to see you again. Why does one wish to see another?"

She looked steadily at him. Her face was beautiful and her eyes were a flickering black in the light from the oil lamp on the table. Then suddenly she shook her head. "I do not know," she said steadily.

"It is for you to say, Nina," he said. "At your word I will come again or keep away."

"My parents have said you were welcome."

"What do you say?"

"Do not ask me."

"Why do you hate me, Nina?"

She looked steadily at him. His face was young and a little tired. She closed her eyes and held her lips together and thought of her brother. Then she said, "You do not speak nor act as you have been described."

"Described by whom?"

"I do not know what to say, *tenente,*" she said, flushing and working a handkerchief between her hands.

"Do not use the military title," he said. "Even Picillo calls me by name."

"Picillo." The girl laughed. Then she looked up at him. "Eduardo," she said, "you do not speak one thing and think another?"

"No, Nina," he said gently.

SHE turned away from him and he stood up. "It is getting late," he said. "I must fly tomorrow."

"You fly tomorrow to drop more bombs?" Her face became hard again.

"Yes, Nina," he said quietly. "I fly tomorrow to drop more bombs. That is what I am here for."

She got up quickly and got his coat.

"Your brother obeyed orders," he said. "One does nothing else when one is in the Army." He put on the coat.

"Nina," he said.

"Do not ask me any more questions," she said. "I am bewildered inside."

He walked to the door. "Good night, Nina," he said.

"Good night, Eduardo."

He started to walk out. She called him. He turned and walked back to her.

"You do not do these things with a purpose?" she asked. "This and the thing with Picillo and that of assisting your uncle." She looked closely at his face and he wanted to put his arms around her. He felt himself shaking slightly inside. "No," she said. "You do not do them with a purpose." She held to the door and she looked steadily into his eyes. Her own eyes were black and clear and she said, "Good night, Eduardo, that which was spoken by my mother and my father includes me as well."

"Good night, Nina," he said.

AN airfield is a large place, and in the evening, with the planes dispersed and silent, it is a lonely place. Eddie looked across the field, at the planes, at the flat meadowland, and he listened to the distant sounds of the sheep, to far-off, almost-not-heard clucking of unseen chickens. He was alone and he felt exposed and tired and he wanted to be home and to be surrounded by familiar things.

He walked back to the dirt road. It was still light. He forgot time for a while, then he came to where the second dirt road branched off to his uncle's farm and he turned down it. He recognized that tree just before the road veered a little to the left. Now he came to a small farmhouse. These were getting to be known things and he breathed a little more deeply and he felt better.

Presently he came to his uncle's house. Gennaro and Pasquale Sorvino were standing near the stone fence on the road.

"Good evening," he said. The men greeted him. "I am sorry I could not come today, uncle," he said.

"You were missed," Gennaro said.

"Was I?" he asked gratefully. "I will be here in the morning."

"Good," Gennaro said. "There is much work to be done."

"Do not let me interrupt your conversation," Eddie said.

"It is no interruption," Gennaro said. "Sorvino has a brother whose farm was just destroyed in the eruption of Vesuvius. Sorvino and I were trying to think of some way of aiding him."

"I go," Sorvino said hurriedly. "Good evening."

Eddie nodded, and the man turned and walked slowly down the road. "That is bad news about his brother," Eddie said, watching him.

Eddie thought for a while. "Uncle," he said, "there is a small building here. It could be occupied by the brother of Sorvino."

Gennaro placed his hand on Eddie's shoulder. "Eduardo," he said, "hasten and catch up with Pasquale Sorvino and tell him what you have told me."

Eddie looked up wonderingly.

"It was for that reason that he came here this evening," Gennaro said. "I told him you would have to decide."

"That was wrong, uncle."

"How wrong?"

"That is your decision. It was so understood between us. Tell me that in the future such things will not be asked of me."

"Then I am still master here and you will do as I say. Run now after Sorvino and tell him his brother again has a roof for his head and four walls to surround him."

"Yes, uncle," Eddie said happily.

Eddie hurried down the road and caught up with Sorvino.

"My uncle requested me to tell you something," Eddie said. "Your brother is to live in the small stone house."

Sorvino swallowed hard. "It is very kind," he said.

"He will help in the sowing. It will be a good arrangement for both."

"Come into my house for a glass of wine," Sorvino said. "This is a good thing you are doing for my brother."

"It is not I. It is my uncle."

They came to the Sorvino home. Nina and Maria rose when they walked in. "I have brought the *tenente* for a glass of wine," the farmer said. He took off his hat. "I have good news. My brother is to live in the stone house."

Maria clasped her hands. "Thank God," she said.

Nina brought out some wine.

"You look tired, Eduardo," Maria said.

"I am tired, Momma Sorvino."

They sat there, drinking wine, and presently the parents left for bed.

"You do not mind my visiting here twice in two nights?" Eddie asked the girl when they were alone.

"No."

His face became tired again.

"One finds it difficult to remember you and the things of the airplane," she said. "Was it very bad?"

"It was bad. Jennings, our co-pilot, was wounded."

They walked outside and sat on a wooden bench under a tree. He stretched his legs out in front of him.

"This day has shaken you. You have changed since last night."

He lit his pipe and smoked it slowly.

"Tell me of this thing today, if it's permitted."

"There is not much to tell."

"I wish to know of it."

"We went over Germany. It is good to go there. That is fitting. I find it a bad thing to drop bombs on Italy."

She reached out and touched his wrist.

"The other day we were passing over a city. I kept thinking, There below me were men like my uncle. And then I thought for a while, and I thought, There are men below me like myself. It was only an accident that my father went to America."

He got up and started to walk up and down. "Did your brother like war? Was he happy to fight?"

"There was a madness here, Eduardo," she said. "My brother had it."

Her eyes went off away from the past into the distance. "Then he went away and it was almost like a holiday. He was to go away for a short time, and we fixed him gifts as though he were going on a gay visit. My mother alone was not happy. But we were happy and Ernesto was excited and when he left with Ricardo he looked beautiful and Ricardo looked beautiful and we were very proud of them."

She became silent.

"Yes," he said. "Please do not stop. Please."

"All right," she said in a low voice. "All right. Nothing was heard for a while. And then there was word. He was killed in North Africa. I remember the small revolver he had at his waist and I wondered if that was all he had had to fight with on the desert. It did not fire very far, that pistol.

"And then after that the Germans came here. There were many bombings; there was little food to eat and what there was the Germans took, and the Italians were as fools and idiots." Her voice became harsh. "There were many stories here of the cruelties of the Americans and the British, of capturing prisoners and then shooting them."

"Those were lies," Eddie said quietly. "You know that now?"

"So said my mother," she admitted. She turned to him. "It is difficult to believe it of you and the others such as you." She took his hand and held it tightly. "I wish to be of comfort to you," she said softly.

"You are dear," he said.

"You appeared very tired and very much alone this evening," she said. "You lent yourself to my father and to his speech, but when he ceased to speak you were alone again. It was a good thing you did about the stone house. That was a good thing and you must not be alone."

THERE was little for Kelly and his crew to do while they were waiting for their new co-pilot. Eddie rose early each morning and checked with Operations. When he was certain he would not have to fly he went to the farm.

Kelly stayed in his tent most of the time. He kept staring at the empty cot in the corner where Jennings used to be. He walked around in the tent, cracking the knuckles on his big hands, his tall figure too big for the tent.

After a week of inactivity the weather turned bad. It rained on the tent, a dismal unbroken rain. After two days of rain the weather cleared again.

Eddie rose early. When he was dressed he went to the mess hall and ate. Then he returned to the tent. Carson, the navigator, was sitting up in bed, staring ahead of him disgustedly. "Another day," he said. "I'm getting fed up with this doing nothing."

"How about coming out to the farm and working with me?" Eddie asked suddenly.

Kelly sat up in bed. "What?"

Eddie looked at him eagerly. "Nobody would have to work much. Not at all if they didn't want to. But they can be out in the sun and get some exercise."

Kelly thought for a moment. "Can't do any harm," he said. "I'll get the men in here and ask them what they think."

"That sounds all right to me," Carson said.

Kelly dressed and left the tent. He returned a few minutes later with the enlisted men in the crew. They looked tired and disgruntled. It was amazing how quickly they began to lose ground when they were not flying, Eddie thought.

"I brought you in here for one thing," Kelly said to the men. "We haven't been flying for a while and we probably won't as a crew until I get a new co-pilot. Meanwhile we're all getting stale as hell." He grinned, and the men looked up at him and grinned back. Kelly had a way with them. "All right," he went on. "Lieutenant Amato has a suggestion to make." He turned to Eddie. "Go ahead and tell them," he said.

"Well," Eddie said, "as you know, I have an uncle around here who has a farm. I just thought that if you fellows didn't have anything else to do, you might want to come along and fool around down there."

Kelly cleared his throat. "Lieutenant Carson and I are going along with Lieutenant Amato," he said. "You men go back to the tent and talk it over. Anybody who wants to come along is welcome. Nobody has to come."

WHEN the truck pulled up in front of Gennaro's farm the entire family walked up to the front gate. "Hi, uncle," Eddie said. Gennaro lifted his hand in greeting. He looked from man to man, amazed. "I brought you some help," Eddie said.

The men scattered through the fields and worked through the morning. They hauled rocks and cleared fields. They paused to wrestle with each other. The children were popeyed.

At lunchtime Eddie called them together and they went into the house. In the middle of the table was a huge plate of Army corned-beef hash. Rosa had added green peppers, olives, and other things.

"Hey," Carson said, "tell the old lady I never tasted G. I. hash like this before. What did she do to it and why don't she pass the word along to the mess sergeant?"

Eddie smiled to Rosa. "The *tenente* said he never before tasted Army food that was so good. He wants to know if you would consider coming to our camp to instruct the sergeant there."

Rosa looked at Gennaro. She was a little frightened. "I am busy here," she said.

Gennaro roared. "Rosa, Rosa," he said. "The men are paying you a compliment."

She looked from man to man with uncertainty. Then she smiled and hid her face with her apron. Kelly stood up and held out a glass of wine. "To Signorina Amato," he said.

"Signora, not Signorina," Eddie laughed. "She's a respectably married woman."

The men stood up with their glasses. "They are drinking to you, aunt," Eddie said to Rosa.

The woman grew red. Then she got up and rushed from the table into the kitchen.

Gennaro kept watching the men, his eyes wide with an attempt to understand what they were saying.

Presently they got up from the table. The men insisted on bringing in their plates and knives and forks. They wanted to help wash them, but Rosa pushed them out of the kitchen.

They all worked in the warm sun until late afternoon. Then they lay under the trees and felt the cool of afternoon. The men stretched out in exhausted contentment. Eddie arranged with his uncle to hitch a horse to a wagon and then they climbed into it. Gennaro got into the driver's seat and cracked his whip and the wagon started off. The men started to sing. At the camp they piled out.

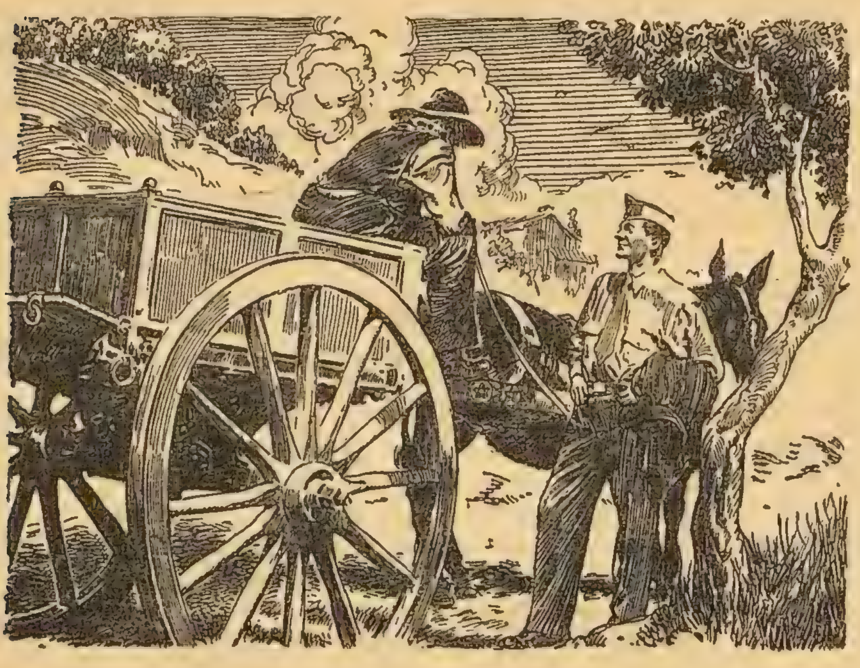
"Express to these men my deep thanks," Gennaro said to Eddie. He translated for the men.

"Hell, lieutenant, it was fun," one said. "Ask him if we can do it again."

In the tent, Kelly fell on his bed, exhausted. "I'm pooped," he said.

"It felt like being home again," Carson, the navigator, said. "A farm is a farm anywhere, I guess." He stretched out on the cot. "That lunch was sure good." He lit a cigarette. "Nice to eat around a big table in somebody's house again," he said. He closed his eyes. "I like homes," he said.

THE crops ripened early and the farmers filled their wagons with the produce and brought them to the market towns and villages for sale. They had high hopes for good prices this year, for with the advance of the Allies in the great offensive there was a greater market for the food. They were disappointed. Prices were low and there seemed to be an understanding among the large purchasers and it did no good to try to offer the food to more than one buyer. The prices offered were the same.



For several days the farmers discussed this unhappy state of affairs among themselves, and then one night they gathered in the home of Gennaro Amato and asked his opinion on the matter.

Gennaro listened to them, puffing silently on his long pipe.

"I do not know what to say to you," he said finally. "I, too, was forced to sell everything at a price that was ridiculous."

"Why do we not ask the advice of my friend, Eduardo Amato?" Picillo asked.

Sorvino turned to Gennaro. "What do you think?" he inquired.

Gennaro thought for a few moments. "I realize now that perhaps I have done wrong in selling the produce from this farm without first consulting him. This is his farm."

"Eduardo will have an idea," Picillo said triumphantly. "He has a head on his shoulders."

Several nights later the farmers again gathered in Gennaro's home and this time Eddie was with them. When all were seated, Gennaro spoke.

"As portions of Italy are returned to Italian hands we grow more grateful. But then we go to the market and we find low prices established there and a man is offered half or less than half of what his crops are worth."

He paused and looked around. The men nodded.

"We ask ourselves then, how are we better off?" Gennaro continued. "It was thought that perhaps you might help us in some way."

Eddie looked around him. This was a serious thing, he thought. This was the first time they had come to him this way, and he wanted to help them.

"Think of something," Picillo said pleadingly.

"It seems to me," Eddie said slowly, "that the only way to fight an organization of buyers is with an organization of sellers. Why cannot we arrange to sell our produce directly to the store owners?"

Sorvino scratched his head. "It is not a bad idea," he said slowly.

"Bad?" Picillo snorted.

"I think the plan should be adopted," a farmer said.

"I too!" another man shouted.

Then there was a silence. Each man remembered that never before had any one of them expressed a final opinion on any matter before hearing what Gennaro Amato had to say. The men looked at Gennaro a little fearfully.

"I agree with these men," Gennaro said simply.

"Let us take a vote on the matter," Eddie said. "Those who think the plan we have discussed should be tried out to raise their hands."

He looked around. Slowly the men raised their hands. Finally each man had an arm upraised. Eddie relaxed. I did not fail them, he thought. I gave them something to work on.

Gennaro rose to his feet and the men stood up as he did. They thanked him and thanked Eddie and left the room slowly.

GENNARO AMATO felt it was his responsibility to make the first trip to Bari to sound out the shopkeepers. As far as he could recall he had never dealt directly with a retail-store owner. He did not like revolutionary changes. Still, it was well received when his nephew suggested it. His nephew had a good head. Gennaro sighed a little. It would have been more fitting perhaps if his own son had such a head. How long was it since he had seen his son last? Where was he? Ricardo had gone away a few weeks before and had not written.

It was good to have Eduardo; he thought well of the boy. But still, it might have been Ricardo. Well, there was no use thinking about that. The thing now was to find a vegetable store and speak with the owner. Presently he saw a small store. There were a few green vegetables piled in boxes. There were a few dried fish lying disconsolately on a tray. Gennaro stared morosely at the store, and then he slowly climbed down from the wagon and entered.

The owner was a small wiry man with squint eyes. He listened with distrust to Gennaro's proposition.

"It does not sound good to me," the man said finally.

"Why not?" Gennaro asked. Now that he had outlined the plan he again felt it was a good one.

"It has never been done with me before," the squint-eyed one said, as though that explained everything.

"It is to your profit and to our profit," Gennaro said, trying to remember the things his nephew had said.

"It is radical," the man said decisively.

"I knew this was a mistake from the start," Gennaro roared. "To deal with fools one needs to be a fool. Good-by!"

The burst of anger impressed the man more than anything had. Gennaro strode from the shop and climbed into his wagon. The man ran after him and held up a restraining hand.

"Come back into the store," he said.

"To listen to more idiotic questions? You can ask them here."

The store owner was now more impressed than ever by Gennaro's independence. A man who gets angry so quickly and who is so willing not to do business must be an honest man, he thought. "Come into the store and tell me of the variety and quantity of vegetables you have to offer."

Gennaro looked at the man in amazement. "You wish to take part in the project?" he asked.

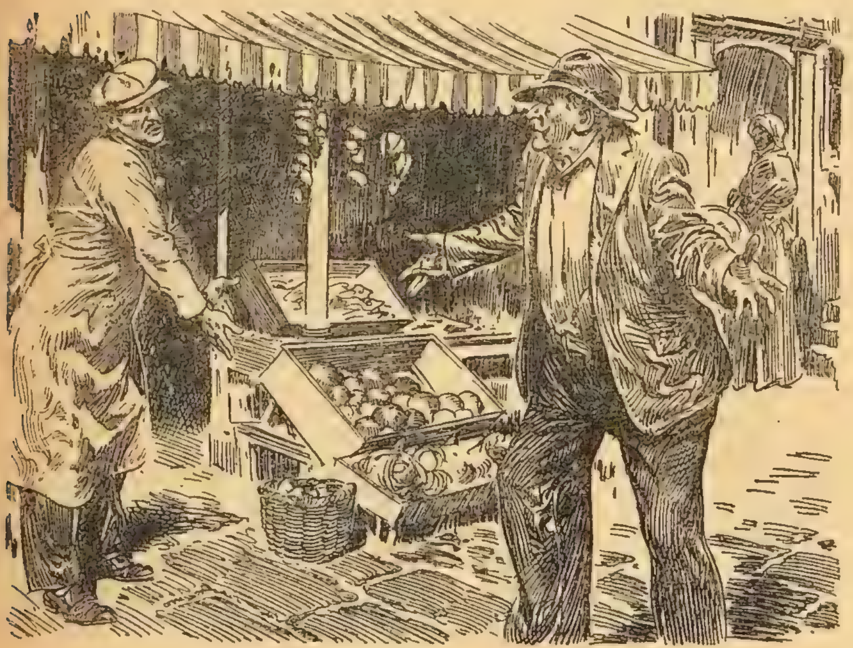
"Yes," the squint-eyed one said. "Only, one discusses business sitting down over a glass of wine, not standing in the street for all persons to hear. Come inside and tell me what I can expect of the plan."

IN the next few weeks the list of store owners who wished to do business with the little group of farmers grew. And when it was felt the canvass of the countryside was completed the men gathered again in Gennaro's home. This time they were enthusiastic and they joked and laughed and thought themselves very wise persons to have thought up this project.

Eddie raised his hand. "I will take all these names," he said, "and sit down with a map. Then I will put down the names of the store owners in the order that they are located so that on the proper day we shall be able to go in unbroken direction and distribute that which we have to sell."

The men nodded approvingly.

"I am happy that so far the plan is working out well," Eddie said. "I am going to Capri for a short time, and when I return I'll have the route completely mapped out."



RICARDO came back to the farm a few days later. His mother was in the kitchen. She looked up at him when he came in and then in a normal voice, as though he had not been away, she asked him if he wanted to eat something. He sat down at the table.

Rosa walked over to him and put her hand gently on his head and stroked his hair. For a moment he laid his head against her side and felt the caress of her hard hand. Then he jerked his head away from her and said, "Do not treat me as a child."

She lowered her eyes and walked away from him.

While he was eating, Gennaro came in the house. The old man looked at him. "It is good to see you," he said.

"It is good to be home," Ricardo said.

"There is work to be done," Gennaro said. "Will you join us?"

Ricardo ate several mouthfuls of food. "Yes," he said. Then he asked, "Is the American here?"

"He is not here today," Gennaro said.

"I will work, but I will not work when he is here."

"It is as you wish," Gennaro said heavily.

Ricardo worked through the day. He had worked little on the farm before and he was unused to it. His fingernails became broken and black and his back began to ache and salty sweat flowed into his eyes and burned him there.

It was too late for this, he thought. He finished his work at the end of the day, washed, then went into the small village. He sat in the café, sipping wine, and listened to the laughter of the foreign soldiers around him. He could not go back to this, he thought. There was only one thing he could do, and that was somehow to get to the north and cross over the lines and rejoin Italians fighting on the other side.

The next morning he was more cheerful and he worked steadily on the farm. Several days passed and he did not see his cousin. He began to think the American was afraid to come to the farm now that he had returned. And then one morning the American came. His cousin walked over to him.

"How are you?" Eddie asked.

"I am well," Ricardo said, shaking inside.

Eddie smiled in a friendly way. "You have been away, have you not?"

Ricardo nodded.

There was another silence. Eddie would have liked to have stretched out his hand and shaken Ricardo's, then slapped him on the back and perhaps, in the evening, gone into town to drink some wine with him. Finally Eddie said quietly, "Well, there is work to do."

He speaks as though he were the boss here, Ricardo thought. He speaks as though I were a peasant working for him. He nodded briefly and returned to his work. Eddie stood watching him for a moment, then walked over to another field.

IN the evening Eddie washed up and then went over to Sorvino's house. It had been a week since he had seen Nina.

They walked together along the dirt road to the small village. He held her hand.

"Did you enjoy yourself on Capri?" she asked.

"No," he said. "It was too beautiful to enjoy."

"Too beautiful?"

"It is no place for one to be alone. One must either stay drunk or find a girl to be with. It hurts one to be sober and alone."

"And why did you not find a girl?" she asked.

He laughed. "You little idiot," he said. "You know the answer to that. There are no other girls, Nina."

"There are none?"

"We sat on the small boat as it left Naples and I watched the harbor of Naples disappear. It was more beautiful than anything I had ever seen, and I could only think I should not be seeing this because you were not there to see it with me. The days were bad," he said. "Everywhere there were persons enjoying themselves, and all I could feel was a terrible loneliness because you were not with me. Then when it became too bad I left and returned to Naples. Then I begged for rides across the mountains and I kept thinking that I was coming back to you."

She did not answer him for a little while and then she said, in a very low voice, "And yet you soon will leave for a farther place, from which you cannot so easily return."

"Yes," he said. "I did not need this thing of Capri, but it would have told me if I did not already know. We will marry, Nina, and once it is done we will not let such a separation happen again."

"Soon you will return to your country," she said.

"And you will wait for me, Nina," he said.

"I will wait," she said, "if you are not changed and will come back to me."

"There is no need for me to convince you of it," he said. "I know it in my heart. Oh, Nina," he said, stopping, holding her tightly, "I cannot wait for the day."

"You will come back to me?"

"I will come back. We will marry in the church here in your village. All of our friends will come. I can see them now. I can see Picillo. We must give him a task of importance."

"And what of your mother in America, Eduardo?"

"My mother will adore you almost as much as I do," he said.

She thought for a few moments. "What do you do when you return to America when your duty here is finished? Do you return to combat again?"

"Perhaps."

She thought for a while longer and then she turned to him, her face twisted with fright. "You do not go to the Japanese?"

"I must do as I am ordered to do," he said.

"But it will be different there," she said. "Here I can watch for you and nothing can happen to you. But you will be alone there."

"I will never be alone again," he said.

They reached the small village. They went to a small wine garden behind a café. There were tables around a tiny dance floor.

When the wine came he poured a glass for her and one for himself, and then he said, "I would like to say something serious at this time. I can never think of the right things to say to you."

"Just tell it to me quickly again. There is nothing larger than that."

"I love you, Nina."

"You must teach me how to say it in your language," she said.

"I love you," he said in English.

"I love you," she repeated slowly. "Was that proper, Eduardo?"

"Yes, that was proper."

"When you are gone I will study from books and then you will not have so much to teach me," she said. "I would not wish your friends to say your wife is an ignorant Italian girl who could not speak their language."

He smiled at her.

"You must tell me all the things I must know, so that when you bring me to your country everyone will think you married a fine lady from Italy and not a girl you found on a small farm."

"They will only see how lovely you are," he said.

"I will be such a good wife for you, Eduardo." She was radiant. "I will have your children and they will look like you and I will learn all the things you wish me to learn."

"Let us dance," he said.

They began to dance slowly.

"Let us sit down," she said, suddenly breathless. "I cannot hold you. I am afraid that my love for you is such it must be written upon me. It embarrasses me and I cannot stand next to you and hold on to you." They walked to the table. "It is something that frightens me, as now, when I feel that it marks my face. Does it read there, Eduardo?"

"Yes," he said tenderly.

"Let us leave now, Eduardo. I can no longer sit here and speak with you as though we were casual friends, here to drink a glass of wine and dance."

He paid for the wine and they walked out.

"I do not mean to spoil your evening," she said, still a little out of breath. "I will be better when I am more accustomed to this thing. It is something strange to me," she said. "It is as though a new part of me has been born and I am as a child without control."

They walked, and there was no longer any sound except the tinkle of the two little bells from Capri that he had fastened on her dress.

ON the morning of the day that the crops were to be sold, the farmers lined up before dawn before Gennaro Amato's house.

As it grew lighter the wagons could be seen stretched out for a great distance along the dirt road. The farmers were in their best clothing, black suits that were shiny with many brushings and pressings. The wives were dressed in their best clothing too, many of them with lace shawls and hats, some of them in colorful peasant costume, others soberly in black.

There were many small children whose faces were scrubbed clean, their feet uneasy and cramped in shoes they were not used to wearing.

Gennaro Amato had three wagons. The first was to be driven by Eddie. Gennaro was to drive the second and Ricardo the third. Ricardo at first refused to participate in the sale, but Gennaro argued with him and finally ended by ordering him to help.

The fourth wagon in the procession was that of Picillo. For this special day Picillo had decked Angela's neck with a garland of poppies. Every once in a while she tried to twist her head far enough to nibble one of the flowers.

Shortly after five o'clock in the morning Eddie arrived from the camp. He sat with Gennaro for a few minutes and planned the itinerary, and then he stood up in the first wagon.

"We are ready to go," he said. "We will ride slowly so that the procession will not be strung out. My uncle, Gennaro Amato, has suggested that I take charge of the money until all the produce is sold and then divide the money among you."

The men nodded.

Ricardo stood quietly and listened to his cousin speak and saw the respect with which his words were received. He thought how it should have been he who directed this project.

When Eddie finished giving the directions the farmers returned to their wagons. Eddie went over to Sorvino's wagon and asked Nina to ride with him.

They walked hand in hand to the first wagon. Ricardo gripped the reins tightly as they passed him. Eddie helped Nina into the wagon. From his seat he waved his hand, then lifted the reins lightly and the horse started. The other wagons followed.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs made a peaceful and pleasant sound.

"When one is very young," Nina said, "one has many dreams. This is so much more than I ever dreamed of."

Pinned on her dress were the two small bells. She shook herself slightly and made the bells tinkle.

"I think I shall make you wear those always," Eddie said judiciously. "Then I will always know where you are."

She shook herself and made the bells sound again. "They have such a sweet happy sound," she said. "I think if you could listen to my heart it would sound the same way. I feel as though I have hundreds and hundreds of little bells ringing all over inside of me."

She looked up at him. "There is so much good. This is almost too much happiness. I am afraid that in some way it will have to be paid for."

"Do not believe that."

THEY rode along and he thought he had never felt so good. The war was a distant thing. His life now was limited to her and to the wagon and to the sound of the hoofs and to the chatter of those riding behind him; to fields of red poppies and to the blue flowers that seemed so brilliant mixed with the red poppies. There was nothing else to think of.

Presently they came to the first of the stores. Eddie jumped from his seat and entered the store. He emerged in a moment with the owner, the man's face full of amazement.

"I did not believe it would be successful," he said, rubbing his hands together. "What have you got to sell to me?"

"Just about everything we promised," Eddie laughed.

"Bring it in," the man said. "Bring it in." He clapped his hands in sudden enthusiasm. "It has been years since I have seen so much. Bring it in!"

When they finished with this man they proceeded along their journey. They reached the coast road and made their stops in the little white-buildinged coastal villages. Everywhere their reception was the same. Residents of the villages began to follow the procession down the road.

Some of the stores sold out their entire stocks before the procession moved out of town and the owners of the stores ran after the wagons and begged to be sold more. Eddie refused. He said that other owners had been promised their share and it would be unfair to disappoint them.

And now the farmers were singing and joking. Some of them had still been suspicious when the day began, but by now their fears were gone and they rode and sang songs they had not sung for years.

In this manner, with more than half the wagons already emptied, they arrived in Bari, and then the routine was repeated and soon the food was almost gone. Eddie announced that he would meet with them the next day at his uncle's farm and divide the money there.

Eddie obtained permission from the Sorvinos to remain in Bari with Nina. They ate dinner in a little restaurant on the Corso Cavour across from the Opera House and then they went to the opera. They sat in the rim of the boxes reserved for officers and their guests and listened to La Bohême. When the opera was finished and Mimi lay dead on her couch, Nina's eyes were red from crying.

"This is the first opera I have ever seen," she apologized.

It was still early evening when they got back into the wagon and started for home. They watched the sun set and when it was dark he lit a kerosene lantern and tied it on to the back of the wagon.

"There has never been such a day for any of the farmers," she said.

He patted the large roll of lire in his pocket. "They will be even happier when I divide this money," he said. "I must have several hundred thousand lire here."

"How much is that in your money?" Nina asked him.

"It's almost three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand dollars," she repeated in English.

"That is about three hundred thousand lire," he said.

"That is a great amount," she said, shaking her head.

The horse began to trot rapidly as it recognized the familiar road leading to the Sorvino farm. When they reached the farm Nina was asleep, leaning on Eddie's shoulder.

He remained there without moving and presently she opened her eyes.

"Forgive me for sleeping," she said.

"It has been a long day."

"Yes. It has been long and happy."

They climbed from the wagon and he led the horse into the stable and freed it.

"How will you get back?" she asked.

"I will walk."

"It is a long walk and it is so late," she said.

"Not the way I feel. I feel I could walk from here to Naples." He kissed her. "Good night, my darling, sleep well."

He left her and began to walk back to camp. He did not feel tired at all. He walked rapidly and then he came to the crossroads and turned right. He thought of Nina and of how her lips felt when he kissed her and he thought of how much he loved her. He thought of her as his wife and he did not hear the footsteps behind him. When the blow fell on the back of his head he was still thinking of Nina. Even when he fell upon his face and the blackness filled him he was thinking of her.

EDDIE kept staring at their faces. They were suddenly older-looking and immensely weary, with an ancient knowledge and acceptance. They said nothing. He stood there in the courtyard of Gennaro's house and they faced him in a semicircle. Their faces were ice-hard and distant and knowing.

He searched face after face. Together they now made a solid wall in front of him and he was the outsider. He was something they now understood: he was Army and he was Force and he was the Conqueror. They understood perfectly that thievery was part of that combination and the only thing that puzzled them was that he was going through the farce of attempting to explain. That was almost insulting. If they had not expected this, at least they understood it, and the decent thing for him to have done was merely to have said nothing.

And he stood there, miserable, wishing that his head ached as it had when he got up from the road, as though he, too, needed a physical reminder of what had happened. When he had told Gennaro, the old man's face had suddenly deepened into a thousand new lines and furrows and his eyes were sick with comprehension. Then acceptance came into them.

"You believe me, do you not, uncle?" Eddie had asked.

Gennaro had had a long lifetime of dealing with Fascist government agents. He turned away to avoid a direct answer.

Eddie took his arm. "Do you believe that I have stolen the money?" he asked.

"Do not make me answer," Gennaro said.

When the farmers came, Eddie realized that they would not believe him either. They had gathered together and they were individuals and when he started to speak they suddenly became one, merged together in one color of disbelief.

"You must believe me," he said again, crying inside for some miracle that would tear the placid acceptance from their eyes. "Look at the back of my head." He half turned his head and pointed to where there was a tiny discoloration. "This is where I was struck. You can see the sign of the blow there. Look."

He walked among them with his head slightly lowered. They made way for him silently and glanced incuriously at the mark on his head. They were becoming embarrassed because they thought they were being urged to believe something they felt was obviously untrue. If he would just permit them to leave and end this farce it was all they asked. But he walked among them without dignity, making them to look at the small purple place on his neck, as though anyone could not contrive in some way to have such a mark placed there.

He came to Pasquale Sorvino. The farmer's face was glum and uneasy. It was known that he had been friendlier than most with the American and that his daughter had ridden in the wagon with the American the day before. He was afraid some might think he had part in this thing.

"Sorvino," Eddie said, "you cannot tell me that you believe I did this bad thing."

Sorvino wet his lips nervously and looked around him.

"Answer me, Sorvino," Eddie said. "You believe me when I say that I was struck from behind and the money was stolen?"

Sorvino reddened and began to work his hands together. Nina was by his side and she moved forward toward the American. Her father lifted his arm and stopped her. He said nothing and Eddie walked away from him.

There was a commotion in the crowd. Picillo came forward. His pink face was set with solemn purpose. He looked at Eddie and Eddie looked at him. Picillo remained silent for a moment and then he walked up to Eddie and slipped his arm around him. "I believe him," he said, glaring defiantly at the crowd.

"Caesaro," Eddie said, choking.

"I am an old man, but I am not blind and I am not a fool," Picillo said. "This youth has nothing of the thief in him and if he tells me that my money was stolen from him by someone in the night, I believe him."

The men stood there and looked at him. There were more than a few who felt a twinge of doubt, but there was too much evidence against him and they fought off their doubts.

Nina came to his side. "You do not have to ask me," she said swiftly. "You know that I do not believe this thing." He smiled wanly. "They are fools," she said. "But it is not entirely their fault. This has happened many times before in Italy and they are judging only from the past."

"Nina," Sorvino called out.

"Yes, father," she said.

"Come home."

She looked helplessly at Eddie.

"You better go," Eddie said.

"I do not wish to leave you now."

"I know what is in your heart. It would be better to go."

Her shoulders drooped and she walked to her father. Sorvino took her by the arm and led her from the courtyard. Soon the courtyard was empty except for Picillo and Gennaro.

"It was good of you, Caesaro," Eddie said.

"I would not take your money," Picillo said. "You would not take mine."

"Thank you."

"You are always welcome as ever in my home."

The old man walked to the road and climbed into his wagon. He flapped the reins gently against the sides of his donkey and drove off.

Eddie looked up at Gennaro. His uncle's face had kept its new lines. Gennaro looked down at him. For a moment he knew this thing could not be true. But the older beliefs were too ingrained to be discarded. He walked away.

AFTER he struck the blow Ricardo looked fearfully up and down the road. He stood, breathing heavily, as if he had been in a struggle, though there had been no struggle at all.

He had merely waited and had seen his cousin drive back with Nina. Throughout the day he had sat silently in the wagon and had watched his cousin and the girl ahead of him and had thought how it should have been he sitting there instead.

When he returned home he sat alone in his room. Then in the distance he heard the sound of the horses' hoofs and he went out of the house and watched them pass.

He started to walk along the road after them. As he walked he thought of the money his cousin had in his pocket and he knew at that moment he was going to take the money.

Then he heard footsteps. He waited until Eddie came up to him. As he passed him he stepped out and brought a stone down on the back of his head. He knew where to hit him and just how hard to hit him. He had not been trained for years in Blackshirt tactics for nothing.

When it was done he stuck his hand into his cousin's pocket looking for the money. The roll of lire was so large it did not come out easily. He pulled and, becoming almost hysterical, began to curse. His cousin stirred slightly and groaned. Ricardo gave a final tug and the money came out. He got to his feet and started to run. As though he had planned it all to the last detail, he went to the side of the house and buried the money next to the barn.

Then he walked quietly into the house. Once inside his room he flung himself on the bed and held to it for support. He could not seem to catch his breath. He wished now that he had not done it.

In the morning he was too nervous to join the men in front of the house. He knelt by the window in his room and listened to what went on. When he saw his cousin labeled a thief his heart began to pound and he laughed to himself.

He began to think how he would get across the lines. If he could find the place where Italian units were fighting for the Allies he would go there and get through. He had enough money now to bribe anyone. Perhaps he could even persuade some of the Italians to cross over with him.

He thought first of Dino. Dino would be one to go with him. Dino pretended to be content, but inside he still regarded Ricardo as his superior officer.

Ricardo went to the little village where Dino lived and he sat in the café on the street he knew Dino walked along on his way home. He sat there through the afternoon, drinking wine, thinking that Dino had to come with him. The importance of it grew in his mind, and finally, when he saw Dino coming down the street, he almost ran into the street to get him.

He brought him back into the café and began to talk to him.

"I had not thought about it," Dino said finally.

"I have thought about it," Ricardo said swiftly. "It will be as in the old days, Dino. Remember how glorious our life was then. No more work as a servant, no more cleaning tents and shining shoes. Is it not a good idea?" Ricardo leaned back and smiled. "What do you say, Dino? When do we leave together?"

"Who will take care of my wife and child and another child on the way?" Dino asked. He did not even think of going with Ricardo, but he was so surprised he was trying to collect his thoughts and think of some graceful way out. When he spoke of the new child on its way he remembered that Capitano MacDougall had promised to examine his wife when it got to be near her time.

"A soldier does not speak of wife and child when his country is at war," Ricardo said grandly.

"It is a problem," Dino insisted. He thought that if Capitano MacDougall looked at his wife tonight it would reassure her greatly.

"I will leave money for her," Ricardo said.

Dino knew that the Capitano MacDougall was very busy, but still he had promised to examine her and it was getting near the time. "What did you say?" he asked, having only half heard.

"I said I would leave the money for your wife," Ricardo said. "As much as she needs." The sweat was all over his face and his hands shook on the table. "What do you say, Dino? Fifty thousand lire for your wife if you will come with me."

"I will think about it," Dino said. "It is an important decision to make and I will think carefully of it."

PASQUALE SORVINO walked slowly up the short stretch of road that separated his farm from that of Gennaro Amato. Gennaro was currying a horse and he put down the brush and started to fill his pipe. Sorvino did not speak for a long time.

"Have you been summoned as witness?" Sorvino asked finally.

"Yes."

"And I. And Nina." Sorvino shook his head. "I do not understand this. Who has ever heard of the Army trying one of its own officers for something he has done to peasants?"

Gennaro nodded silently.

"It is beyond belief," Sorvino said, "and I do not say that I care much for it."

Gennaro widened his eyes slightly but said nothing. Then the two men looked out to the road. Two of the peasants were walking rapidly toward them.

"Have you, too, been requested to offer your wisdom at the trial?" Gennaro asked them.

"We have been summoned as witnesses," one said with dignity. "It is said that is how it is done in America."

"I hear that Picillo almost threw from his farm the American sergeant who came to tell him he would be needed as a witness," the other said. "He screamed that your nephew was innocent and that when he appeared at the trial he would say so." He laughed and then spat. "What a fool that Picillo has become."

"Do you think so?" Gennaro asked.

The two men left and Gennaro and Sorvino watched them hurry down the road. Gennaro then turned to Sorvino and looked at him quietly.

"I know what you are thinking," Sorvino said.

"Do you?"

Sorvino squatted and picked up a blade of grass and began to nibble on it. He chewed it silently for a while. Then, without looking up, he said, "My wife says I am a fool. She says we all are fools."

"Does she?" Gennaro asked. He dropped to the ground and he too began to nibble on a blade of grass.

"How do you feel?" Sorvino asked.

"How do I feel?"

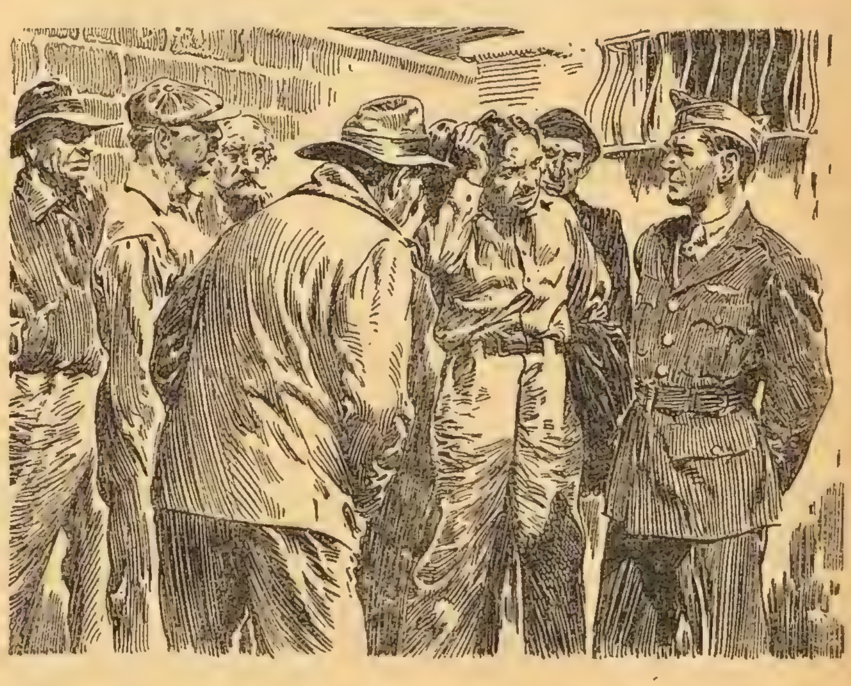
"In your heart."

Gennaro was silent for a long time. Finally he said, "I think we have done the boy wrong."

"I find it impossible to live in my house," Sorvino said. "My wife says I have less intelligence than my donkey. My daughter does not say anything, but that is perhaps worst of all."

Gennaro nodded slowly.

Sorvino picked a fresh blade of grass. He examined it carefully and then threw it away and picked another.



"And the worst thing," he said, after a while, "is that I am myself no longer sure."

Gennaro looked up quickly. "You too?"

"It was easy to believe at first," Sorvino said. "Now I find it hard to believe."

Gennaro sighed deeply. "The trials the Americans hold are fair," he said. "Perhaps it will come out right in the end."

"That will excuse the Americans for making the trial," Sorvino said. "It will not excuse us."

He stood up abruptly. "I will see you tomorrow then," he said.

"Yes," Gennaro said, not rising.

When Sorvino returned to his home he looked pleadingly at his wife and daughter. The daughter turned her back upon him. The wife continued with the washing she was doing.

"I have just spoken to Gennaro Amato," Sorvino said.

His wife did not answer him.

"I have only done what I thought was right," Sorvino said, his voice rising.

His wife twisted something wet in her hands and hung it up.

"Maria," Sorvino said.

She looked at him silently.

"Maria, listen to me," he said.

"I am listening," she said coldly.

"Did you never make a mistake?" he asked.

The mother and daughter looked at each other. And then they rushed toward the chair in which Sorvino was seated.

ON the morning of the trial, Eddie woke while it was still dark and he lay in bed with his hands under his head and thought about what was going to happen. Every once in a while he thought this was all a crazy nightmare and that any moment he would open his eyes and find that it was untrue. He thought of how Kelly had quietly taken his gun away from him and had hidden it and the guns of the other men.

It grew light after a while and he got up and dressed slowly in his dress uniform. He put on his blouse. He looked at his decorations. He did not want any breakfast.

"I'll wait here with you," Kelly said.

"Go ahead. I'm all right," he said.

"I said I'll wait here. I'm not hungry."

Then, a little after nine o'clock, they left the tent. Carson, the navigator, and Kelly walked close to him and held their heads erect. Eddie kept his eyes on the ground. Then MacDougall appeared.

"Hi, doc," Eddie said.

"Hi, Ed." He put his arm on his shoulder. "I'll come along with you."

"Thanks, doc." He felt the words choke in his throat.

They climbed into a staff car that was waiting. They drove out of camp to the village. A large crowd of peasants was gathered in front of headquarters. Eddie climbed out of the car. There was a long sigh from the crowd, but that was all. No one said anything. Then he saw Nina.

"My father no longer believes you took the money," she said. His eyes got wide.

"Almost none believe now," she said quickly.

He nodded and hurried on. Then he went into headquarters.

When the hour of the trial arrived the trial judge advocate swore in the court. The charge was read and the defendant was asked how he pleaded. The defense counsel said that Second Lieutenant Edward Amato pleaded not guilty.

It was very hot. Flies droned against the windows of the room. The story of the arrival of Second Lieutenant Edward Amato was told in detail.

Then the witnesses were summoned. The first to appear was Gennaro Amato.

He looked nervously around the room until he saw his nephew. He smiled at him.

He was sworn in and he identified himself. He told what had happened on the day of the sale. He kept repeating that he was certain his nephew had not taken the money, and each time the interpreter translated one of these remarks, the trial judge advocate objected to what he called opinion. Gennaro spoke to the interpreter and listened to him confusedly, and listened to the wrangling between the lawyers. Finally he was told he could go.

He stood up slowly. Then he turned to the court again. He said quietly, in Italian, "I do not believe the boy is guilty."

Eddie looked across the room at him and smiled. The trial judge advocate, who understood a little Italian and who gathered from the tone in Gennaro's voice exactly what he had said, ordered the interpreter not to translate the statement.

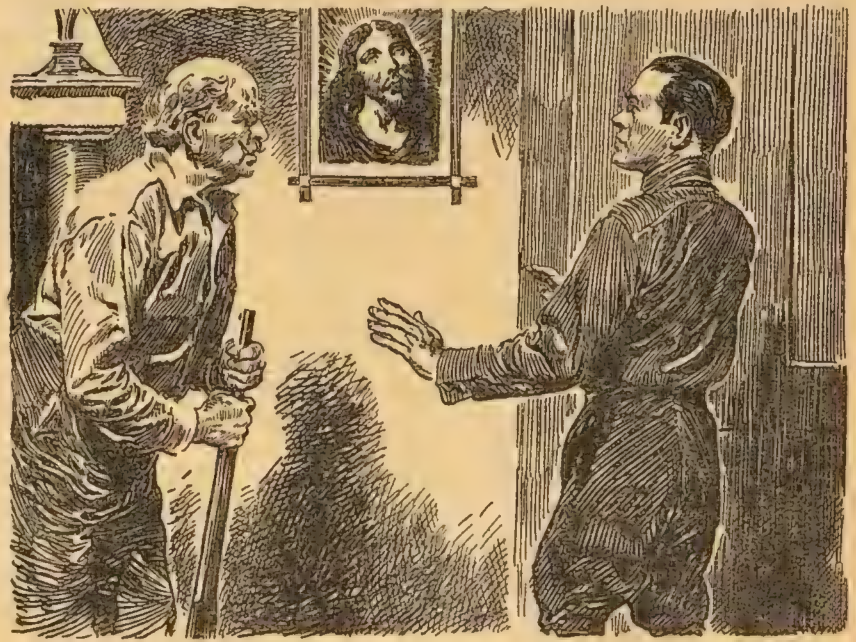
After Gennaro came Sorvino, and he told substantially the same story Gennaro had told.

The farmers came in, one after the other.

Picillo was one of the last witnesses. He bounded into the courtroom, his pink face shining and the white tufts of hair sticking out all around his bald head. When he saw Eddie he waved cheerfully to him and called out his name and said hello. The interpreter rushed over quickly and informed him this was no way to enter a military courtroom.

When he was told to tell his story, he said, "I only know that my friend, Eduardo, is no thief."

"What did he say?" the trial judge advocate inquired.



The interpreter translated. The trial judge advocate requested the statement be stricken from the record.

"Explain to the witness that he is here only to report on facts," the president said in a kindly voice.

"I have been told that now that the Americans are here, this is a free country," Picillo retorted when the request was made to him. "I will speak the truth as I see it. My donkey, a fool called Angela, knows that Eduardo is no more of a thief than anyone in this room."

The court waited for the interpreter. The interpreter got red in the face. He hesitated.

"Well, well, what does he say?" the trial judge advocate asked.

The interpreter translated the remarks. The officers on the court broke into laughter.

The president said, "Tell him tactfully that we do not wish to listen to a man's opinion on the guilt or innocence of the defendant."

The interpreter told Picillo what the president had said, and Picillo looked questioningly at Eddie. Then he told what had happened on the day of the sale, as far as he knew it.

The interpreter translated rapidly. Picillo finished, "I wish to state that this man is innocent. If he is sent to prison because of blind idiocy, then I wish to accompany him so there will be two honest men there. It is not good to have one honest man in with criminals. He would have no one to speak to."

The interpreter translated these last remarks and the officers fought to keep their faces straight. Picillo, told that was all, rose with dignity, and then, his head very high, he stalked out of the room.

After the recess Nina was called into the courtroom. Her eyes fixed on Eddie, she told quietly how he had left her and how he had agreed to meet her the next morning when he came to distribute the money among the farmers. She was questioned very carefully and then she was dismissed.

When the last of the witnesses had finished, the trial judge advocate said that now it was the privilege of the defendant to take the stand if he so wished.

Eddie was sworn in and then he was told to tell the story in his own words. Speaking quietly, slowly, he told what had happened on that day. When he finished he stopped and sat quietly in the chair.

"Does the defendant have anything else to say that might throw some light on the case?" the president asked in a friendly way. He had listened to the story carefully and he found himself believing the boy before him.

"No, sir," Eddie said, after thinking for a few moments.

The president leaned forward. "The court will listen to anything else the defendant wishes to say in his own behalf," he said, his voice almost pleading.

Eddie thought for a few moments more. "The only thing I can say is that I like all of these people—my uncle and Picillo and Sorvino and the rest of them. We all kind of worked together and they were my friends and I learned a lot from them. They made me feel pretty proud to be an American and an officer."

He stopped and tried to think.

"It didn't start out that way," he said. "But after a while I began to feel that maybe they got to understand American things better because of me. Maybe that's an awfully big thing to say, but they kept telling it to me and I believed them. I tried to make them feel that way more and more. They were pretty swell people."

He looked up painfully.

"What I'm trying to say is, that I wouldn't let these people down. I wouldn't steal from my uncle. I couldn't steal from Picillo. These people were friends of mine."

He shook his head. It was not coming out right at all.

"That's all, sir," he said.

The president banged his gavel.

"The court will recess for the day. The trial will be resumed at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

AFTER Dino left that night, Gennaro leaned against the stone fence in front of his house and he felt that he had died inside. He remembered the words Dino had spoken to him.

As soon as Dino had started to speak, Gennaro knew what he said for the truth. He remembered Dino's words: "I have been thinking of this so much, and then when the trial started I could hold it within me no longer, and I had to tell it to you. I do not know what it means, or if it means anything, except that I had to tell it to you, so that you might know. Perhaps you know where he has money to offer me." Those words kept hovering in his mind. He had known all along, he thought now, except that he had not wanted to know.

He walked slowly back to the house. The moon was above the house and the house looked pale and still. He fell heavily into a chair in the living room and stared ahead of him. He did not sleep. He was still sitting there when the first light of dawn began to cast shadows in the room. The night had gone by very quickly, he thought.

Then Ricardo came downstairs. He greeted his father.

"Ricardo," Gennaro said, "Dino was here last night."

"Dino?"

"He spoke to me," Gennaro said, his voice quite dead.

Ricardo's lips began to twitch. "What is that to me?" he asked.

"It was you, Ricardo," Gennaro said.

"What are you talking about?" Ricardo's lips worked nervously.

"My son is a thief," Gennaro said.

"I do not know what you are talking about."

"Dino has told me all," Gennaro said. "About offering money for his wife, about asking him to go north and cross the lines. That was the money, Ricardo."

"You are crazy."

"Then where did the money come from?" Gennaro looked up, suddenly eager. "Where did you get the money?"

Ricardo said nothing.

"I think I must have known it from the beginning," Gennaro said. His face was slightly turned away and his voice was toneless and dead.

"What if it is true?" Ricardo demanded suddenly. "You will still have your farm."

At this, Gennaro recoiled as though he were struck. He had known, but he had held to a thin thought that he might have been wrong.

"Why not?" Ricardo asked swiftly. "Who is he? A stranger. One who comes here to this home and would take it from us. He is the thief. Now he will be gone. The farm remains here."

"My son is a thief," Gennaro said. "An innocent one is to be punished."

"That is no concern of mine, nor of yours either, father," Ricardo said.

Gennaro looked up at him. "You are of evil," he said.

"You will have your farm. What more do you want?"

"And now you wish to go where there are others of evil?" Gennaro asked.

"They are my kind there," Ricardo retorted.

"You wish to go where there are others of evil," Gennaro repeated.

"You never used to talk that way in the old days," Ricardo said. "You were always quite willing to work with these men of 'evil.'"

"That is true," Gennaro said, rising slowly. He stood to his full height. "You have the right to say that. That is true. I have found that out. Perhaps this is the way I must repay. You will not return to that life. The money must be given back."

"You are insane!" Ricardo shouted.

Gennaro walked to the corner of the room and picked up the long hunting rifle. He put it on the floor in front of him, its stock resting on the floor. He leaned heavily on the barrel as though he needed it to support him.

"The money must be returned," he said.

"Listen, father," Ricardo said, his words pouring swiftly. "I will go away. You will never hear from me again. No one need ever know of this. Think of our family."

Gennaro began to shake. He began to sob dry sobs. He had hated to make decisions all his life.

THE farmers were standing around the AMG headquarters for the second day of the trial. It was a little after ten o'clock and the American had arrived and had entered the building a short while before.

The crowd decided that he looked worried. They were busy listening to the witnesses, never tiring of hearing how they had sat in the witness chair and had testified the day before. They were so interested in listening to these men that they did not see Gennaro Amato's wagon until it arrived in front of the building. They stopped talking and they stopped listening as they watched Ricardo Amato, his face a deathly white, step from the seat of the wagon. They watched as Gennaro Amato, who had stood behind his son in the back of the wagon, jumped heavily from the wagon, and then, standing very tall and straight, his head high, his white mustaches very stiff across his face, marched his son ahead of him into the front door of the AMG headquarters.

THE big four-motored transport took off heavily from the field at Casablanca. The noise of the engines was loud and the men found it difficult to speak to one another.

"I'm going to miss the old guy too," Kelly said. "He was just like a guy back home. I'll never forget the way he looked when you said you didn't want the farm."

Eddie nodded.

"You'll be back, kid," Kelly said, reaching out and touching his arm. "Mac'll take care of the girl for you."

Eddie nodded again.

"Be kind of nice to get back to the old farm again, hey?" Kelly said, punching Eddie on the arm. "You're lucky, landing at LaGuardia."

"Yeah," Eddie said.

"Got to be dignified now," Kelly said. "Being firsts now with all this lettuce. Boy, I can't wait to walk down Michigan Boulevard." He looked at his shoulder. The bar there was silver. He looked at the new silver bar on Eddie's shoulders.

Eddie stared out of the window. Casablanca was getting smaller.

"I'm getting lonesome for the old place already," said Kelly. "I think I'll go up front and take a smoke."

He started to walk to the flight deck. Eddie rose suddenly. "I'll go with you," he said. He moved unsteadily in the pitching plane. He felt cold. He did not want to be alone.

THE END

Puzzle 300 6/9/4

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By JOSEPH ANTHONY

**FERENC MOLNAR**, the Hungarian playwright, epitomizes the spirit of Budapest, the city that used to be "like Paris, only more so." His new book, **The Captain of St. Margaret's**, is a bit of fluff, insubstantial enough to be blown away by a mild spring breeze. But it has the charm of an evening's gay conversation in a Budapest coffeehouse.

Mr. Molnar's book is a series of anecdotes about an amiable old scoundrel who is rounding out a life of picturesque uselessness at St. Margaret's, an island in the Danube devoted to health resorts and open-air cafés.

*Ferenc Molnar*

On one occasion, the captain was undergoing diagnosis for what seemed to be a serious nervous complaint. The doctor, turning the patient on his stomach, prodded his spine alternately with the point of a hatpin and with the smooth knob at the other end. "Knob or point?" the patient was asked. Each time he answered correctly, and he was given a clean bill of health.

Afterward the captain said to his friend, "I'm a very sick man" . . . He had been unable to tell by any physical sensation whether his spine was being touched by the knob or the point. But the test had been a challenge to his gambling spirit. He had played "knob" and "point" as he would have done with black and red at the roulette table. He had guessed right each time, winning a melancholy victory.

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N. Y. Price $2.50.

**PREKASKA'S WIFE** is the story of the year **Helen Wheaton** spent in the Aleutians before the Japs made us conscious of those icy fringes of Alaska. (Prekaska is the Aleut word for storekeeper, the job her husband held on bleak Atka Island.)

Mrs. Wheaton doesn't set herself up as a modern pioneer. On the contrary, she confesses her inability to adjust herself to the primitive facts of life and to the manners and morals of the Aleuts, which provided a startling contrast to her earlier life as a schoolma'am in New Mexico.

*Helen Wheaton*

Mrs. Wheaton's narrative is studded with choice bits of comedy—particularly the chapter in which she tells how every Aleut woman on the island set out to woo her husband as blandly and innocently as though they were coming to her home to borrow a cup of sugar.

Books of travel and adventure are apt to strain at the seams in their effort to be heroic. This one deserves some sort of award for its charming honesty.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price $3.

"A FLOOD of discoveries and inventions, first dammed up by the world depression, then devoted mainly to war uses, will be released as soon as the arts of peace are resumed, and man must prepare himself for its impact upon all the conditions of his life," says **Harland Manchester** in **New World of Machines.**

Mr. Manchester gives admirably clear explanations of these discoveries, from the harnessing of the electron to the manufacturing of synthetic meat.

Published by Random House, N. Y. Price $3.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

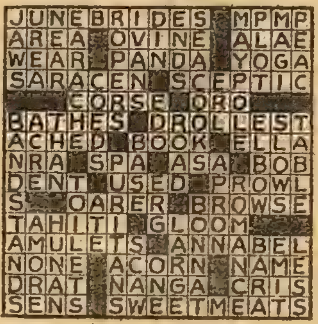
## BY TED SHANE

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Cheats, according to the old saw, never do what?
7 Name the midget flier of the sunbeam route
11 What Wolf did Jack London write a novel about?
12 Physicist who made a contrivance to utilize steam
13 Where is Iowa State College?
14 An infant bereaved of parents is called a what?
16 According to the joke, the humorist gave up what for Lent?
17 The Lord High Executioner in The Mikado hailed from what town?
18 Translate "Here's mud in your eye!" into Norwegian
20 What's the opposite of Reps?
22 Russian lake
24 What's the most fleeting thing in the cynic's world?
27 A soldier put up at an impromptu waldorf is said to be what?
29 What is George Gershwin's brother's name?
30 What instrument is played with a pump?
31 What wooden support's found on a driving range?
32 What vegetable is said to be the Vegetarian's Steak?
34 A gal who chases a man until he catches her does what when caught?
35 Name the chief river of France
36 Man o' War is the world's most famed living what?
38 What's a synonym for a fuddy-duddy?
40 Name a living quarters you probably can't have without a reservation
44 Name another Lake besides Veronica
46 From what English game does baseball derive?
48 Name a very boring tool familiar to gunmakers
49 What Ethiopian princess is captured by Egyptians to music?
50 At one point Pinocchio was transformed into a what?
51 What monetary units almost make sense?
52 A metaphysician who contends space isn't a vacuum

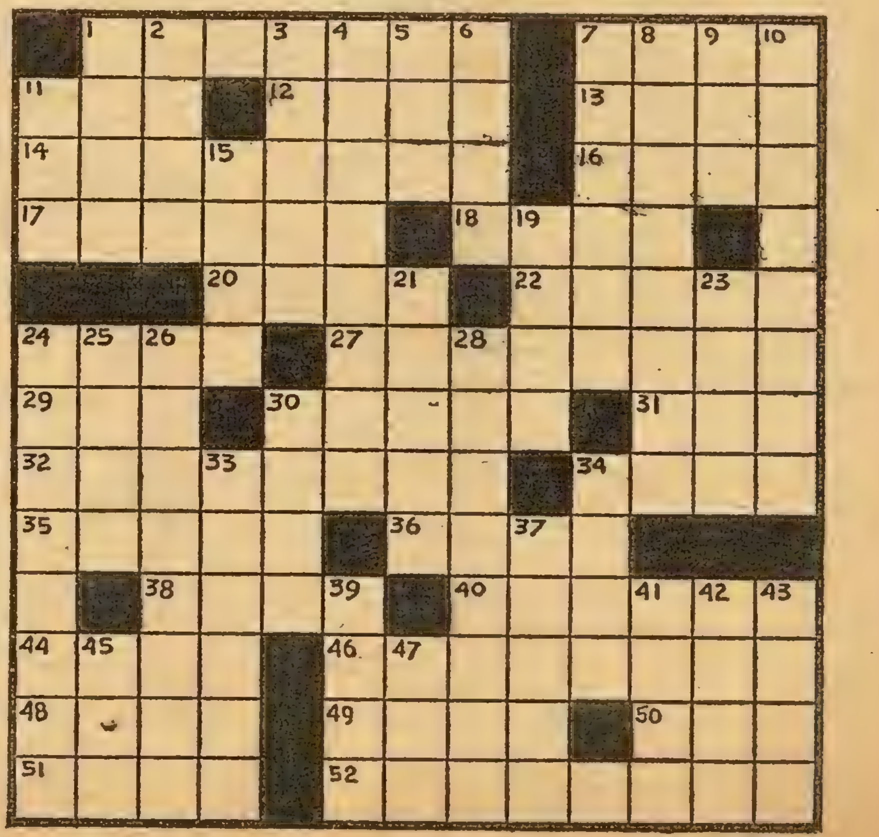
**VERTICAL**

1 Fairy ripe for anagraming
2 A person with an awed appearance
3 What's the Outline of Women?
4 Shadow caused by an opaque astronomical body intercepting the light from a luminous one
5 Complete this palindrome: Able was I —— I saw Elba!
6 Dampness does what to clothes in New Guinea?
7 Complete: Dudley Field ——
8 If you saw *aux fines herbs* on a fancy menu, what word'd probably precede it?
9 When last heard from, the Nazis were conscripting men and women of what age?
10 Platforms for beds are called whats?
11 What person enjoys drinking his meals?
15 Name an important raw material produced by animals
19 What's the German name for Cologne?
21 What are the chief victims of the Broadway brownout?
23 Turned right
24 What are the men who roam the far pastures in baseball called?
25 What's the fancy name for the Ship constellation?
26 A prestidigitator is a what?
28 What in geography gives the widest range?
30 Nowadays the polite guest writes a bread and what note of thanks?
33 Preambles are called whats?
34 Name that filthy, most unobtainable, and most wanted thing in the world
37 Name the Frenchman who wrote a provocative Life of Jesus
39 Complete: The best way for a gal to catch a man is to keep her —— shut!
41 Apes' favorite anagramed veggie
42 Kind of while
43 What's a dangerous kind of curve?
45 Female ruff (var. sp.)
47 Iran's friendship is cultivated internationally for what?



JUNEBRIDES MPMP
AREA OVINE ALAE
WEAR PANDA YOGA
SARACEN SCEPTIC
CORSE ORO
BATHES DROLLEST
ACHED BOOK ELLA
NRA SPA ASA BOB
DENT USED PROWL
S OARER BROWSE
TAHITI GLOOM
AMULETS ANNABEL
NONE ACORN NAME
DRAT NANGA CRIS
SENS SWEETMEATS

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

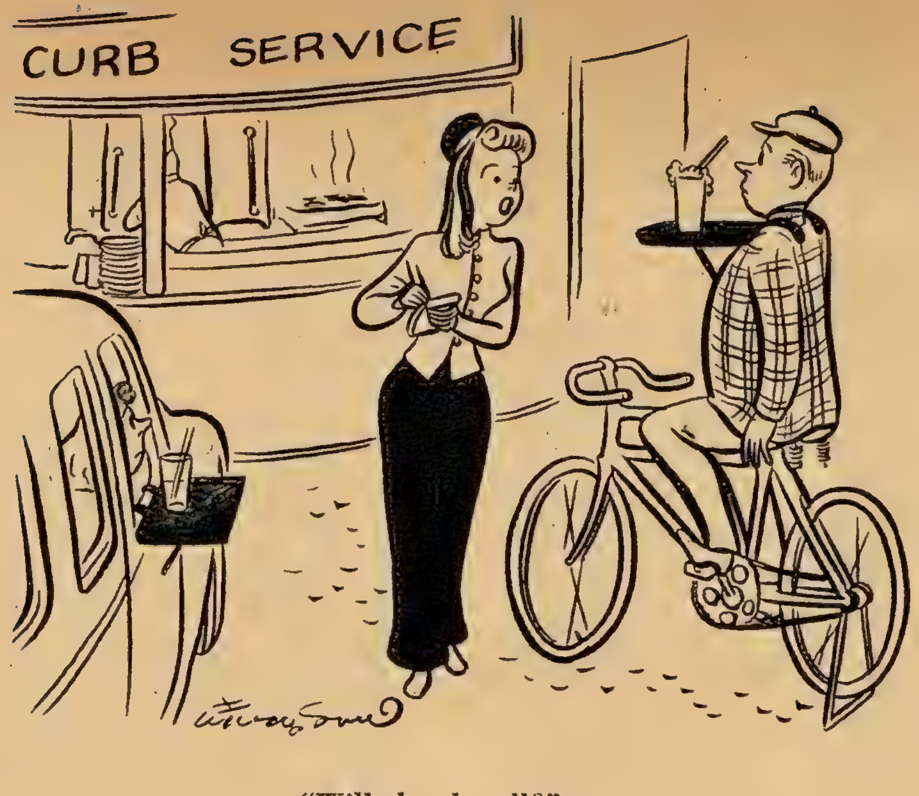
HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
BOURBON

One always stands out

# *Walker's DeLuxe*

Two words that mean Hiram Walker's Straight Bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



"Will that be all?"

## FROM BAKER TO BANKER—AND BACK

Continued from Page 37

culinary creations made him forget her prejudices.

She had been rehearsing lines to an abashed Mitchell; such brazen insouciance threw her off.

In spite of herself, she wailed, "Mitchell, how could you?"

"Nothing to it," Mitch boasted. "In pastry, I'm a natural, a genius, a poet."

"Running around in an apron," she tried to shame him. "Mitchell, that's sissy."

He was unperturbed. "The world's best chefs have been men. Oscar of the Waldor—"

"Oscar! Oscar!" she parroted. "Nobody knows his last name. Oscar the chef, Minnie the laundress, Mitch the baker."

He could see from the way her face was crinkling up that tears were at hand. "Well, what do you want me to do?" he demanded helplessly.

Vivian was past wording it tactfully. "You're coming with me right now. A psychiatrist is what you need."

Mitch's patience cracked. "So you think I'm nuts?"

"No, Mitchell, no, but I have to help you. I have to."

"That's noble of you. If you really want to help, you can clean up this mess."

Vivian did. She meant to destroy the evidence and keep the knowledge of Mitch's plight to herself. The ferocity of his scowl silenced her, but she watched with sinking heart while he loaded the grocery hand truck with his baking, being careful to keep it shrouded in the old tablecloth on which he had heaped it.

"Mitchell, what are you going to do?"

"Feed the hungry," he snapped, and slammed the screen door behind him.

"Mitchell, not in that hat!"

He didn't stop, but he removed the tall white hat, flattening it carefully before he stuffed it in his hip pocket.

THERE was a couple of Cubs loitering in front of Scout headquarters. "Done your good deed for today?" Mitch demanded solemnly.

The small boys squirmed, their ears getting pink. "Well—yuh see—"

"O. K., O. K. Then you're going to give away these rolls and doughnuts, see? Dozen to a family till they're all gone. The hand truck belongs to the Garden Grocery. You take it there when you've finished."

Mitch nipped two doughnuts from under the cloth and popped them into the boys' sagging mouths. "Gwan, scram, beat it!"

They moved off, munching and looking from their booty to him as though they expected both to vanish into thin air. Mitch ducked around the corner.

The pleasure that had come of once more stirring and kneading, of sniffing the succulent odors seeping from a hot oven dwindled. He was exactly nowhere. He had only succeeded in dodging the Fairpines Trust Company another day and in giving Vivian some bad moments.

He tramped, not noticing the direction, until he had practically walked into a picket fence. There was a very old stone house behind the fence and its yard was strewn with a weird collection of broken-down furniture. A girl in blue denim overalls was on her knees daubing at the bottom of a decrepit settle.

"Hi, Mitch Ryan!" she saluted him with her paintbrush.

Mitch stared. Blue eyes, twin brown pigtails tied with blue ribbons. He flushed —remembering. The girl beside Mr. Harper in the front row!

"I grew up while you were away," she told him. "Sabina Harper's the name."

"Oh, Lord!"

Sabina grinned. "I'm not a chip off the old block and I won't tell dad you're playing hooky."

Mitched liked her. There was no sense to it, of course. A Harper, any Harper, was strictly out of bounds. Nevertheless he walked through the picket gate and sat on the settle.

"Does your father know?" His gesture encompassed the dilapidated furniture.

Sabina sat beside him. "Uh-huh, and he's positively livid."

"How come he lets you?"

"I'm eighteen. I like antiques. So-o-oo."

"Mmmmm!" Mitch thought aloud. "I'm twenty-three. I like baking. So-o-oo."

"Then it was really true about the Nazi and the pie?" Sabina cried with delight.

"Sure." Belatedly Mitch recalled his promise. "But you mustn't tell."

Sabina was bewildered. "Why not? You did, yourself!"

"Nobody believed me. But my girl was mortified."

Sabina sensed a misunderstood man, and with age-old feminine malice she turned comforter. "That's sort of silly. Good baking's an art."

"To Viv it's a sign of mental derangement. Of course," Mitch admitted ruefully, "it must have looked screwy—me surrounded by hundreds of rolls and doughnuts—enough to feed an army—enough to feed a town."

He wasn't making sense to Sabina. "Enough to feed a town?" she questioned.

Mitch looked startled. "Enough to—feed —a town," he repeated. Why hadn't he thought of that before? "Fairpines hasn't a really good bakeshop," he said.

"And we could sure use one."

"Are you kidding, or do you really think so?" Mitch's eagerness swept Sabina to fresh enthusiasm.

"Of course I mean it," she assured him. "So what are you going to do about it?"

FOR a moment longer Mitch savored the vision of a bakeshop in which he would have the satisfaction of ministering to hungry Fairpines as he had to his soldier buddies. Then the practicality of Sabina's question plummeted him back into despair.

"Nothing, I guess. I haven't much money. And with Viv so set against it—"

His despondency infected Sabina. Elbows on knees, chins in hands, they sat side by side and stared at the picket fence.

"Mitch, I have it!" Sabina bounced excitedly. "I have it!"

"You have what?"

"This house—Great-Aunt Edith left it to me—it's perfect for your shop. You've got a little money, haven't you?"

"Sure, but—"

"Come on. I'll show you." She was tugging at his hand.

Mitch tagged dazedly after her.

"We'll save the parlor side for my antiques, but the dining room is perfect for showcases. And see—this big old kitchen can be remodeled for the baking. I'll pick up the equipment for you secondhand, and—"

"Hey, wait," Mitch had begun to think coherently once more. "Your dad will raise holy Hades."

"Oh, we won't tell him."

"But, Sabina, he's bound to find out."

"Naturally, but by then we'll be a money-making concern. Dad goes for anything that's a financial success. You really can bake—can't you?"

"You're darned tootin'. But what's this get you?"

Sabina's eyes were suddenly veiled, her smile cryptic. "Rent, when you get going,

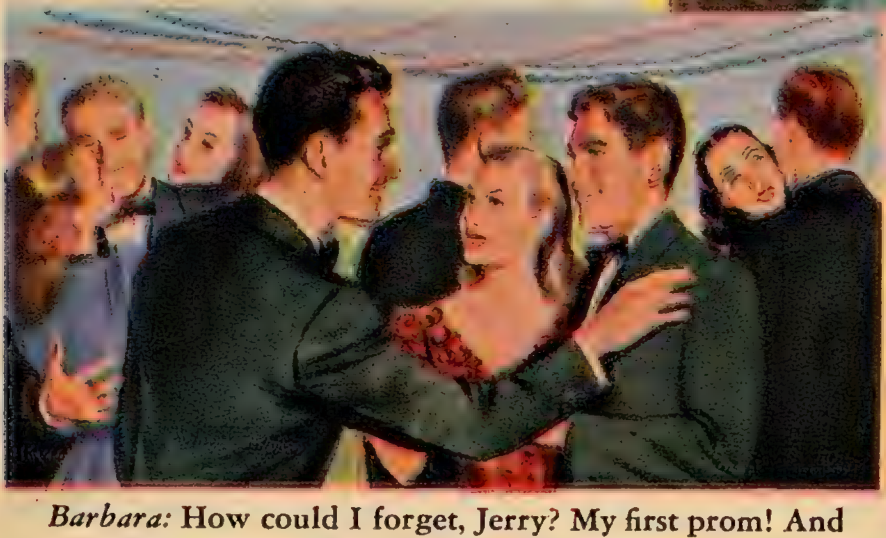
(*Continued on page 58*)

ICE CREAM
ICE CREAM POP STICKS
B TOBEY

"Lucky for me they gave you a lousy route."

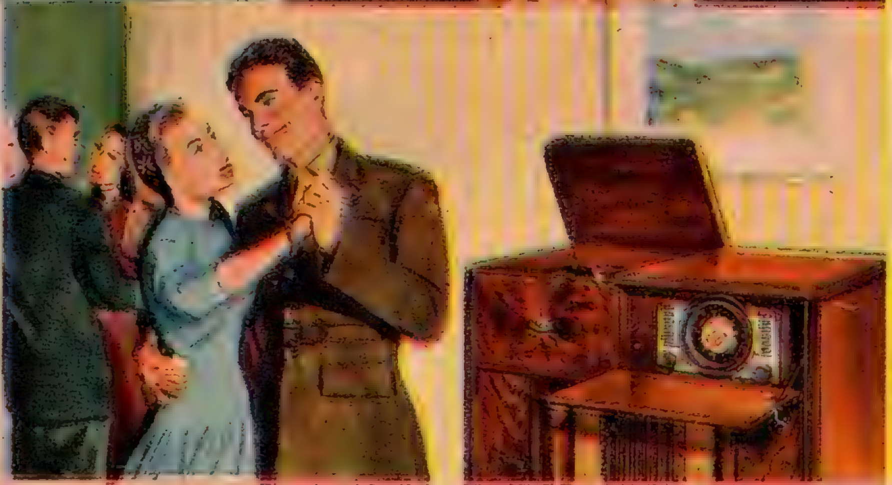
# This is "Our Tune"... Remember?

**Life is set to music.**
**Romance begins with a melody.**
**Just as you remember.**



*Barbara:* How could I forget, Jerry? My first prom! And I wore a red dress. Then suddenly I was dancing with you—and that's when everything began for me.

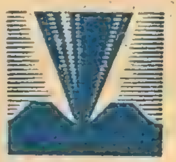
*Jerry:* For *us*. The minute I danced with you I knew, "This is IT."



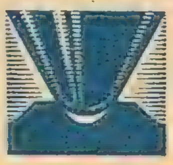
*Barbara:* Why, Jerry—when I close my eyes it seems like that first time, again. That's a wonderful record.

*Jerry:* It's a wonderful *phonograph*. Dad and I bought that Crosley for Mom just before the war. Plays records a new way. The secret's in the needle. That's the kind I hope we can get when I come home for keeps.

**What do you want** in your post-war radio-phonograph? Crosley will have it — every major improvement in radio-electronic and phonograph engineering, *plus* the patented, exclusive Crosley **FLOATING JEWEL*** **Tone System**



Old-fashioned sharp needles— "Scra-a-tch! Hi-i-sss! Chatter!"



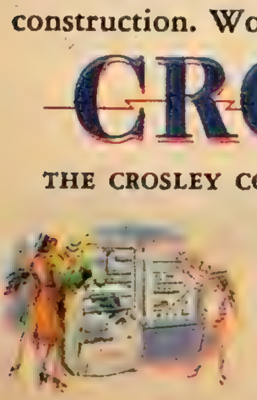
Crosley Floating Jewel* plays the untouched sides of the groove.

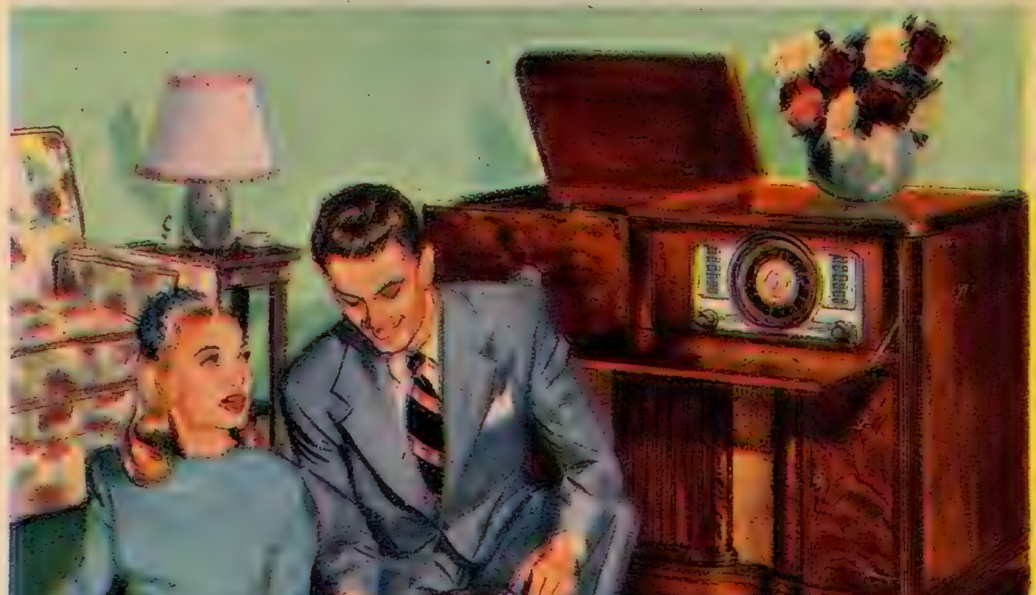
**"Goodbye Needle Scratch!"** No more needles to buy, change, or hear! The *Floating Jewel** a permanent, sapphire stylus plays on unexplored *sides* of tone grooves; virtually eliminates old-fashioned needle hiss and chatter. Old records sound like new. New records sound like nothing you ever heard before—and last up to 10 times longer!

**64 different tone combinations!** Your exact tone preference at your fingertips with the Crosley Master Tone Control (for radio *and* phonograph.) Plus matchless engineering, design and rugged construction. Worth waiting for — *your* Crosley!

**CROSLEY**

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO





To all the *Jerrys* and *Barbaras*—may your dreams come as true as this. Toward that day, we are producing fighting materials to help win this war and we are looking ahead to the time when once more we can make the finest Radio and Radio-Phonographs, and home appliances in Crosley history.

*Patented

*Radios : Radio-Phonographs : FM : Television : Short Wave : Radar :*
*Refrigerators : Household Appliances : The Crosley Car : Home of WLW, "The Nation's Station"*

**RICHardson Root Beer is nourishing and energizing. Delicious and refreshing, too!**

RICHardson ROOT BEER "it's so flavorful"

CLEARER HEARING with ½ the weight and bulk!

THIS ONE UNIT IS ALL YOU WEAR NO BATTERY PACK! NO BATTERY WIRE!

**Nationally Famous *Beltone* MONO-PAC!**

Users of Beltone, the precision-built, one-unit hearing aid, say it provides the clearest, *most natural hearing* of any they've tried . . . yet its weight and bulk is just *half* that of most hearing aids. There's a Beltone dealer near you who specializes in giving expert help to the hard-of-hearing.

**BELTONE is the ONLY Hearing Aid with ALL these electronic features:**

**SINGLE UNIT,** ½ the weight and bulk for greater comfort and better hearing • **TONE CONTROL,** adjustable to suit your particular hearing loss • **3 PLUG-IN TUBES,** replaced as easily as a light bulb—to assure you uninterrupted hearing. Offered by no other hearing aid • **INCONSPICUOUS,** flesh-color ear piece and cord • **QUALITY RECEPTION,** natural, clear, noiseless, powerful. A *lifetime* hearing aid.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

BELTONE HEARING AID CO.
Dept. L69, 847 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7

*Sirs:* Please send FREE booklet on BELTONE Mono-Pac.

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS___________________________
CITY & STATE________________________

*(Continued from page 56)*

and all your customers will be prospects for my antiques."

Mitch grinned. She had her dad's flair for business, all right.

IT was dark when he sauntered home. His indolent gait was camouflage.

"You're not to tell anyone—not anyone," Sabina had commanded.

"Not even Viv," he had agreed, but he did owe her something. If she hadn't come bristling in on him this morning he would never have practically fallen into Sabina's yard. His magnanimity turned him up on Vivian's doorstep that night laden with candy and flowers of penitence.

"Oh, Mitchell!" She had been crying and Mitch could see she was foolishly glad to see him. He ought to do something to make up to her for what he was about to do to her—something really sacrificial.

"Viv, if you really want me to, I'll see your psychiatrist," he blurted out.

"You—you will? Oh, Mitchell, that's wonderful!"

HE had reason in the days to come to doubt the wisdom of his impulse. Somehow the whole town knew about it at once and people he met on the street greeted him with that false cheer assumed in the presence of the doomed.

"You're looking great, Mitch—never better." "Taking it easy, eh? Lucky stiff!" "Drop around at the club, fella. Take your mind off your troubles."

And there was Mr. Harper phoning his mother. "Tell Mitchell I understand perfectly and to take all the time he needs." And even Mom herself fussing over him. "If there's anything you'd like, Mitch. Your breakfast in bed, maybe—"

Only to Sabina did he feel he could vent his outraged feelings.

"This whole town behaves as though I was nuts," he fumed.

"You are," she agreed. "Why'd you ever get tangled up with that wacky doctor?"

"He's not wacky. He's a right guy. You can really talk to him."

Sabina looked worried. "So you told him about our shop?"

Mitch squirmed. "Gee, Sabina, I didn't mean to, only—"

"I knew it. Mitch Ryan, you've ruined everything."

Sabina's chin quivered.

Mitch stared at her, appalled. "But, Sabina, what's the difference?"

"He's in cahoots with your girl. Between them they'll find some way to bust us up. Any day you'll be back in the bank, and for my part dad's welcome to you. I'm through."

Her sudden exit left Mitch stunned. He wandered aimlessly around the place waiting for her to come back and knowing she wouldn't. She had done wonders in a week. Showcases in place, spices, shortening, and bins of flour on hand. Sunday—that was tomorrow—he was to try out the ovens. Monday his OPEN FOR BUSINESS shingle would be hung.

Sabina had been swell. Now she'd run out on him. Women!

Viv driving him one way, Sabina another. He'd show them. He jerked off his coat.

Bowls and plates clanked. Bake up a batch of samples and distribute them personally right after church in the morning. Folks were still exclaiming about "Those delicious doughnuts and rolls" the Scout Cubs had handed out. Their mysterious origin had engendered lots of talk.

Presently the huge kitchen smelled of spice and bubbly fruit juices, and Mitch was happily unaware that it was evening and that his preoccupation was causing violent repercussions.

At home, on the telephone, his mother had told Vivian that he had failed to appear for supper. At Vivian's house, Dr. Lee was coping with hysterics.

Dr. Lee's jaw was grimly set. He was resolving the next time he needed a rest to take it in a large city where one did not get embroiled in the lives of the natives. He had a good idea where Mitch was and no intention at all of telling Vivian.

"I will find him if you stay here and behave yourself."

His tone convinced her he meant just that. She nodded and sat still till he was off the porch.

Then she kicked off her high-heeled pumps, grabbed tennis shoes from the hall closet, and followed him.

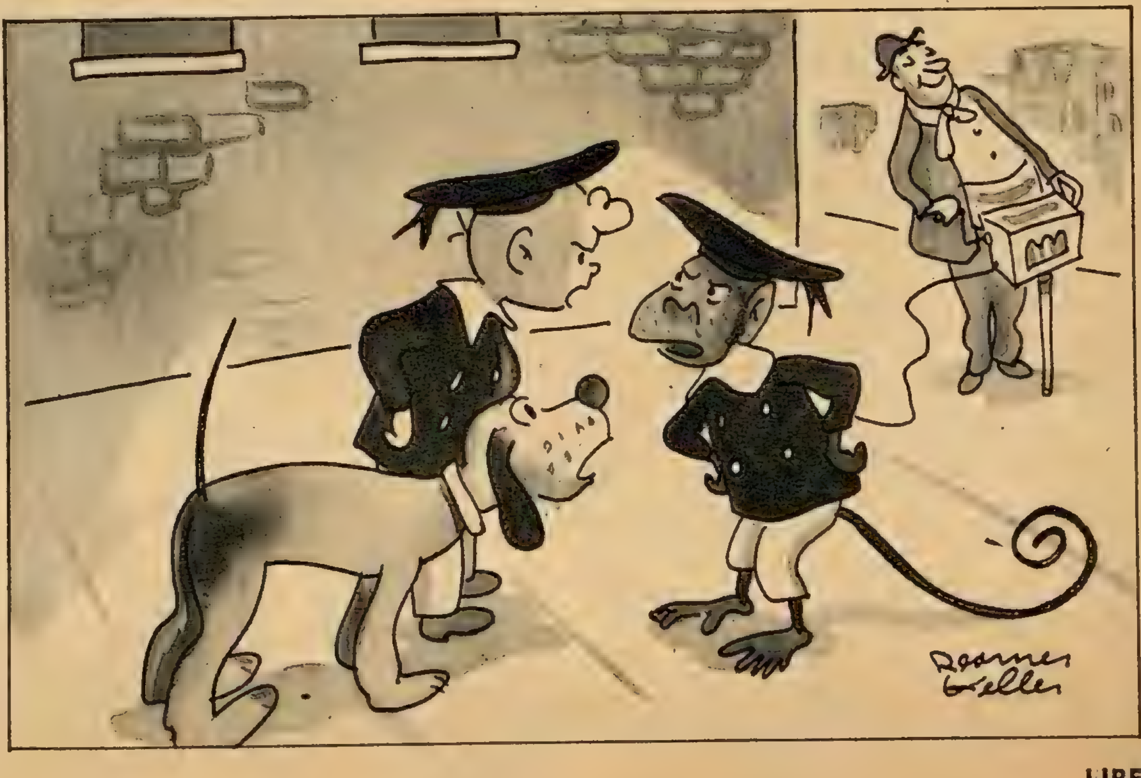
SABINA, doing forlorn vigil on a tree stump across the street, saw Dr. Lee. She had been sitting within smelling distance of Mitch's culinary ecstasies, reflecting bitterly on the threat to their plans. She had to do something—but what?

Dr. Lee's appearance confirmed her worst fears. "That darned psychiatrist," she muttered.

Next Vivian materialized out of the shadows. The way she slithered along in-

*(Continued on page 60)*

## HARDTACK



c
a
n
d
y

is a
delicious
food

# What do you get from what you eat?

*You get body-building proteins, efficiency-building vitamins and energy-building carbohydrates and fats from the fine foods shown here. Each supplies one or more of the basic "musts" in nutrition—and don't they look good! . . . Take a modern look at candy. Read the Nutritional Platform below.*

## THE NUTRITIONAL PLATFORM OF CANDY

**1** Candies in general supply high caloric value in small bulk.

**2** Sugar supplied by candy requires little digestive effort to yield available energy.

**3** Those candies, in the manufacture of which milk, butter, eggs, fruits, nuts or peanuts are used, *to this extent* also—

a) provide biologically adequate proteins and fats rich in the unsaturated fatty acids;

b) present appreciable amounts of the important minerals calcium, phosphorus, and iron;

c) contribute the niacin and the small amounts of thiamine and riboflavin contained in these ingredients.

**4** Candies are of high satiety value; eaten after meals, they contribute to the sense of satisfaction and well-being a meal should bring; eaten in moderation between meals, they stave off hunger.

**5** Candy is more than a mere source of nutriment . . . it is a morale builder, a contribution to the joy of living.

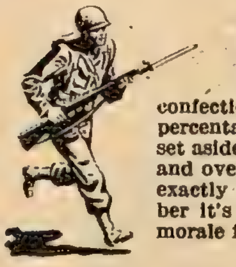
**6** Candy is unique among all foods in that it shows relatively less tendency to undergo spoilage, chemical or bacterial.

Copyright 1944—Council on Candy of the National Confectioners' Association

THIS PLATFORM IS ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING
IN THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

---

*Between meals or after meals, candy eaten in moderation has a worth-while place in the diet as long as total food intake includes all protective foods and stays within caloric requirements.*



**WAR NOTE ON CANDY**

All U. S. Army and Navy field and emergency rations include confections. By government order, a percentage of certain types of candy is set aside for our armed forces at home and overseas. So, when you can't get exactly the candy you want, remember it's helping to build energy and morale for G.I. Joe and G.I. Jane . . .

*COUNCIL ON CANDY OF THE NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION*
HEADQUARTERS: ONE NORTH LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO 2, ILLINOIS

*—an organization devoted to maintaining high standards of quality in candy and the dissemination of authoritative information on its use as an energy-producing, morale-building food.*

**What's Cookin'? . . . Anything . . . Anywhere with pocket-size SPEAKER "COOKIT"!**

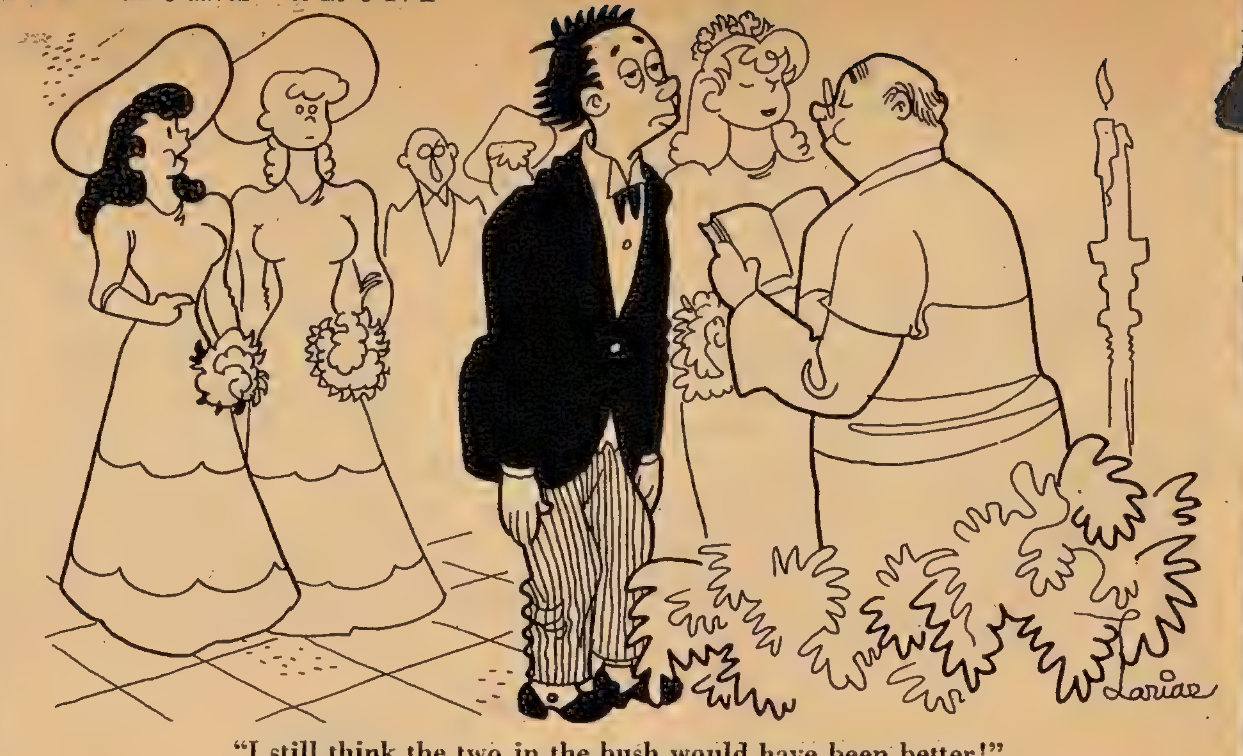
The only cooking kit of its kind . . . with hotplate and HEATABS, the miracle tablet-type fuel . . . fries, boils and heats foods and liquids on picnics, on hunting, fishing or camping trips. Sportsmen, tourists, doctors, dentists, chemists, nurses — all find good use for HEATABS, in common with mechanics, repair men, hobbyists, scouts and traveling mothers. U. S. and Allied forces all over the world use HEATABS to heat combat rations. Testimonials show that service men welcome them as gifts . . . Get the complete COOKIT — pocket-size Hotplate and instant-lighting HEATABS, flame tablets that burn with intense heat — for only $1 at your dealer's. If he doesn't have it, order direct — $1 postpaid; $1.55 in Canada. No C.O.D.'s, please.

HEATAB HEAT
FOOD SERVEDHOT

J. W. **SPEAKER** CORP.
3059 N. WEIL ST. • MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.
Canadian Speaker Corp., Ltd., Montreal 3

**MOTORISTS! When you have a flat insist on Speaker MATCH PATCH repairs.**

## THE HOME FRONT



"I still think the two in the bush would have been better!"

(*Continued from page 58*)

dicated she was about to infiltrate Mitch's defenses.

Sabina slid from her perch and joined the stalking party. Vivian plainly had no taste for picking her way up the dark path behind the picket fence. She waited a long time at the gate while Sabina fidgeted and debated whether warning Mitch would accomplish anything.

Finally Vivian went on. Sabina, close on her heels, edged around the yard while Vivian hesitated again on the porch. Light from the partly open kitchen door reached dimly through the front of the house, revealing nothing, and the only sound was of crickets in the grass until Mitch's voice boomed out.

"That's it, that's just it. You're doing fine, doc."

VIVIAN hesitated no longer. Neither did Sabina; she ran, her objective the rear of the shop. Dr. Lee and Vivian made two against one; she meant to get in there and pitch on Mitch's side.

A long table overflowed with pies, another was heaped with rolls, but neither Sabina at the window nor Vivian in the door leading from shop to kitchen gave them a passing glance. Their eyes focused in amazed disbelief on Dr. Willard Lee.

Dr. Lee was wearing an apron and a tall white hat. Dr. Lee was balancing a wide-bladed knife in one hand and a large pan in the other. He was working his way along a row of dark chocolate cake layers, pouring, then using the knife to swirl the puddle of frosting deftly to the edges. Mitch hovered over him.

"You're right, Mitch," Dr. Lee murmured. "You're absolutely right. It's nerve-steadying."

"What'd I tell you? And baking's even better. Part of it is knowing folks will enjoy it, but it's really terrific. Next week you come down and I'll show you the therapeutic value of rolling pie dough."

"You will? Say, that's swell! Maybe this is what I've needed, too. I'll—"

Nobody heard what he'd do. Vivian catapulted into their midst.

"You fraud! You double-crosser!" The full force of her rage blistered Dr. Lee. "You encouraged him. You lied to me. You said he was getting along fine."

"But he was—he is. There never was anything the matter with Mitch. Baking's absolutely right for him. Just because it offends your social attitude—"

Vivian wasn't listening. She had turned on Mitch. "And you! Don't you ever dare come near me again, you—you—baker!"

Sabina burst through the back door. "You snob! Mitch is too good for you. Lots of people in Fairpines are going to be happier and better fed because of him, but you're too dumb to care about that."

Vivian's eyes blazed. For a moment she looked as though she meant to settle this with fingernails and teeth, but Sabina's pugilistic stance deterred her. She managed a strained little smile and her thin high voice betrayed inner turmoil.

"Sabina Harper, you'll be sorry for this. Just wait till your father finds out." She whirled out of the room more swiftly than she had appeared.

"Viv!" Mitch started after her.

Dr. Lee caught his apron tails. "Good Lord, man! Let her go. How you ever wanted to marry a girl with her disposition—"

"I didn't, except maybe just at first," Mitch admitted, "but you can't just stand a girl up. And now I can't let her get Sabina into trouble."

Sabina looked unconcerned. "Dad's roar is supercolossal, but the worst he could do is demand you make an honest woman of me."

Mitch grinned. "You needn't worry over that. Viv was right about one thing: girls—let alone their fathers—don't go for bakers."

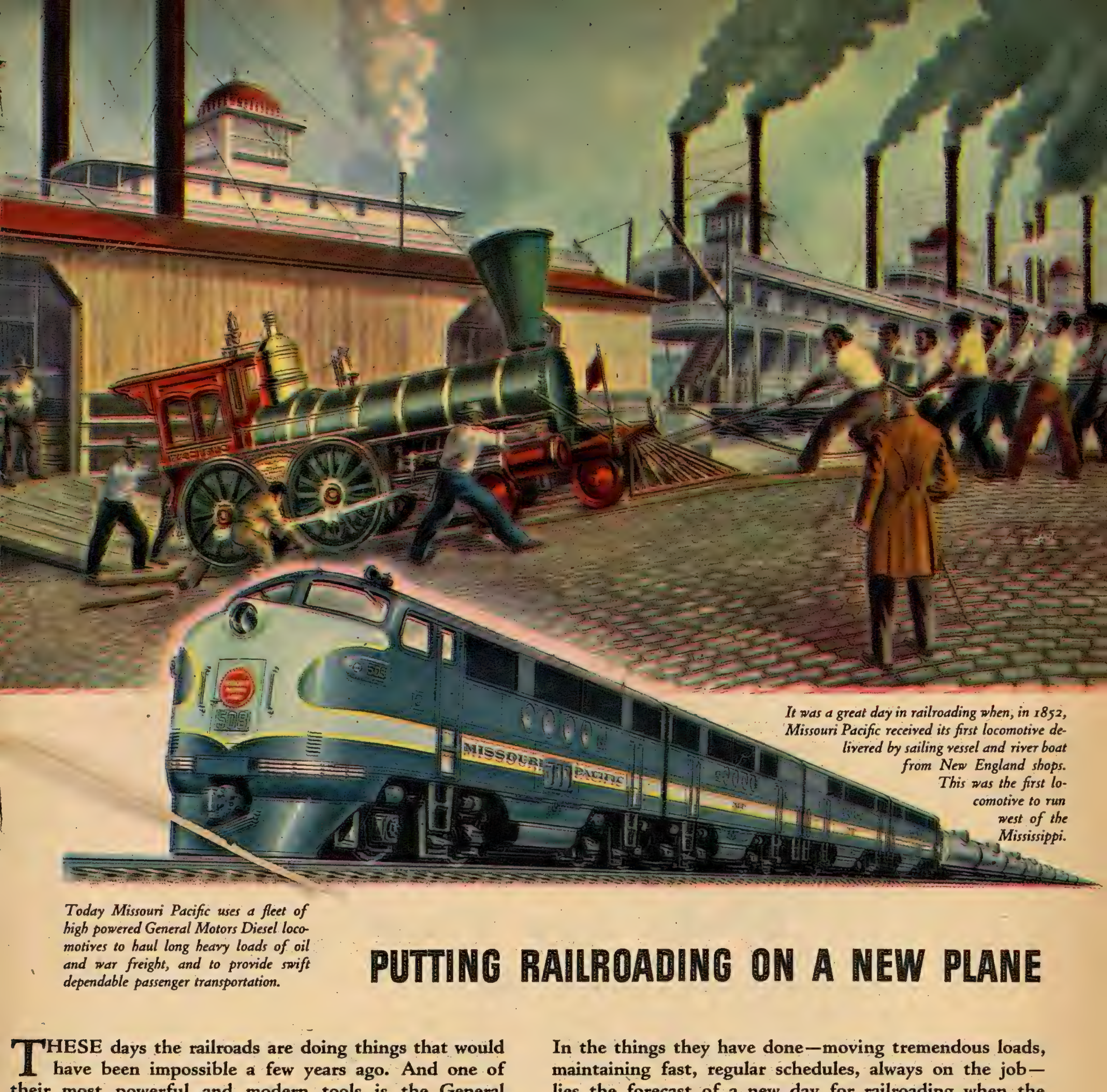
Sabina's eyes shot blue fire. "Mitch Ryan, you're a dope. In no time at all you're going to be one of the best-liked and most prosperous guys in this town and you can have your pick of girls. I went for a baker, didn't I? I aided and abetted you and—" She stopped because Mitch was regarding her with sudden attention.

Neither of them noticed Dr. Lee slipping quickly out the door. Mitch went to the table where she was suddenly busy building two- and three-layer cakes. He caught her hands, making her look at him.

"Sabina," he commanded, "will you repeat that, please?"

The nicest thing about Sabina was the way she always understood and agreed with him. She knew a lot of words weren't necessary. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him, and right then Mitch discovered another talent of which Vivian had failed to make the most. He recognized dimly, too, that he had not, after all, escaped the Harper cage. Only this time it was entirely to his liking, and just let anyone try to oust him!

THE END



*It was a great day in railroading when, in 1852, Missouri Pacific received its first locomotive delivered by sailing vessel and river boat from New England shops. This was the first locomotive to run west of the Mississippi.*

*Today Missouri Pacific uses a fleet of high powered General Motors Diesel locomotives to haul long heavy loads of oil and war freight, and to provide swift dependable passenger transportation.*

# PUTTING RAILROADING ON A NEW PLANE

THESE days the railroads are doing things that would have been impossible a few years ago. And one of their most powerful and modern tools is the General Motors line of Diesel locomotives.

Since the day that the first of these locomotives took the rails, they have rolled up the impressive total of more than 200 millions of miles of operation on America's major railroads.

In the things they have done—moving tremendous loads, maintaining fast, regular schedules, always on the job—lies the forecast of a new day for railroading when the war is over. Then the *full possibilities* in Diesel motive power may be applied to the carrying of passengers and freight throughout the country.

That is why it's a great new day for railroading, with greater days ahead.

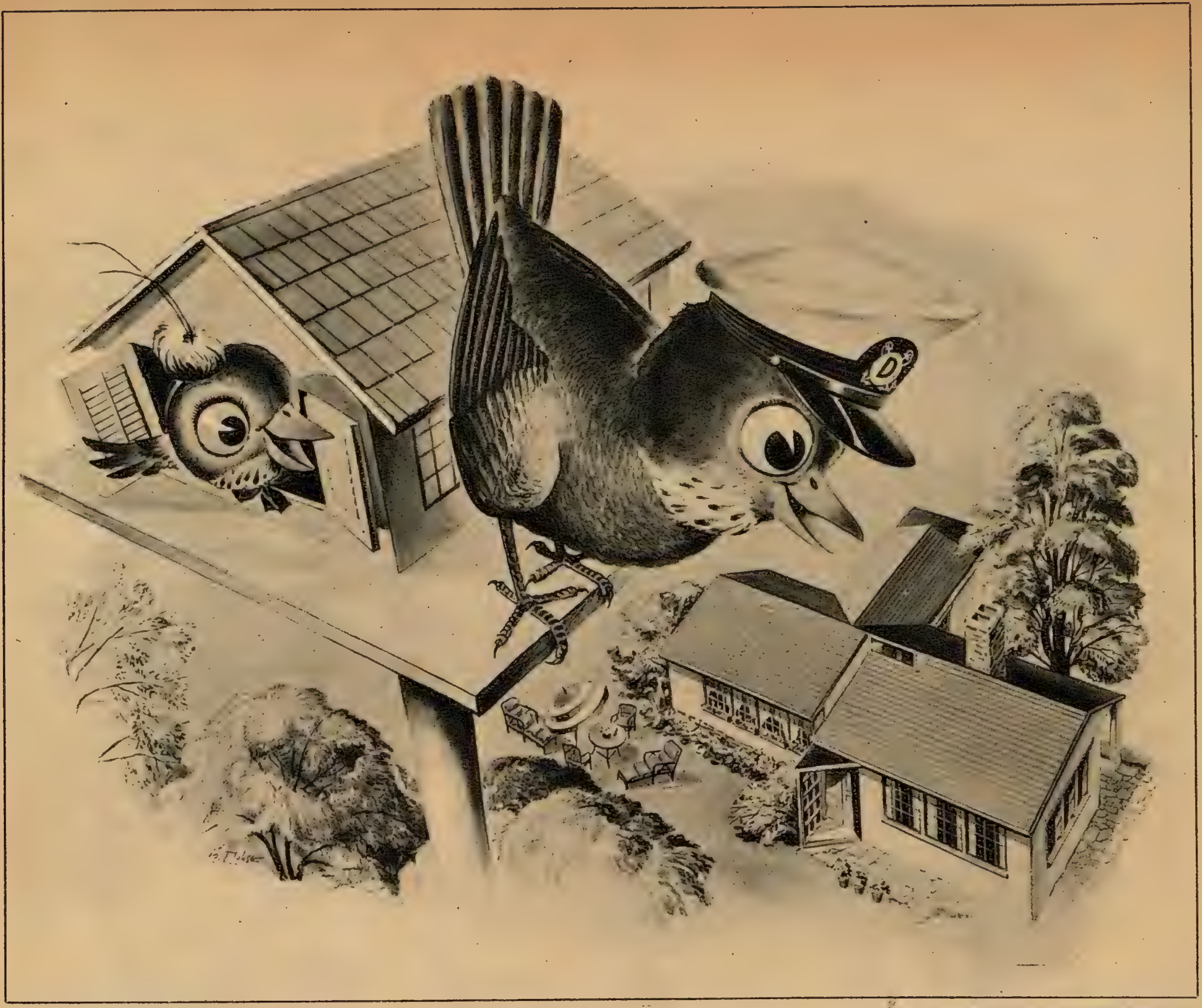
**ON TO FINAL VICTORY**
**BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

**LOCOMOTIVES** . . . . . . ***ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,*** La Grange, Ill.

**ENGINES** . . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

**ENGINES** . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.



COPR. 1945 DEFOE SHIPBUILDING CO.

# Bird's Eye View . . .

JUST looking at the outside, as Defoe's little feathered home-builders are, can't possibly convey any idea of the comforts and advantages which are being perfected for your postwar home!

● ● Many new features that will save hours of tiresome housework are among the advancements in functional design, planned by Defoe's Housing Division for homes of tomorrow, large and small. These scientifically planned Defoe home-units will offer not only beauty and individuality of design but also the financial advantages made possible by modern mass production methods.

● ● And remember that today, while you're investing in War Bonds to do your part in defeating the Axis . . . you're also steadily building up a nest-egg that will help finance your future home, when you're ready to build!

HOUSING DIVISION — DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICH.

*☆☆☆☆☆Five White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.*

*BACK THE ATTACK*
*—BUY WAR BONDS*

**Defoe**

*SHIPS FOR VICTORY*
*SERVANTS FOR PEACE*

# THIS MAN'S WAR

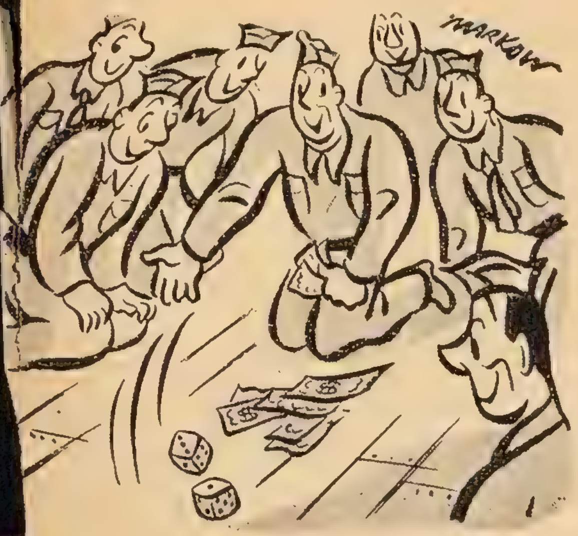
## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HERE'S a new way of presenting answers to your questions—answers in which the questions should speak for emselves. Do you readers like this, or ould you rather have me go back to the inting of both letters and answers? Let e know, because this is your column and run it any way you like.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

*Mrs. G. D. L., Pevely, Mo.* If your son s not written in a long time, and you ow the name of his outfit and his APO mber, write to his Commanding Officer, d request that gentleman to let you ow the state of your son's health.



ucky

* * *

*Cpl. Bob Hoffman, Philippines.* Congratations on being so lucky with those small bes! No, your sergeant is wrong when he ys that even if you have won the money gitimately you will not be able to bring ore than fifty dollars home with you. e Treasury regulation limiting money ought into this country to fifty dollars es not apply to military personnel. You n send back as much as you wish by ostal money order—and Old Sarge's adice is to do just that. Good luck is nobdy's permanent possession.

* * *

*Sgt. Paul Martin, France.* Your complaint at the Army should not base forthcoming scharges on a soldier's credits for (*a*) ngth of service, (*b*) months of overseas rvice, (*c*) combat awards, and (*d*) parthood, is lodged against the wrong department. The Army had nothing to do ith setting up the system. It let soldiers l over the world vote, and that's the way ey voted. If you feel it's an unjust sysm, I guess you'll have to take your gripe the million or so men in the field who oted, and not the handful in Washington.

* * *

*Mrs. J. S. B., Colfax, La.* Emergency furughs in the Army come out of allotted urlough time. In the Navy, however, mergency leaves for enlisted personnel e not charged against annual leave.

*Mrs. G. C., Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.* No, officers overseas are not issued wrist watches by the government unless one is absolutely necessary in the performance of an officer's military duties.

* * *

*M/Sgt. L. M., Omaha, Nebr.* Yes, the F. B. I. does check the fingerprints of each member of the Armed Forces. As to how else the F. B. I. works with the Army, listen to the authentic F. B. I. radio show, This Is Your FBI.

* * *

*Sgt. A. B., Fort Lewis, Wash.* No, you will not be entitled to extra mustering-out pay just because you received the Purple Heart.

* * *

*S/Sgt. S. K., Iran.* Despite the fact that you are a Canadian citizen, you qualify for the benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights by serving in the U. S. Army. You will not be able to get a loan secured under the Bill, though, if the money is to be used to purchase real estate located outside the United States, its territories or possessions.

* * *

*J. C. F., Santa Rosa, Calif.* Under the G. I. Bill of Rights, you are entitled to claim your old job back despite the fact that you have been offered a better one with more salary, if you do not feel you want to shoulder the extra responsibility. If you have trouble securing your old job, enlist the aid of Selective Service.

* * *

*Miss C. Lester, Wheeling, W. Va.* If your boy friend is being discharged, the U. S. Employment Service will do its best to find a job for him in West Virginia, despite the fact that his home state is Texas. When he applies to USES, have them forward his card to West Virginia, and the rest will follow in due time. Hope you'll be very happy!

* * *

*Lt. Ralph Barnes, Australia.* Yes, it's possible to get five years of free schooling under the G. I. Bill of Rights. The four-year maximum set up in the Bill refers to four calendar years. The school year is only nine months, however, so that by attending classes right through the regular semesters and also through the three months of summer school each year, you get five years of credits.

* * *

*L. F., New York, N. Y.* Yes, a soldier on overseas duty may allot all pay except flying, diving, paratroop, or glider pay, which may vary from month to month—plus $10 a month which he must retain to cover his expenses.

---

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

**MONGOL ...Master of Faster Office Work**

MONGOL ⊛ EBERHARD FABER U.S.A. 482 - No 2

It's a matter of record on which many an office manager can speak out. Since standardizing on MONGOL 482, they find that its smooth-gliding Complastic Lead is stronger too, resulting in fewer sharpening interruptions, more effective work. More contented workers, too. Say MONGOL to your Stationer.

**IN 5 DEGREES:**
No. 1—Soft; No. 2—Medium
F—Firm; No. 3—Hard
No. 4—Very Hard

101 USA Pink Pearl EBERHARD FABER

**EBERHARD**
NEW YORK **FABER** TORONTO
*Leadership*
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

## G. I. MOM
### Continued from Page 35

which he is helping to develop a pilot blackout preventive for the Army, he dons an apron at Mom's place and sweeps floors and clears tables.

The boys themselves, having the complete run of the place, instinctively reciprocate with broom and mop and in serving and clearing the tables. They give a hand with the dishes, carry in stores, guide newcomers to the beds, and see that no one gets out of line.

Breakfast is any time before lunch. Dinner is from six to eight. The boys drink up $100 worth of milk a day and consume more than 1,400 eggs at each breakfast. There is no limit on what a man may eat, at meals or in between meals. One boy, a merchant sailor, puts away eight to fourteen eggs at a sitting. A mere snack late one Saturday night for the house killed off 200 pounds of hamburger.

Such gastronomic enthusiasm makes food the leading item of expense. But there are others: laundry alone comes to nearly $1,300 a month. Altogether, expenses average around $4,000 a week.

These costs at first were met in a variety of ways. Individual contributors sent in monthly amounts ranging from one dollar to $200. N. T. G. got up a nightly collection at his Florentine Gardens which amounted to about $1,000 weekly. Show-star Beryl Wallace did likewise at Earl Carroll's.

Despite these contributions, and the proceeds from an occasional movie premiere or prize fight, funds were an ever-present problem. Little by little, debts mounted to a total of $15,000. Bill collectors and threats to cut off this and that service or supply became a part of each day.

Finally one of the Canteen workers gravely reported to Mrs. Lehr: “We have no food, no money, and no credit, and Saturday night is coming up. What are we going to do?”

“Go down to Leo the butcher,” Mom ordered, “and try to get thirty or forty pounds of meat. Tell him we'll pay him Monday.”

The butcher not only gave them the meat but told them to forget the bill.

Next, Mrs. Lehr phoned Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chariton, who run a vegetable stall at the Farmers' Market, and told them she needed vegetables. The Charitons kicked in from their own stand, and made the rounds of all the other stalls, gathering up beets, onions, potatoes, etc.

Somehow the worst never quite happened. Something always turned up at the eleventh hour to save the day. Once, when there wasn't a cent in sight, a check for $750 arrived from Lew Ayres, somewhere in the Pacific.

In another emergency, Monty Woolley made an excellently timed appearance with a soldier for a game of ping-pong, leaving a check for $1,000 when he departed.

This helter-skelter financing, however, eventually found Mrs. Lehr and the Canteen $25,000 in debt and hanging on the ropes. The place was about to fold up when Bill Wilkerson, publisher of the influential Hollywood Reporter, wrote an editorial praising the Canteen as the greatest thing Hollywood had contributed during the war. In it he appealed to the movie studios to save the Hollywood Guild Canteen and to support it with regular contributions. Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, and others echoed his plea and the movie industry went into action.

A committee was formed to take the financial burden off Mrs. Lehr's shoulders. This committee, composed of Jules Stein, head of Music Corporation of America, Al Lichtman, vice-president of M-G-M, and Hugh Lee, a former Paramount executive, now handles Guild finances.

The Hollywood Canteen, which had surplus, is contributing $52,000 a year t the Guild Canteen. The major studios ar adding another $40,000, and the smalle studios, newsreels, etc., are furnishing a additional $50,000 annually.

This seems like a lot of money, but th Guild needs every cent of it, even thoug most of the help is voluntary.

The Canteen is theoretically run by a board, consisting of such Hollywood luminaries as Mary Pickford, Janet Garne and Myrna Loy. But actually all directio comes from Mrs. Lehr alone. A group women suggested in the beginning tha each be responsible for a certain phase of the work, but to this proposal Mrs Lehr retorted: “You dames know very we that you would stick with it only until inconvenienced you!”

Several ladies have tried to interfer with Guild operations, with disastrous results to themselves. One laid down a rul against breakfast after eleven o'clock. Another decided the boys should all be i bed by ten at night. A third made an edic against the raiding of the icebox. Mom cleared out these women so fast they lef a vacuum in their wake.

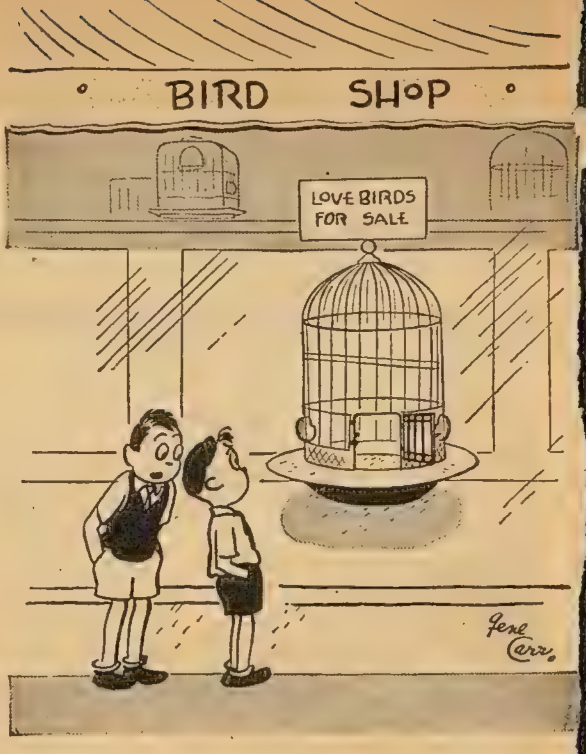
“When they start not thinking the wa I do,” Mrs. Lehr declares, “out they go.”

ANNE LEHR has been breaking rules almost from the time she was born in the little town of Birdsall in Alleghany County, New York, the eldest of three daughters of James G. Neill, a schoolteacher and planing-mill operator. “I am pure shanty Irish,” she says.

While she was teaching school at Johnstown, New York, Anne met and married Abraham Lehr, head of a glove factory i Gloversville, New York. Lehr had a friend one Samuel Goldwyn, who was entering the infant motion-picture business and who called on Anne's husband to becom business manager of his studio at For Lee, New Jersey. Presently Goldwy migrated to Hollywood, taking Lehr along as his vice-president. In the sprouting film town, Mrs. Lehr became a leading figure in the social swim. She became especially active in charity, working for the Assistance League, the Motion Picture Relie Fund, and the Red Cross.

As time went on, however, she rebelled

(*Continued on page 66*)



“They eloped!”

YOU'RE FIRST CLASS, PRIVATE!
A STAR SHAVE SURE PROMOTES A GUY!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

# *The beer of Tomorrow is here Today*

After the war is over, we'll travel in giant airliners that span the continent in a few hours or girdle the globe in a few days. But you don't have to wait till the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in SCHLITZ, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

**JUST**

**THE** *kiss*

**OF THE HOPS**

*...no bitterness*

286
MILWAUKEE

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

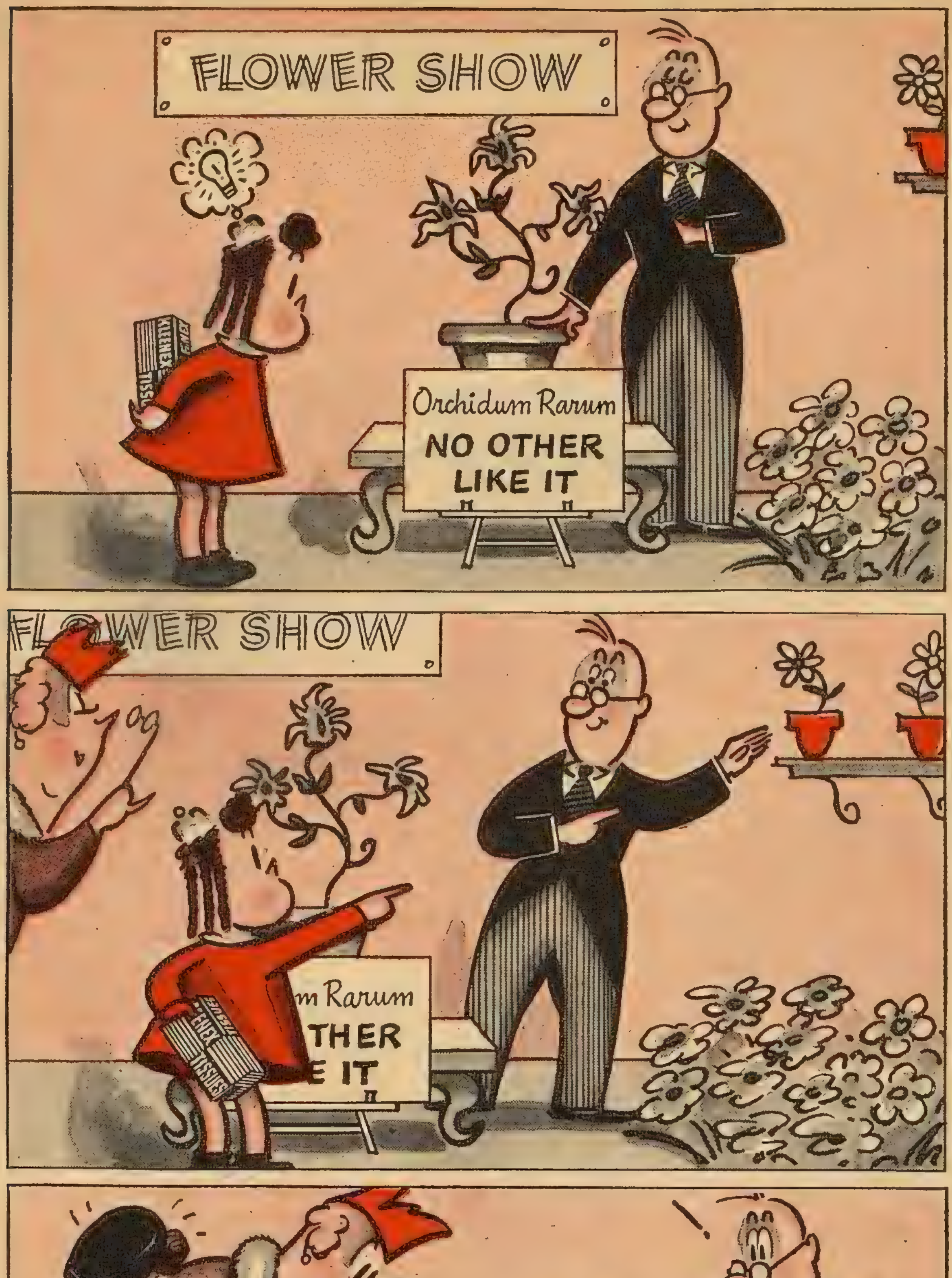
Schlitz

*Copyright 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.*

**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**

LITTLE LULU

by Marge


FLOWER SHOW
Orchidum Rarum
NO OTHER LIKE IT
FLOWER SHOW
m Rarum
THER
E IT
KLEENEX TISSUES
~~Orchidum Rarum~~
KLEENEX
NO OTHER LIKE IT
KLEENEX TISSUES
A special process keeps Kleenex
LUXURIOUSLY SOFT— DEPENDABLY STRONG
Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Copyright 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.

★ ★ BUY EXTRA BONDS NOW—during the Big 7th War Loan ★ ★

(Continued from page 64)

at organized charity because of the re tape. "They were always turning someo down or sending them somewhere else because of some silly technicality," she explains.

Fed up with it, she went back to playi bridge. But neither her personality n her reputation let her get away with th for long. A dozen times a day her doorb was rung by some down-and-outer wh had heard of her work for the needy.

Soon she was back in her former acti ity. With $500 donated by Ronald Colm and Eddie Cantor, she opened a little offic on Santa Monica Boulevard and rented a couple of houses near by, which she soo filled with needy mothers and childre At length she had five houses filled wit charges.

When the war took them off to jobs i defense industries and left Mrs. Lehr wit the Dustin Farnum house on her hand it was the first time in a good many yea that she had had no one to look after. Th situation, however, didn't last long an was happily solved by her idea for th Guild Canteen.

This woman, mother to a good part the Army, Navy, and Marines, and to boy of a dozen foreign nations, has two childre of her own: Neill, a former marine; an Helen, a grown daughter.

As if the Canteen doesn't take enoug of her energy, she has thrown open h own palatial sixteen-room home in fashionable section of Los Angeles to tak in ten working girls, unable to find livin quarters elsewhere.

Moreover, she is already concerning herself with the problem of rehabilitating "my boys" when victory is ours. Many boys discharged from the service after bein wounded, come back to the Guild for res or advice before going on to their home For those who wish to stay in southe California, Mom tries to find jobs.

One marine, a platoon leader on Guada canal and badly shocked, came to Mo who nursed him back to better health an then got him a job at the Republic studio Another marine who showed up had bee torpedoed on the way home and was th only survivor from his outfit of seventee men. Mom got him back in shape an fixed him up with a job as make-up ma at Warner's.

DEALING with battle-shocked lads isn easy, but Mom tries her best t handle them. There was Tony, a sailor wh had visited the Canteen in the early day and recently returned, after a year an a half. One leg was missing now, and h was changed in other ways, too. The ol spirit was gone and he worried about hi injury. He spurned Mrs. Lehr's invitatio to stay at the Canteen for a while. "No thanks," he said bitterly. "I've got plenty of dough and I can stay at a hotel. Let the other boys have the beds."

While Mom was trying to cheer him up without much success, Herbert Marshal the British actor, strolled in for a broadcast from the Canteen. Mom had Tony meet the actor. Marshall chatted amiabl for a few moments, then walked away.

Tony's eyes followed him. "He limps, Tony remarked to Mom. "Is there something wrong with his leg?"

"Sure," replied Mrs. Lehr. "Didn't yo know Herbert lost his leg in the last war?

Tony was thoughtful. "Then what am worrying about!" he said. "Herbert Marshall has done all right."

There was another silence. "Say, Mom, Tony said after a while, "do you think on of the boys would go down to the hote and pick up my bags? I think I'll stay he at home for a while."

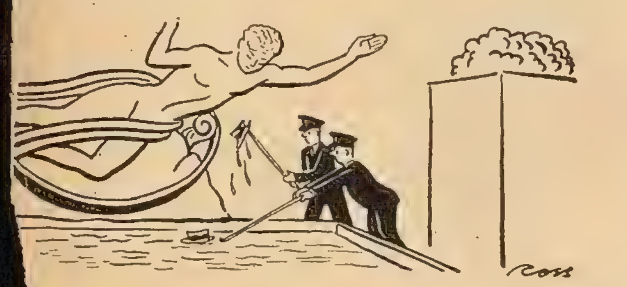
THE END

# Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

WITTY AND WISE: The man in the street is frequently as wise as he is vitty. The other day I watched the prorietor of an unlicensed flower pushcart as policeman warned him to beat it or he'd e hauled into night court. Hot-footing it own the street, the illegal florist sorrowlly apologized to the swarm of would-be ustomers he was leaving, "Sorry, folks. My lease is up." . . . And at Rockefeller Center, in the heart of New York City, I had the good fortune to overhear one attendant say to his helper as they fished two men's hats out of the Prometheus fountain:

"Let's leave them lay where they'll drip on the flowers." Obviously a nature lover, and practical too.



OS FROM THE USO: The USO club at 190 South Kentucky Avenue, Atlantic ity, New Jersey, needs old broken junk ewelry for convalescent soldiers who like patch it up and recombine pieces, makg new bracelets and earrings and neckces for their best girls. Many of the men re amputees on crutches or in wheel hairs from the Thomas M. England Genral Hospital. Some boxes of old costume ewelry have already been received, but e supply is almost used up by men who nd it fun to fiddle with the pieces and atch the colors and stones. Necklaces that ave hung around your neck too long, and racelets, clips, and rings that only cluter up that top bureau drawer will be reeived with open arms by Mr. Philip Russ, irector of the club.

### FAST WORKER or HOME, JAMES, HOME

**The scarcity of meat supplies**
**Has proved a blessing in disguise . . .**
**When there is none, it suits me fine—**
**do not have to wait in line!**

RUBBING IT IN: During the spring floods seventy-eight-year-old Mrs. Anna Denedy was forced to evacuate her home in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, for the fifty-eighth ime since she went there as a bride. . . . The OPA classed Dr. Lucas P. Kyrides as a onessential driver, not qualified to obtain ew synthetic tires for his car. This came o light as the scientist received the first Midwest award of the American Chemical Society for his discovery of synthetic rubber in 1913. He is credited with having made the first synthetic-rubber tire in this country, but officials of the Monsanto Chemical Company in St. Louis, Missouri, which employs Dr. Kyrides as an organic research chemist, were unable to present him with a new set of tires as they had intended to do when he was awarded the gold medallion. The OPA refused to rule his work essential, so the tired tire man now has to ride to his laboratory on the trolley.

CANDY HITS THE HIGH SPOTS: A four-ounce package of fudge, fondant creams, chocolate drops, sugar-coated gum, gumdrops, jelly drops, licorice drops, and chocolate-coated peanuts is issued to all of our combat fliers on missions of three hours or more. It is said that this little "air-crew lunch" adds 5,000 feet to the altitude fliers can reach without an oxygen mask. . . . In *every* emergency ration issued to *all* our fighters, there is candy. The most concentrated form of it is the D-bar, virtually all chocolate, milk, and sugar. It is issued for use in the worst fighting conditions. Captain White of the Quartermaster General office in Chicago, speaking at a luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria, stated candidly that the D-bar is given purely as a subsistence ration. The men find it bitter and don't like it, *but* it is high in calories and fortified with vitamins, and fits in a shirt pocket. . . . Hard candy, wrapped in cellophane, was the first to be shipped long distances to our fighting men because it kept well, was made in shapes that fit easily into small ration packages, and held its vitamin C despite torrid or freezing temperatures. In the years since Pearl Harbor our men have tired of it. The next candy offered them came in the form of compressed tablets which were durable and small. When the Army found that the soldiers were throwing their malted-milk and lemon-dextrose tablets away, it was clear that candy must *look* like candy to be acceptable. Since then, caramels, fudge bars, sweet-chocolate bars, fruit-jelly slices, nut rolls, and coconut bars have been developed which will not melt and ruin a ration packet. . . . While the enemy still enjoyed air superiority, candy was wrapped in plain olive-drab paper which would not be noticed if flung on the ground. Now, however, the various manufacturers, who in 1944 made $200,000,000 worth of candy for the armed forces, are allowed to design their own wrappings. This not only contributes advertising value for them, but adds morale value for fighters who enjoy candy more if it resembles what they used to buy at home. Prewar Americans ate an average of nineteen pounds of candy a year. Our armed forces consume an average of two and one half times that amount.

DRY
IMPERATOR
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE

For all Time and All Times

IMPERATOR
DRY IMPERATOR BRUT
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
Dry Imperator
Robin Fils Brand
Brut

"It's Naturally Fermented In The Bottle"

Sole Agents for U. S. A.
ROBINSON-LLOYDS LTD.
580 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

The World's Best Cocoa
At Less
Than
A Penny
Per Cup

QUALITY FIRST

VAN
HOUTEN'S
DUTCH PROCESS
COCOA

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON
VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA
THE WORLDS BEST
NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A.

C. J.
VanHouten
Invented
Cocoa
In 1828

DRINK
Squirt
IT'S "IN THE PUBLIC EYE"
5¢
Squirt
Squirt
FOR EXTRA GO!
America's "Natural" Mixer

Get an *extra* lift . . . with the greatest of ease. Squirt's grapefruit flavor is perfected to please. It's *the* sparkling, refreshing drink that gives you GO! Drink Squirt.

Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1945, The Squirt Company
Beverly Hills, California

## JAP PRISONERS TALK, TOO!

Continued from Page 23

see, it's this way: We don't love our enemies. They're as dirty and as treacherous fighters as the world has ever seen. We're not trying out our Christian ethics on men who took part in the horrors of Bataan. We're not sentimentally remembering that these men doubtless have wives and babies in Japan. We're not trying to remake them into future good members of a world at peace. We simply don't care. What we are doing is saving American lives."

Much has been written about the fanatical qualities of the Japanese: how they will fight to the last ditch; how they will spend themselves in hopeless *banzai* charges against our positions; how they prefer suicide to capture. And all this is true. They *are* tricky and dangerous fighters. They do expend themselves in fruitless charges until the *banzai* cry turns to a death rattle in their throats. And they will often kill themselves rather than be taken. But this last is due to an overwhelming conviction that if captured they will be tortured as a preliminary to death. It takes time to eradicate that.

WHY do we want to eradicate it? Because once a prisoner realizes that he is not going to be horribly put to death, or put to death at all, his fanaticism vanishes. He becomes a human being with hope of a reasonable future, and he talks.

Even when a prisoner gives wrong information or refuses to talk, as our men are instructed to refuse, he is not punished. Food and cigarettes are still distributed and medical care is still available. The man is simply not questioned any more.

This kindness does not win over the Japanese. They do not practice kindness; nor in their world, where everything is regulated by custom, do they know what it means. Their superiors in their own Army are never kind to them, and if they were, it would be interpreted as a sign of weakness. However, it is likely that the prisoner's ego will be humiliated by the fact that no repressive measures are taken against him, that he is apparently considered a creature of no importance, not even worth tormenting. So he often hastens to restore his ego by climbing on the band wagon with the rest of his friends.

We do not get many prisoners. The Japs' will to fight, their fear that capture is worse than death, are against it. Moreover, this fear is reinforced by a conviction instilled from childhood that there is no more glorious death than one on the field of battle. And our men realize that the taking of prisoners entails grave risks but the dividends are so great that the are urged to attempt it.

IN fact, our men are more willing to tak prisoners than the Japs are to b taken. To counteract this, psychologica warfare has many a trick in its bag, although some of them may not be told. Like every warring nation, we make use of propaganda. But it is propaganda so truthful that eventually it has to be believed. For example, we drop small Japanese-language newspapers from planes. In them we describe the course of the war If another airfield has been lost by us i China, we tell of it—the Japanese know it anyway. In the same paper we ma mention that all is tranquil on our Pacif coast and that the harvest of grapes was unusually good this year. So the story believed by the prisoner lieutenant, that Japanese troops were flaunting themselves in the streets of San Francisco, either falls with a dull thud or at least a seed of doubt is implanted in the Jap soldier's mind. And once he doubts one statement of his superiors, he is likely to doubt all.

Handbills are dropped asking pertinent questions: Why are Japanese troops given such wretched medical care? Why are they exposed to mosquitoes while our men are provided with nets? What has happened to the rice which should have been airdropped to isolated outposts? Is it wanting because there are no planes? With each question it is pointed out that their enemies have what they lack and that there is enough for them, too. Photographs show Jap troops well fed and comfortable behin our lines. In every case the faces of th soldiers are left blank so that they cann be exposed to their friends back home a "cowards" who have surrendered rather than die. These photographs, of course, ar invitations to other Jap troops to surrende

We also drop "surrender passes," alon with the handbills and photographs. Th passes are often found on the bodies o Jap soldiers who evidently considere using them.

In preparing these passes we take int consideration the fact that many Japanes are illiterate, so for text we substitut pictures which tell the story just as well.

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

### *(Unabashed)*

**HOCUS-FOCUS:** To take silly snapshots.

**AB-BREATHE-IATE:** To make life shorter.

**BRICK-A-BRAC:** Baked clay curio.

**HERR CUT:** A German barber.

**CALABOOZE:** Jail for drunkards. (A hootchgow!)

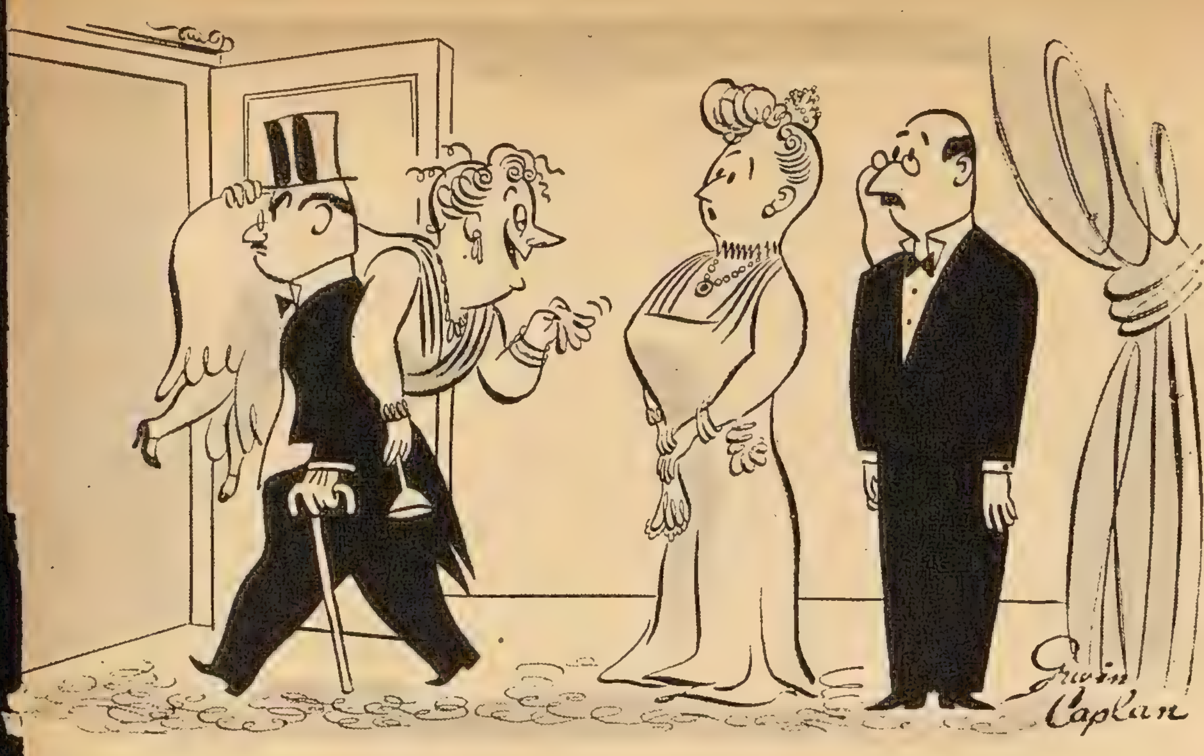
**AFRODIZZYAC:** Love potion for Othello.

**TEECHER:** Golf pro.

**TECHSBOOK:** What they study at M. I. T.

**CLOTHES-UP:** Portrait of a woman hanging wash.

**HIRE-WATHA:** To put an Indian on the payroll.



"Thank you very much—I don't remember when I've ever spent a lovelier evening!"

Doubtless the Japanese High Command s its own methods of counteracting our opaganda. This is probably not too dif- ult, because the rank and file of their ldiery still believe that they will be rtured and killed if they surrender; that ey will be forever disgraced; and that ey are really winning the war. But here id there cracks in the armor do appear. nd if we can ever convince them that ey have been lied to and exploited, the acks may widen into really important eaks in their psychological armor.

SUBMITTED these conclusions to an of- ficer, who said, "They are all right as far they go, but Jap fanaticism is prac- lly untouchable so long as troops are ler the influence of their own command. you remember the hospital incident?" lid.

Not long ago in Burma the British cap- red a hospital which held 100 or more tients. The staff had fled, but the patients mained. They were all dead. Each man y on his back, his hands folded. And on ch man's breast were mementoes of his rmer life: a little flag, a letter, a picture a woman or a child. Before retreating, e staff had poisoned them all.

t might be assumed that they had been led so that the information they un- ubtedly possessed would not fall into r hands. But the evidence is against it. ie position of the bodies, the lack of uggle indicated a mass will for self- struction. They were useless to their nperor and their land, but they could still e for them with a futile heroic gesture. nd they had.

This is profoundly discouraging from e viewpoint of psychological warfare. et it should be remembered that in this stance members of the staff were not ill, d were determined men, able to impose eir will on the sick soldiers. Had staff d patients been equally miserable, it ight have made a difference.

An example of that very situation oc- rred on the Chindwin River front where e British Fourteenth Army was operat- g and where a group of about 200 Jap- ese had been cut off from retreat. Since ey were well armed and rather strongly trenched, it was considered inadvisable attack them. They were isolated any- ay and could do no real harm. They could rrender or they could starve. They chose starve.

But one day, while driving in an am- lance, we came on three of them who had dragged themselves from their position and had laid themselves on their blankets in full view from the road. The driver stopped and we examined them. Not one of the three could have weighed more than seventy-five pounds. Two were so far gone that their deaths were only a matter of an hour at most, but the third did have some slight chance for life.

The ambulance man decently covered the faces of the first two with their blankets, and the third he gently placed in his car. It had happened before, he said. But I wondered why men who had dedicated themselves to death by starvation chose at the ultimate eleventh hour to make a bid for life. And the answer may be that where all were equally wretched, the habit of command and the power of example had disappeared, and that then the will to live had reasserted itself. There were no longer determined men to tell them what to do.

So we can speculate on what will happen on a larger scale when Japanese cities are destroyed by fire and bomb, when supplies grow less and less, when the superiority complex begins to falter, and when the strong men who rule the country are killed off by war or "honorable" suicide. It may be then that the masses of the people will prefer capitulation to a further futile struggle.

WE may presume that the Japanese are not, at bottom, greatly different from other human beings the world over. We may also presume that those qualities of self-abnegation which make them notable foes can be broken with the right formula, and that the belief in their own invincibility may be hastening this process, now that they are being beaten back. The invincibility complex, which at times is an asset, may also become a liability. For the man who believes himself beyond the framework of human fallibility is likely to crack up more completely when he learns this is not true.

Yet we must not delude ourselves that the war against Japan will be anything but long and hard. No student of the Orient, and no soldier stationed there, believes anything else. Psychological warfare may pave the way for our victories. It can and does crack the enemy armor here and there, but pending some totally unexpected development, the victories will still be won the hard way—with bombs and guns.

THE END

*Advertisement*

SPORTS DEPT
COLIN ALLEN

*"My only game was Gin Rummy until I started eating Wheaties."*

Even an indoor sportsman can get a lot out of a good breakfast—starting with milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Real "go-get-'em" nourishment in those big whole wheat flakes, and swell "second helping" flavor. Get started eating Wheaties—tomorrow morning!

daddy
dear old
daddy!

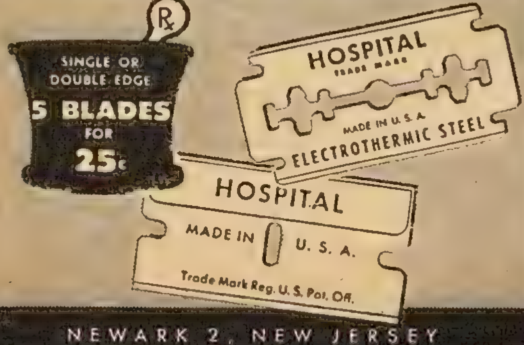
..keep him smiling every morning with this refreshing shave!

There will be cheers for the whole family from Dad on Father's Day when you give him HOSPITAL Brand Razor Blades. They're the ideal gift because they're soothing to tender faces . . . and help start the day with a smile!

Concave-honing does the trick . . . gives a keener, sturdier, longer life edge . . . makes "once-over" shaving sufficient. No smarting skin, no shaving irritation—but cool, refreshing shaves in every blade.

So give him HOSPITAL Brand Blades—and make every day a happy Father's Day!

HOSPITAL
BRAND
RAZOR BLADES



NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

## NOT SO DUMB AS A FOX

Continued from Page 33

get him out of town. He *had* to raise the money. Sudden panic seized him.

"Perhaps," Danny suggested, reading his mind, "Al Seigal would lend you the money. You must have some bonds and some insurance."

"Aye," McShane admitted. He had some bonds. He had some paid-up insurance. He'd also other plans for the money.

Danny held up his right hand. "And I'll never come back. I swear it."

Sweat beading his cheeks, McShane agreed. "O. K. I'll try to raise the money. But only on one condition."

"Yeah?" Danny demanded suspiciously.

"That you go to Mexico, or somewhere where no one will ever know," McShane continued stolidly, "get a divorce from Sally and mail me a copy of the decree. And you'll do it as soon as you can."

Danny pledged him his word. It was worthless and McShane knew it. But it was the best that he could do. Killing Danny would get him nowhere. The body would be identified. Sally would learn of it. And nothing would ever be right between them again.

"Wait," he said curtly, in parting.

AL SEIGAL'S cigar store was dark, but light shone through the door leading into his living quarters. Seigal came to the door himself. A dark-eyed slim little man with a deeply lined face and an ever rolling cigar, he had been a thorn in the side of the Department for years. Usury was the least of which he had been suspected.

Danny, McShane recalled, had been one of Seigal's boys. The little man worked that way. He never dirtied his own hands. McShane knew from bitter experience. He'd failed to get a conviction on five of six separate counts. The sixth case was still pending.

Seigal studied him with opaque eyes. He didn't seem surprised. "Yeah? What do you want, McShane?"

"Money," McShane admitted. "I've got to raise some money."

Seigal hesitated briefly, then opened the door still wider. "Well, don't stand out there like a fool, where anyone could see you." In the dark of the store, he sneered, "When the shoe's on the other foot, eh? How much money you got to raise?"

His voice was smug, self-satisfied. McShane wanted to beat his face in. Fo Sally's sake he didn't. For her sake he took his cap in his hand and crawled.

Once he had named the amount that he needed, Seigal asked no more questions He had money to loan. He was willing t lend it to McShane. However, as security he insisted that McShane assign his ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy to him Interest would be eighteen per cent month plus a fifty-dollar payment on the principal.

McShane agreed to everything an signed what was put before him. The onl point on which he reneged was in givin his promise to change his testimony in th pending case.

The little man's eyes narrowed slightl then he waved the point to one side. "O. K Let it go," he agreed. "Perhaps that won be necessary." He took a sheaf of bil from the top drawer of his desk and tosse it over. "Babies cost money, eh?"

"Yeah. Babies cost money."

Out on the hot silent street again, th money buttoned inside his tunic, McSha felt somehow unclean. He would nev be out of debt again. All of his drean for Sally were dreams. He could never e plain where his money had gone and w going.

A cruising cab driver slackened spee saw his uniform, and drove on. McSha walked slowly up the street on the fa side from the alley, hoping that Sergean Blake hadn't taken it into his head t make a spot check. He had never felt s alone. Even the beat that he had walke for years seemed strange. His footstep seemed magnified.

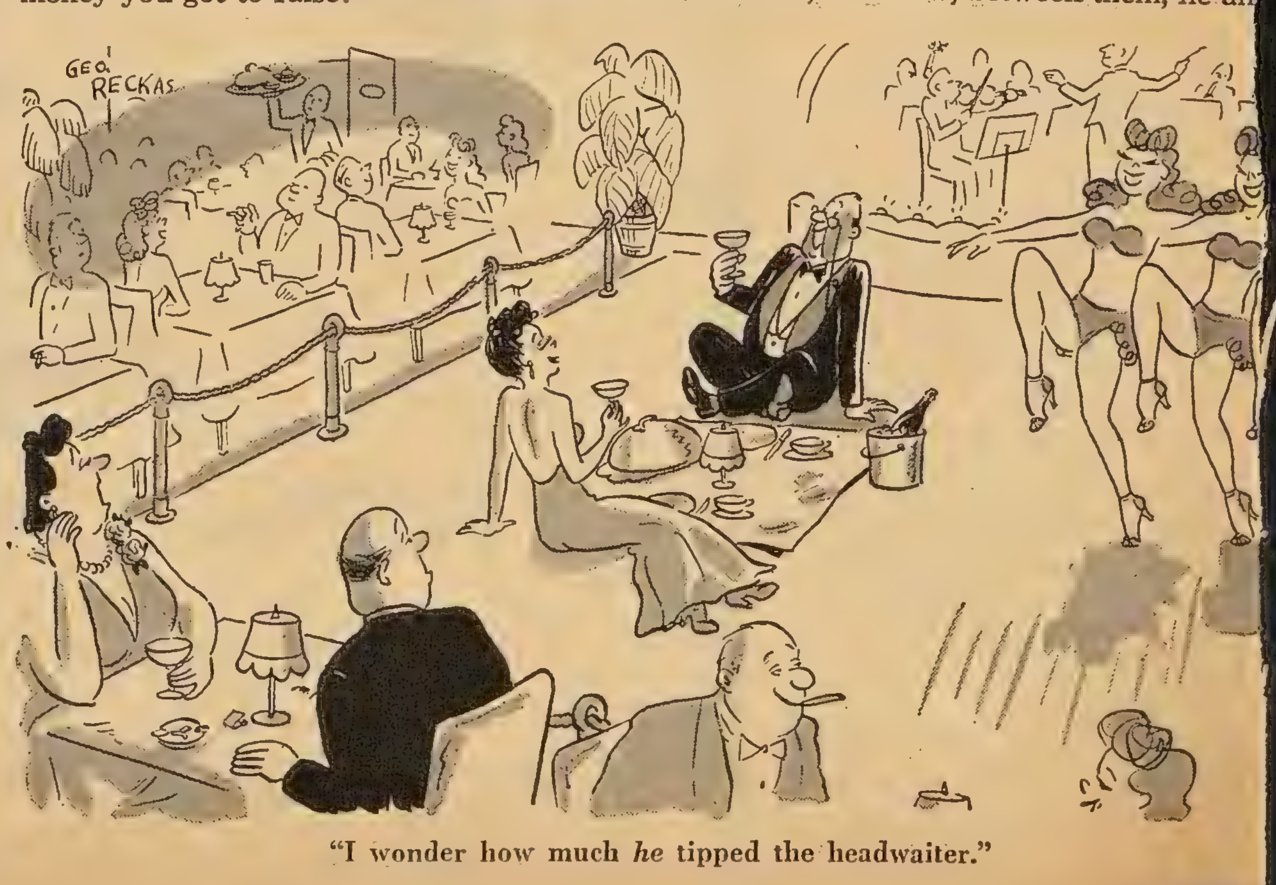
Father Wolinsky's light was still on, bu his shades were drawn. From the far sid of the street he could not see Danny i the alley. But he knew that he was ther

The bells of St. Angus tolled one o'cloc as he crossed the street to his pull bo Ginty's shades, too, were drawn, but few late customers were laughing heartil McShane started to rap on the glass, a let it go. After all, what did it matter?

Carlson complimented him in pullin his box on time but had no news. "And o your end?"

"Quiet," McShane said truthfull "Everything's very quiet."

He closed the box and waited briefl for some miracle to happen. He decide grimly that it would be miracle enough Danny kept his word. If only he coul trust him, somehow, between them, he an



"I wonder how much *he* tipped the headwaiter."

Father Wolinsky could work out the other angle.

The money didn't matter. And then, for he first time, it struck him like a blow. Eighteen per cent of five thousand dollars was nine hundred dollars. He had promised to pay nine hundred dollars a month, plus ifty dollars on the principal of his loan. Yet he knew, and Seigal must know, that he only made one hundred and eighty a month.

The short hairs on his neck began to ingle. Something was screwy somewhere. He started to cross the street to return to he cigar store, and stopped.

Something was more than screwy. Why hadn't Seigal been surprised to see him? Why had he been so willing to lend money o a man whom he hated? Why hadn't he bothered to count the sheaf of bills that he had taken from his desk drawer?

McShane unbuttoned his tunic and ounted the sheaf of bills in the light that hone through the cracks in Ginty's blinds. t came to an even five thousand. He replaced the money in his shirt pocket and read the copy of their agreement that Seigal had given him.

No interest was stated on it. In the form of a judgment note, it was merely an I O U not for five but for ten thousand dollars. More, this was the third of August and he note had been dated the third of June.

McShane's face colored slowly. Seigal had played him for a sucker. So had Danny, for that matter. Danny had known all the ime. He and Seigal were in this together. They knew how he felt about Sally. And once he had the money in his hand they had expected him to rush back to the mouth of the alley to—to what? The assignment of his insurance seemed to settle hat.

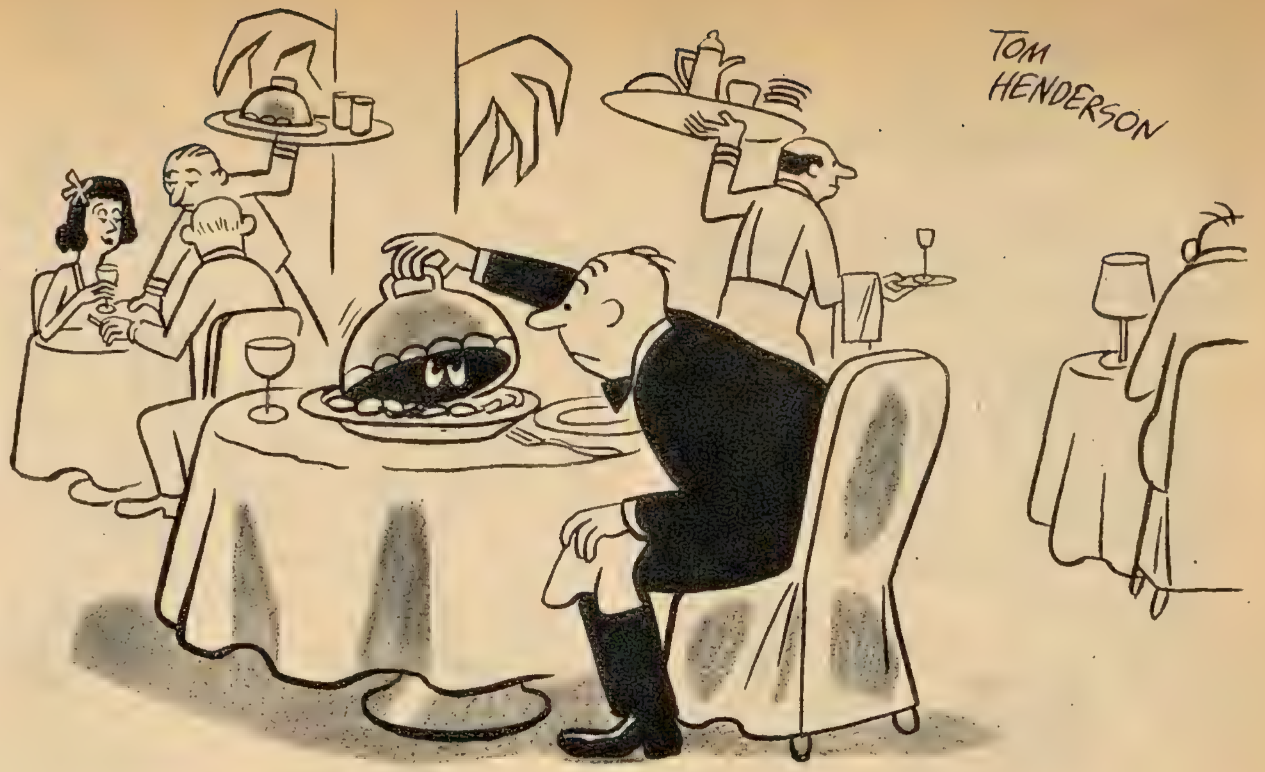
He buttoned his tunic with steady fingers and walked rapidly toward the alley. Sometimes the fox grew too smart. Sometimes it was a mistake for him to stop and laugh at a big-footed hound. In fact, now that he came to think of it, McShane had heard of hounds catching lots of foxes, but he'd never once heard of a fox, or two foxes for that matter, ever catching one hound.

As he neared the alley his anger mounted. He'd beat Danny's crooked head off and use it for a football. He'd—

His anger faded as suddenly as it had come, leaving him drained and shaken. Seigal was one matter. Danny was another. And beating Danny's head off still wouldn't make things right. Sally would never forgive him. She'd never believe his story. She'd always think that Danny had tried to come to her and he had killed him.

McShane stopped abruptly, fingered a cartridge from his gun belt and weighed it on his palm. It was too late to turn back now. But Danny should have his chance. He slipped his gun from his holster, stooped from the waist, and pressed its muzzle gently against the walk. If Seigal was in this alone, if Danny was leveling, O. K. If not, the hell with him. And the sooner he went there, the better.

He holstered his gun and walked on.



No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS but—
ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
FINEST SELECTION
IN U.S.A.
INC. NEW YORK

An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

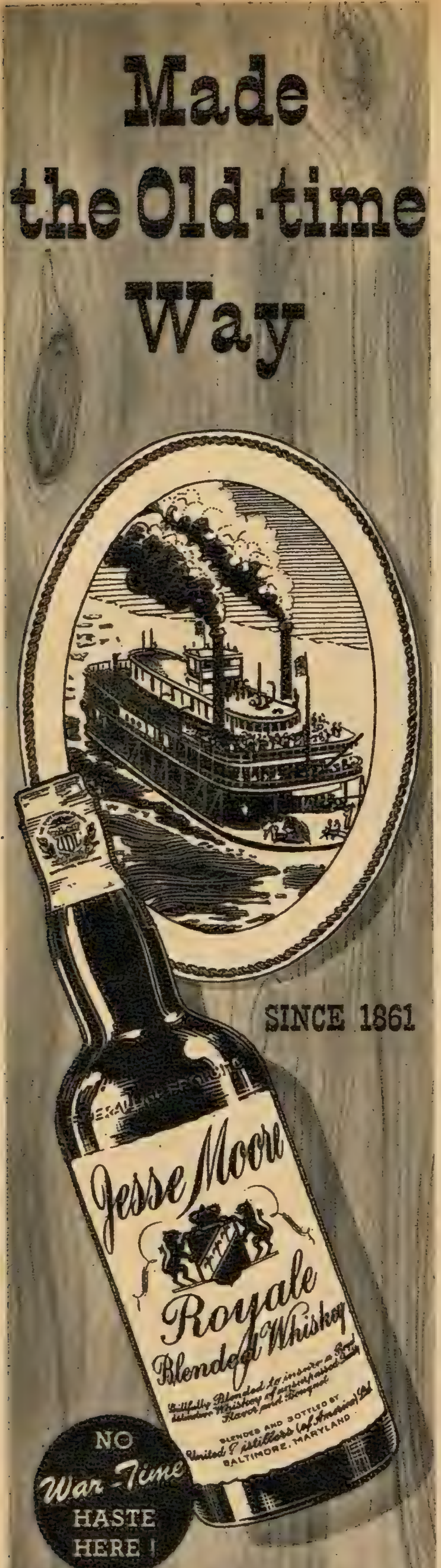
**PHILIP MORRIS** are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

*—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS.

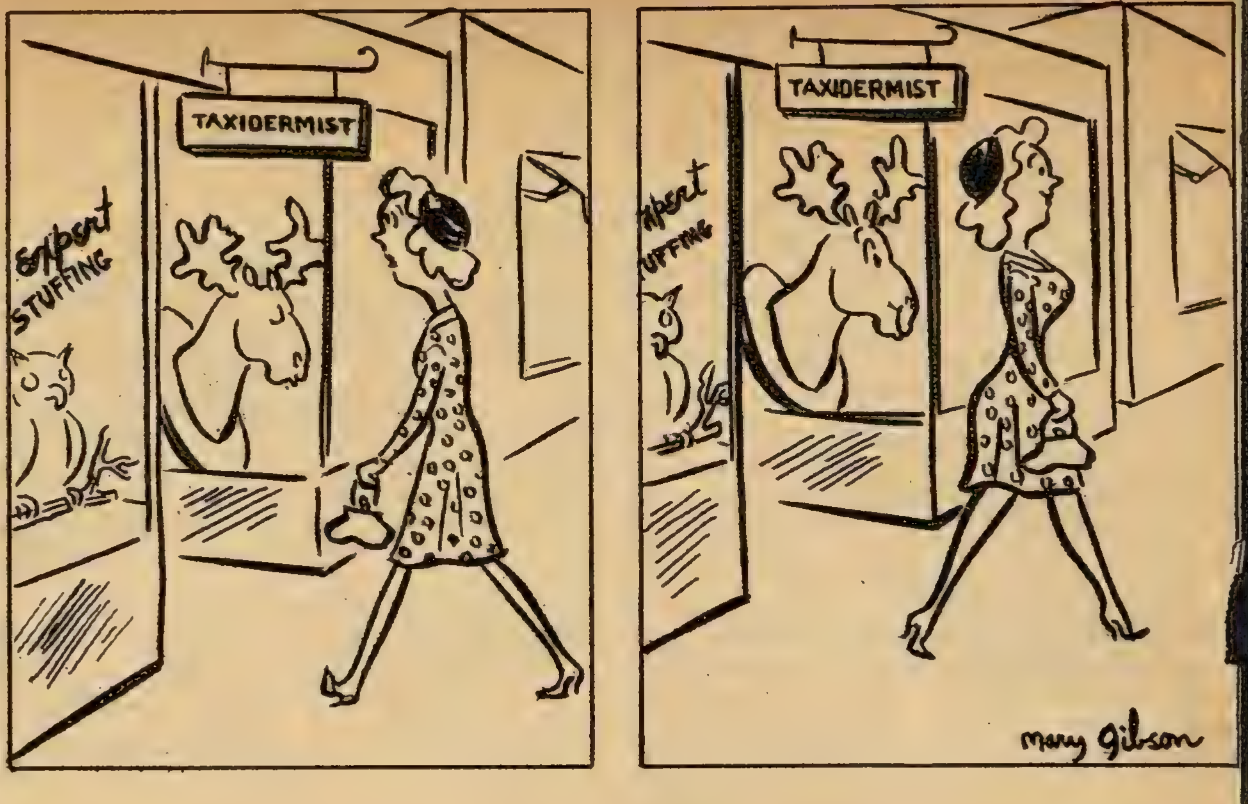
FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION


Made the Old-time Way

SINCE 1861

NO War-Time HASTE HERE!

Jesse Moore
ROYALE
BLENDED WHISKEY
86 PROOF–75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
UNITED DISTILLERS (of America) LTD.
Baltimore, Maryland



Danny's whine had changed to a snarl. "You took your time."

"I've the money," McShane answered quietly. "Seigal was glad to lend it to me." He unbuttoned his tunic as he spoke. "And you'll keep your word, Danny?"

"Yeah. Sure. Of course." He took the money and stuffed it into his pocket. "What do I care about Sally!"

McShane began to rebutton his tunic, felt his gun being snatched from its holster, and fell back a step with a sensation akin to relief. The whole affair was out of his hands. What happened now was up to Danny.

Curses tumbled over each other in their haste to be out of Danny's mouth. "Why, you dumb, stupid, flat-footed cop! You fell for it just like Seigal said you would. You know what's going to happen to you?"

McShane told him truthfully, "No."

A FAINT shaft of moonlight found its way to the alley between the tall warehouse walls and lighted Danny's face dimly. It wasn't handsome any more as the man back of the flesh showed through.

"You're going to see me, copper. And on account of what you've done to Sally, you're going to blow your brains out with your own service gun."

"Don't do it, Danny," McShane warned. "We thought you were dead. We waited over a year."

"Then you married my wife."

"We thought you were dead," McShane repeated.

A second stream of curses flowed from Danny's mouth as he nerved himself to pull the trigger. "Now she's going to have a kid. She's in the hospital now. But you're going to pay for it, sucker. Al and I will collect your insurance."

McShane glanced at the gun. "And that story that you told me?"

The returned dead man admitted, "Most of it is true. But I hadn't been court-martialed, see? I was *waiting* a court. And all of the witnesses against me were killed in Sicily. So all that the Army could do was turn me loose with a dishonorable discharge."

"And you'd bring that back to Sally?"

The moonlight glinted on the gun. "Yeah. I'm moving in, sucker. And you're paying the freight all the way. It can't miss now, see?"

"No," McShane admitted soberly. "I don't see how it can."

"So long, sucker," Danny grinned—and pulled the trigger.

CORBIN, the medical examiner, brushe his trouser knees and walked over t the knot of men clustered in the headlights of a headquarters car. "I've seen lot of dead men," he admitted, "but never on like that. What did you shoot him with officer—a riot gun loaded with nails?"

"I didn't shoot him," McShane insiste "He blew out his own evil brains." H told the story in detail from the time tha Danny had hailed him until his return t the alley with the money borrowed fron Seigal. "But I had to be sure," he concluded, "for Sally's sake. So before stepped into the alley I rammed a .38 she into the barrel of my gun."

"And the gun exploded in his face?"

"And it exploded in his face."

On his way to pick up Seigal, the inspector in charge of the case paused t slap one of McShane's broad shoulders.

"Nice going, officer. I think it might jus be that we could use you in plain clothe You no doubt could use the money."

McShane thanked him soberly.

Father Wolinsky left the curb where h had been talking to Sergeant Blake an led McShane from the crowd. "Your sergeant's arranged for a relief," he told hi "Let's—you and I go see Sally."

The aged priest patted his pocket t make certain his prayer book was there.

McShane moistened his dry lips wit his tongue. "Yeah. I see what you mean Sudden panic filled him. "But what am going to tell her?"

"The truth," Father Wolinsky insiste "And this time she'll believe us. We' going to tell her the truth," he repeate "We're going to tell her that Danny ha his chance—and he took it."

And Father Wolinsky was right.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL

**As proprietor of a general store in his youth, Abe Lincoln was once upbraided by an angry shrew. "You're a cheat, Mr. Lincoln!" she exploded. "I sent my little boy down here to buy two pounds of dried apricots and you gave him a pound and a half. I know, because I weighed them myself when he got home."**

**"Madam," said Lincoln calmly, "I suggest that you also weigh the boy."**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

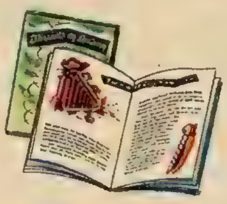
*It takes precision to make history*

It took precision and a Philadelphia mathematician, Thomas Godfrey, to construct the first sextant in 1740. He made history by making possible a new age of accuracy in navigation. His instrument gave seagoing men their first chance to determine their latitude and longitude, and to better insure safety at sea.

It takes precision to make the instruments and tools of the future—the high degree of precision which is built into Taps, Hobs, Gages, and Special Threading Tools by Detroit Tap & Tool Co. An extended use of their qualities of phenomenal accuracy and skilled craftsmanship is already planned by leading manufacturers. Thus will be built more efficient, longer wearing products at lower prices for tomorrow's years of peace.

BRING TOMORROW'S GAGING AND
THREADING PROBLEMS TO US TODAY

Your free copy of "Threads of Destiny" is ready for you. Send your request for this comprehensive booklet on the development of the machine screw thread on your company letterhead.



DETROIT
TAP & TOOL CO.

8432 BUTLER AVENUE • DETROIT 11, MICHIGAN

GROUND TAPS • GROUND THREAD HOBS • THREAD GAGES • SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES

# THE HAND THAT FEEDS

Continued from Page 21

Ma dropped sociably down on the bunk, but her man stood stock-still, with his eyes on a curtain across an offset. The curtain still moved slightly in the draft from the door. In three strides he was across the room to jerk the curtain aside.

"That's the shower," Ma said. Just then there was a scratch at the door, and whirling, he stood rigid, his eyes on the door.

"Drat that dog!" Ma said. "If he don't want out, he wants in."

Prince settled down at her feet, and contrite, Ma said, "He ain't my dog. I'm just tending him for a sergeant that's fighting the Germans." The shadows were suddenly in her eyes again, and she leaned down to scratch Prince behind the ears. "It seems like those Germans would give up, don't it? It ain't as if they could ever win with us and the Russians—"

*"Swine!"* He spat it out, standing there, and his face was livid, the two small eyes molten. The thick fingers curled as if he would break something in his two hands. Ma's heart skipped a beat. Still, a lifelong Methodist, she'd had some thoughts about those Germans lately she wouldn't call Christian exactly. Before her startled eyes her man got himself quickly in hand. "This man—where is he?" he asked.

Lon didn't come, and finally Ma discovered that the team and wagon and manure spreader were out, so she left her man waiting in the harness room to get back to the telephone. Prince was ahead of her at the back door. Ma stopped to feel her towels. They were frozen stiff. She thought, If Ellie heard from Gary, I know she'd sit right down and write me.

Carl—her man's name was Carl Nordstrom. He'd got a job in a steel mill in Pittsburgh, but he couldn't stand the noise and confusion. The doctor advised farm work, so he'd got off the train at the junction, and the stationmaster had told him maybe Orsen could use him. Ma thought, He's awful edgy, but I guess it ain't much wonder.

In the house, the two women on the radio had given it up for the day, and some man was getting a word in.

". . . and Erit Obermann, twenty-two, blond, blue-eyed, stocky, speaks English. I repeat. There are four of them, but they will doubtless separate. In case of contact, notify your nearest law-enforceme agency or the authorities at Camp 13, B Hill, Warren County—"

Looking at the clock, Ma switched t radio off. Henry Osborn, the postma would be along about noon, if the roa weren't too bad. Just then the telepho rang, and her hand was unsteady when s picked it up, but it was only Alvira Pete Ma had forgotten to call Alvira back.

"Who was it at the door?" Alvira said.

"Just a man looking for work," Ma sai "He's down at the barns with Lon, I guess

Alvira was still borrowing trouble. S said if she hadn't promised her Marny tend the baby for the day, she'd drive ov to sit with Ma till Orsen got back. Alvir voice had a flat tolling note that sound too much the way Ma felt, so Ma sa quickly, "I'm kind of looking for Lon's wi to drop in."

Hanging up, she sat a minute, counti the hours until Orsen would be bac Sometimes, when she got back in her wor Minnie, Lon's wife, did help her out, a Ma had been wondering about thinking something for Minnie to do today. If t phone rang and it was Ellie, it might better for a body not to be alone. Then thought, But I guess Minnie's got aplen of her own to do.

Prince laid his muzzle on her knee, looking up at her, much as to say, "I'm here Sometimes Ma thought that dog could re her mind, and nobody could say he was an ornament, anyhow. His coat rippl down his back, black-ticked, and his t was a white plume. Getting ahold of he self, Ma said, "Come on, Prince, let's fi the brush." She was busily brushi Prince's coat in the kitchen, and Man was circling the rocker, her tail in the and jealous as all get-out, when Ma hea the heavy step on the back porch. She r membered then that she'd told Carl come along to the house for a bite, co noon, if Lon didn't get in.

THE door opened, and Carl stood in doorway. There was a broom on back porch, but he stomped his boots the kitchen, scattering snow across M shining linoleum. The pink in her chee deepened, but she said, "You can sit rig down, Carl. I'll fix us a bite right away."

Across the lunch table from him, looked Carl over again. He had clos cropped blond hair. His cheekbones we high and broad, and his face had kind a dished-in look. He wouldn't be the b

(Continued on page 76)

CRAWFORD YOUNG

"Yes, we do call it a spanking trot, Mrs. Brown—why?"

At last—a Big enough Billfold

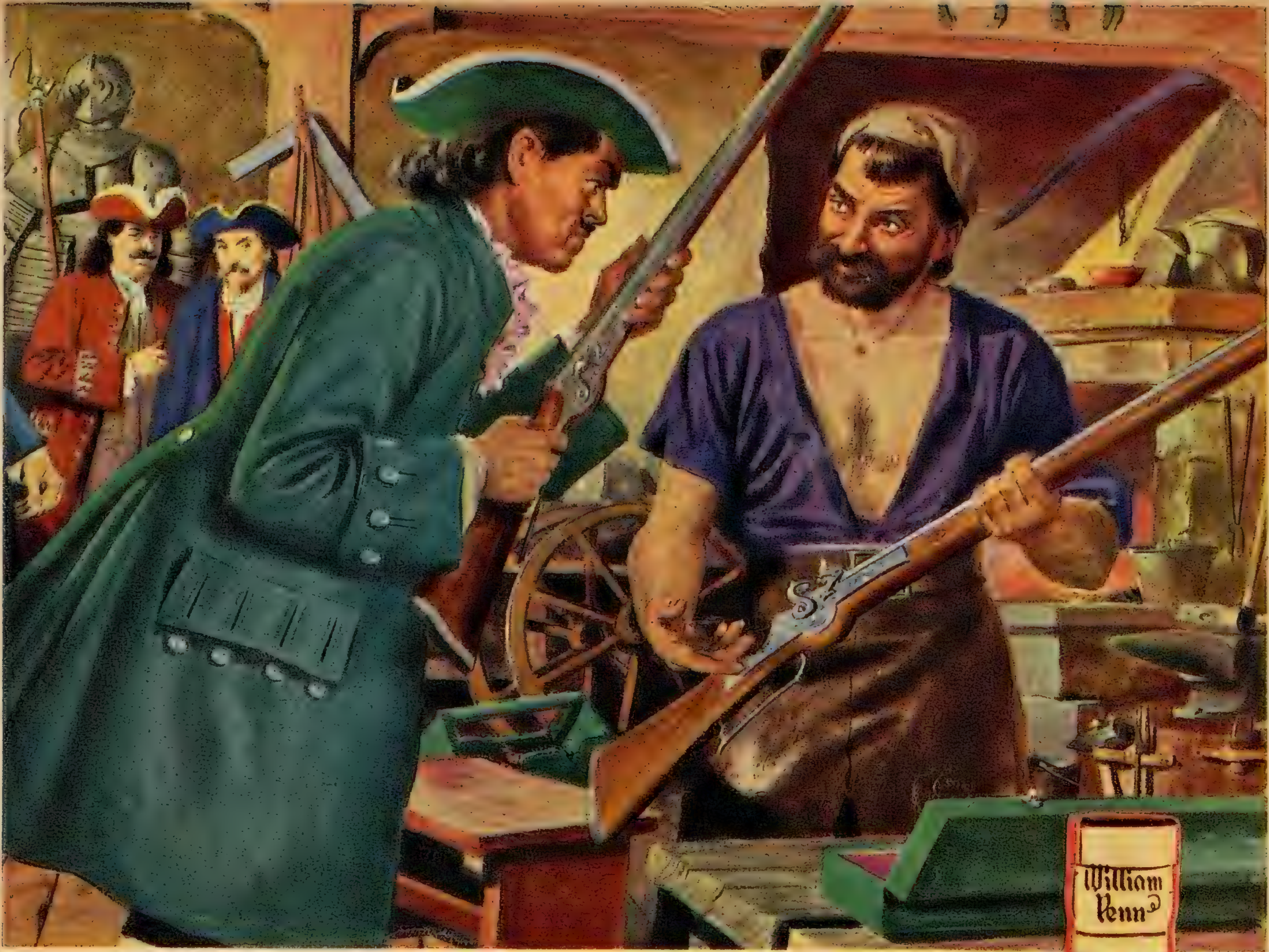
The New KING SIZE* Women's Billfolds

What women have wanted for years—KING SIZE billfolds. A third larger, they hold everything you need without cramming. Man-size convenience plus feminine styling. Four smart new designs, wide choice of colors. Priced $2.40 to $3.60 (design illustrated) including tax.

King FINE Leathers

©1945 *Trademark

DEVELOPED EXCLUSIVELY BY
KING LEATHERS, INC., OF INDIANA, PA.



***"THE FOOL! HOW DARE*** a blacksmith joke with the Czar?" But joke the blacksmith did—with results that would first involve many precious gems—then change the course of a nation. ● ● ● In America, a gem rapidly changing the course of the nation's drinking preference is William Penn Blended Whiskey. ● ● ● That's because it's so smooth, mellow and flavorful . . . literally the *Gem of the Blends!*

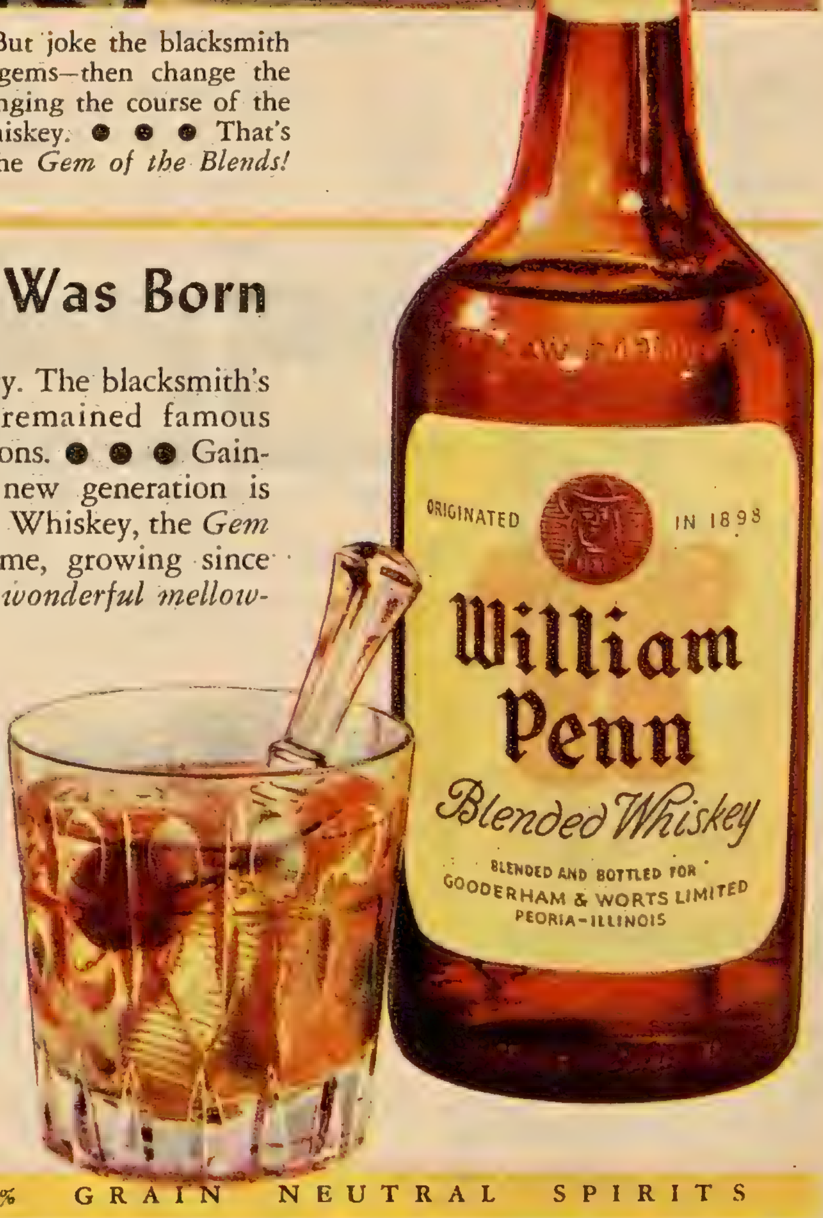
## How Russia's Great Arms Industry Was Born

"THIS IS AMAZING," said Peter the Great, "my favorite gun now works better than ever! How did you repair it so skillfully?" Smiling, the blacksmith then produced the Czar's original gun—which he had copied in style but improved in workmanship. ● ● ● Pleased by the blacksmith's skill and daring, the Czar let him work certain nearby gem mines. With the resulting wealth in gems, he set up Russia's first great arms industry. The blacksmith's name of Demidoff remained famous through many generations. ● ● ● Gaining fame with each new generation is William Penn Blended Whiskey, the *Gem of the Blends!* Its fame, growing since 1898, is the result of *wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, and unsurpassed richness of flavor.* No wonder millions say "When" with William Penn!

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

**William Penn**

GEM OF THE BLENDS



BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

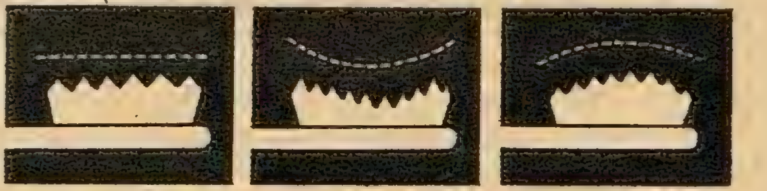
Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

Pepsodent
FIFTY TUFT

*Straight Line Design*
*CLEANS TEETH BEST*
*SAY DENTISTS 2 TO 1*

**How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey**

There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



**When 30,000 dentists were asked** which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

**Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best**

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth actually lie in a series of relatively straight lines.

These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

*Get a Pepsodent Tooth Brush Today!*

(*Continued from page 74*)

of any breed most likely, but a soldier was a soldier, too. The small metallic blue eyes took Ma in in their turn as he said, "It is only you and your man here?"

"That's all," Ma said. "Our daughter's been married these twenty-five years, and Ellie, that's my granddaughter, she's twenty-four, and her husband's been on sixteen missions over Germany."

Her voice broke in spite of her. She stopped, biting down on her lip, and Prince came to lay his muzzle on her knee again. Swallowing, Ma stroked his head absently and, encouraged, Prince put his forepaws on her lap. He stood up on his hind legs then, and laid his head against Ma's chest. Ma put a protective arm around him and looked at Carl.

"Did you ever see the beat of it?" she asked him. "Funny dog for a soldier, ain't he? Specially a sergeant that's got a Silver Star for cleaning out a machine-gun nest singlehanded, mind you!"

CARL looked up from his food. His eyes slid over Prince, and Ma's arm tightened. He looked at Ma then, and her breath caught as she glimpsed molten depths again.

"More bread!" he said, and it was the snap in it that made Ma blink. The pink in her cheeks was another shade deeper as she cut slices from the snowy loaf.

"Take Mr. Fancher now," she threw out a warning hint. "He's an awful mild-spoken man, Carl. He don't fly up like me, but a body wouldn't want to contrary him too far."

She laid the knife on the table, and Carl picked it up. Like all men, he had a quick eye for a good knife. He ran a stubby thumb along its edge.

"It makes a mighty good knife," she told Carl absently. "Lon ground it down for me from a steel file."

Carl took a fancy to it. He spread butter thickly on his bread with it. Ma's eyes kept turning to the clock. She said finally, "If you could listen for the phone while you eat, I'd go along to the mailbox. If—if it's long-distance, you could say I'll be back, and I—I'll call the operator."

A high stinging wind had blown up. It wrapped Ma's skirt and shawl around her, tossed the snow in whirling funnels. Prince's black ears were just visible ahead of her, and overhead the bare branches of the maples creaked. Ma hadn't ever been the lonesome kind, but it seemed as if she hadn't ever been so much alone as she felt in that trackless expanse of snow. Henry Osborn was just skidding to a stop at the box when Ma got there, though. He rolled down the window, handed her a letter, and it was from Ellie!

Henry let his engine idle while he cut himself a chunk from his plug of tobacco. Only his steaming breath was visible between his muffler and the peak of his cap. The mail route was just a side line with Henry. His main interest was in spreading the news. He said, "I just passed the sheriff up the road a piece. He sure is busier'n a hen on a hot dough dish."

His voice died in Ma's ears as she ripped her letter open. Her glasses were steaming over, but she ran her eyes down the first page, and managed to make out that Ellie had had a letter from Gary, written on the twenty-third. Gary was all right. Ellie wrote, "He said, 'Tell Gram I said not to take any wooden nickels.'" Ma stood there light as air with the relief of it. Henry was still talking.

"Fred Wurley's only pint-size, but he's a spunky little cuss," Henry said, "and he can put a candle out with a rifle. I don't know as I'd want to be any four Germans he'd meet up with."

"Four is a lot of Germans, Henry," Ma

said, but Henry was a man for the last word. Letting his clutch out, he said, "Shucks, them Germans get off to a right smart start, maybe, but they make a wrong turn somewheres along the line. You'll see!"

"I can't see too soon for me." Ma stood there, watching Henry's car disappear in a swirl of snow, and then she turned back up the lane. For some reason her glow had faded. Ellie's letter under her shawl was warm against her heart, but Gary's letter had been written eleven days ago, and that feeling of a precipice ahead was upon Ma again.

As she came to the top of the lane and stopped for breath, her eyes turned to the six tourist cabins in the south meadow. Snow had drifted across their doorsteps, along the window ledges. The first cabin Ma had always called the brides' cottage because of all the young couples who had put up in it on their honeymoons.

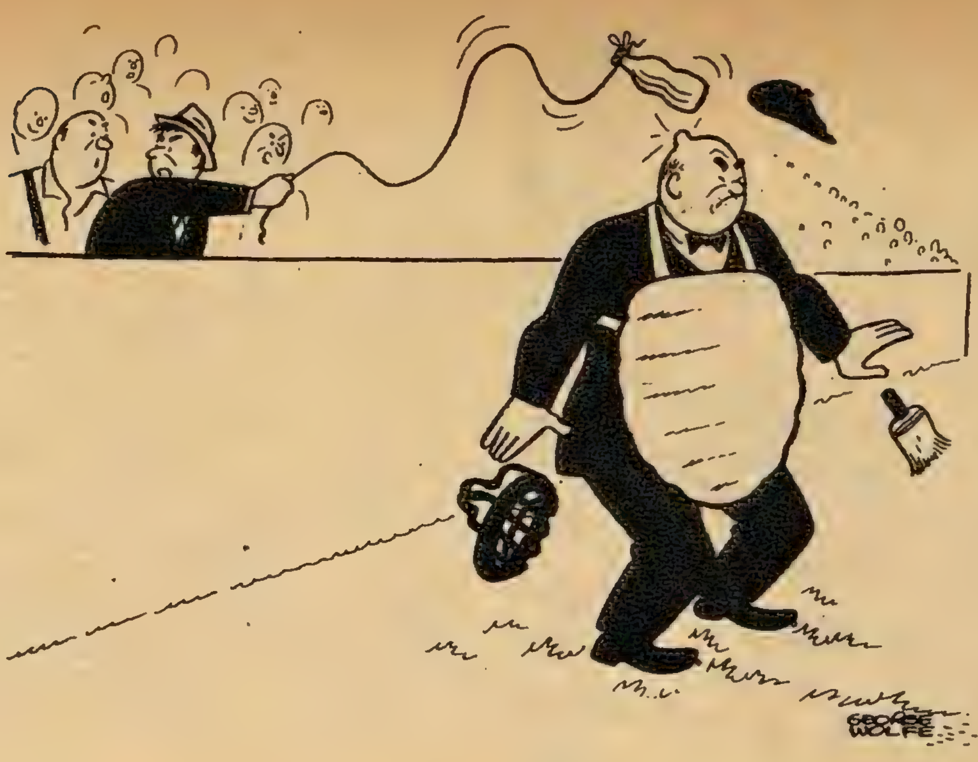
Ma remembered every one of those couples, their laughter and their young joyous antics. She could see them yet, waving good-by as they drove down the lane, the sun full upon them. And where were they now? Ma had her full share of post cards from Africa and Italy, England and France. She thought, I'd just like to meet up with one of those Germans. I bet I'd give him a piece of my mind.

She turned toward the house—and stopped. Something was missing. She hit upon it finally as she stood there shivering in the wind—her dish towels. She remembered taking ahold of those towels, but to save her life she couldn't remember taking them and the line down.

Prince was ahead of her at the back door, and Ma went on, but she stopped again while the drops of sweat stood out on her forehead and upper lip. Over her swept the eerie feeling of not being in possession of her faculties, while her reason gave way at last to the dead certainty that the earth was about to crack open at her feet. It would be in the house, and it could be only Gary. She'd open that door, and Carl would say, "You are to call the operator."

With her heart laboring, Ma walked toward the door, opening it, and shut it behind her and Prince. Automatically she took her rubbers off and her spectacles, polishing them blindly with her handkerchief. She put them on again shakily—and stood frozen. *There was a strange man in her kitchen.* He wore a gray suit that was a double for Orsen's second best; a tie like the one Ellie had sent Orsen for his birthday. Ma came to the small metallic blue eyes then. She saw the precipice and the bottomless drop beyond it. Carl, in Orsen's clothes, stood at the sink with her coiled clothesline in one hand and her steel knife in the other hand, and she couldn't feel. She could only think, It isn't Gary.

Prince trotted up to him sniffing. His heavy boot came up and he sent Prince sprawling across the kitchen. Prince scrambled to his feet and stood there quiv-



"I want to get my two-cent deposit back on the bottle!"

LONG LEADS
Drawing writing
Scripto Extra Strong
Scripto QUALITY LEADS
Scripto Drawing writing LEADS EXTRA STRONG
4 inches
1⅜ inches
10c

USE EXTRA STRONG Scripto LEADS

There are no better Leads at any price

Here are the refill leads that helped to make the long-lead SCRIPTO pencil world famous! With SCRIPTO you can write thousands of words without stopping for more lead, and without the constant bother of the lead breaking. SCRIPTO leads fit *all* mechanical pencils made for standard size leads. Smoother, blacker, stronger, SCRIPTO leads in *long* or *short* lengths are priced at ten cents a pack, slightly higher in Canada. Seventeen popular colors and ten degrees of black. Always demand SCRIPTO leads.

SCRIPTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ering, hurt and bewildered eyes upon Ma.

"Down, Prince!" It was Ma's voice, but she seemed to be two people. One of her was numb with shock, sick with the nausea of a warm impulse betrayed, but seeing red. The other one seemed to be standing outside her, thinking coolly, warning, "Give him his way." Prince slunk to his place in the kitchen doorway and, his head between his paws, watched Ma, grieving.

"There is money here." Carl's voice was arrogant now. "Where?"

"Egg money." It was the voice of Ma's cool double. "Forty dollars in the sugar bowl on the top cupboard shelf."

Triumph lit the small blue eyes. Carl pointed with the knife to the very chair in which he'd sat to eat her food, and there was the swish of a whip in his voice when he said, "Sit down!" Ma walked steadily enough toward the chair. She reached it and stood there with the kitchen whirling around her. In the whirl was Mandy, unconcernedly tidying herself in the rocker, the teakettle whistling on the stove, Prince in his place in the kitchen doorway, and Carl coming toward her with the clothesline and knife.

Then everything but the close-set metallic eyes blacked out for Ma. There was arrogance in them, triumph, a flicker of contemptuous amusement.

"A body wouldn't want to contrary a German, *nicht wahr?*" It was a taunt. "*Heil* Hitler!"

*Heil* Hitler! With it, scattered fragments of the day slipped into place in Ma's mind like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and in one sickening flash she saw the completed picture. There was only one of her then, with only one reaction. Her hand came up, she laid it flat across the German's face, and it left its mark, too! The face went livid, molten fury flamed in the eyes, the knife clattered to the floor, he caught her wrist, and as he twisted it, something white described an arc across the kitchen.

It hit the German with a thud, and they went down together, Prince and the German, rolling over and over. Prince was on top. He lunged for the German's throat, and they rolled over. The German was on top, his hand gripped Prince's muzzle, and the other hand groped for the knife. Ma's hands closed over the back of the chair as they rolled over again. She raised the chair high, counted crazily to three, and the last thing she saw before she shut her eyes was Mandy clinging to the ruffled curtain by her claws.

Three! And Ma brought the chair down with her last ounce of strength. She heard the thud as it struck flesh and bone, felt the impact along her arms. She opened her eyes, but it had turned suddenly pitch dark. Her hands loosened on the chair, and as it clattered to the floor, she groped in the dark for the table. Her hands gripped its edge, but her knees gave way and, still clinging, she went slowly down.

Deep shadows closed in on her. She was at the edge of a precipice, slipping, and below was the abyss, but lethargy was upon her. The way back was too long, too steep, and she was tired. From somewhere in the shadows, though, she heard voices, faint at first and then gaining in volume. One voice was Ellie's. Ellie was sobbing, "Gram—Gram!" The other voice was Gary's. Gary's voice was steady and crisp, calling, "Pilot to bombardier: Your ship, Gram. Hold 'er!" Struggling back through the shadows, Ma opened her eyes and sat up—in her own kitchen.

Automatically she straightened her spectacles and saw Mandy. Mandy was in the rocker, her back up and her tail in the air, spitting down. Mandy was spitting down at Prince. Prince stood rigid, on point. His eyes were live coals, his teeth bared. He was pointing. . . . Ma's eyes came to focus on the German.

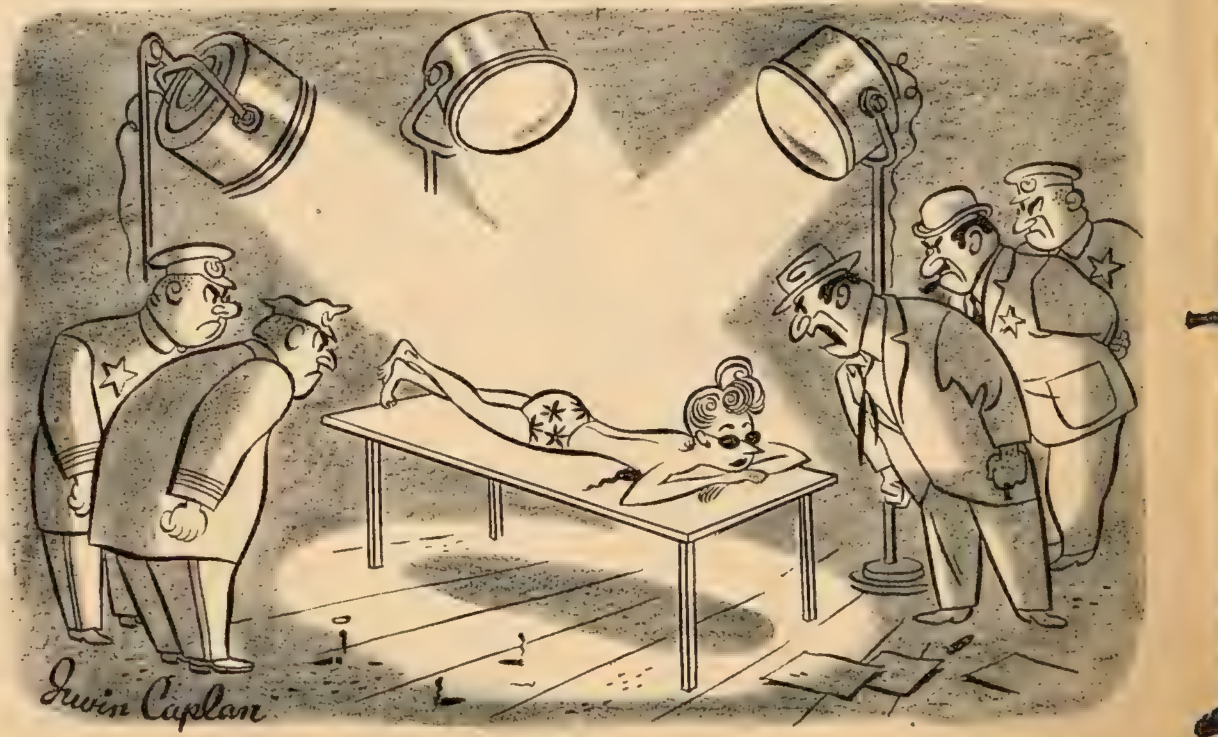
HE was face down on the floor, and the powerful hands, outstretched, were relaxed. From a gash in the blond scalp a thin trickle of blood slipped down his cheek to form a pool on the linoleum. But he was alive. Ma's hand over his heart felt his rhythmic beat.

Sick and dazed, she was unafraid. Prince was there. He stood over the German, his teeth still bared, his tail weaving, waiting only for the flicker of an eyelash while Ma encased the German's legs like a mummy's in endless coils of clothesline. Tying wondrous knots, the drops of cold sweat on her forehead and upper lip, she was oblivious to the tap on the door.

The door opened a crack. She felt the gust of winter wind driving snow before it and looked up. Fred Wurley, the sheriff, stopped dead in the doorway. His eyes bulged in his head, his jaw dropped, he said, "Good God!"

"Come in along, Fred, and shut the door." Still sick and still dazed, Ma kept on with the knots, and then, remembering, she warned, "But don't say H-i-t-l-e-r in front of Prince."

THE END



"Quit stalling, Mrs. Simmons, who done it?"

MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

REMOVABLE FILTER (famous in pipes) A SENSATION IN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

$1 WITH BOX OF FILTERS FREE!

The patented filter is the heart of Medico Filtered Smoking. Its 66 mesh-screen baffles whirlcool smoke—retain flakes—and absorb moisture. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one —costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

ABSORBENT FILTERS for Frank MEDICO PAT'D BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR WITH "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR 10 for 10¢

7th WAR LOAN TAPS for the Japs

MARKWELL STAPLING MACHINES and STAPLES for INDUSTRIAL and OFFICE USE

Are Available - Catalog on Request

IF INTERESTED IN SALES POSITION OR AGENCY, STATE QUALIFICATIONS, ETC.

MARKWELL MFG. CO., INC.
200 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

*A Favorite in Flowers*

THE PURPLE LILAC—State Flower of New Hampshire

DIXIE BELLE
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN

**DIXIE BELLE**

All-embracing appeal sums up the qualities of any favorite . . . whether a flower, or a gin. The outstanding charm of DIXIE BELLE is its skilled and subtle blending of selected grain neutral spirits with Nature's choicest fruits, herbs and berries. No wonder critical tastes insist on DIXIE BELLE for their favored gin drinks.

*A Favorite in* **GIN**

*90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits*
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Oculens
SUNGLASSES

*For*
GREATER EYE COMFORT
*For*
CLEARER VISION
*For*
SMARTER APPEARANCE

CHOOSE OCULENS... the natural aid to better performance in all sports! Restful OCULENS Sunglasses filter out harmful, strain-producing direct and reflected sun rays. Prevent that hard...drawn... tired look—Buy a pair of OCULENS for sports, beach and street wear at your favorite store today.

*Eliminate Sun-Squint, Sun-Blur, and Sun-Glare without MASKING Clear Vision and True Color Values. OCULENS Sunglasses meet U. S. Army specifications for absorption of infra-red and ultra-violet rays.*

Oculens* CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

*Trademark Comptone Company, New York

## A DUFFER'S GUIDE TO FISHING

Continued from Page 25

The angler is more on his own when fishing from a rowboat in bays or the brackish waters of rivers that empty into the bays. Here a great variety of fish is found within easy rowing distance from the docks. Take along a lunch, plenty of drinking water or beer, which can be kept cool by tying the bottles in a burlap bag hung over the side, and that sunburn lotion. It gets scorching hot.

Detailed advice on what bait to use, how deep to fish it, and other points can't be given here, because so much depends upon the season, the kind of fish running, and your locality. However, the better sporting-goods stores print free booklets giving just such advice adapted to your region. Ask for them.

Furthermore, ask the man who rents you the boat, or another fisherman at the spot. Both probably will talk your ear off and give you so much advice you will stagger into your boat and row in dizzy circles until your head clears. There's something about fishing that makes people friendly and garrulous.

Generally, however, you will need lead sinkers of one to four ounces to hold the bait to the bottom against the pull of the tides, a good stout line which you can wrap around a stick and use as a hand line if you have no rod, a supply of various-sized snelled hooks, a splint basket to carry lunch and gear going out and the fish (keep those fingers crossed) coming back. A boat rod and reel make the fishing easier, but without them your whole outfit will cost only a few dollars.

For fishing from piers, tackle can often be rented for the day. The fishing is spotty, depending upon whether some species happen to be around. Some days you can make great hauls, and other days you just work up an appetite for the fish you don't catch.

There are times when salt-water fish run heavily. Keep in touch with someone at the shore or watch the outdoors columns in local papers for word of these Along New England shores the mackere sometimes come in by the millions, or th small bluefish known as snapping mackerel will fill the waters. Filling your baske then is easy and a lot more productive thar Victory gardening.

Perhaps you don't care for fish or woul like a little change. In that case, you wouldn't object to some good crab meat o clams, would you? Many of the bays offe good crabbing spots. The places that ren boats and sell bait also usually rent trap or other equipment for taking the crabs If you don't care for crabbing from a boat hunt out the backwaters where the bay break up into creeks. Here, when the tide change, you can hand-net many crab along the water's edge.

Clam digging simply involves wadin through the ooze left in the backwaters b the ebbing tide. Equipped with a rake o tongs, you look for a bubble on the groun and just rake up the clam under it. Yo can borrow your neighbor's garden rak if you wish. Steam open the clams an butter them—if you have the butter—o make chowder.

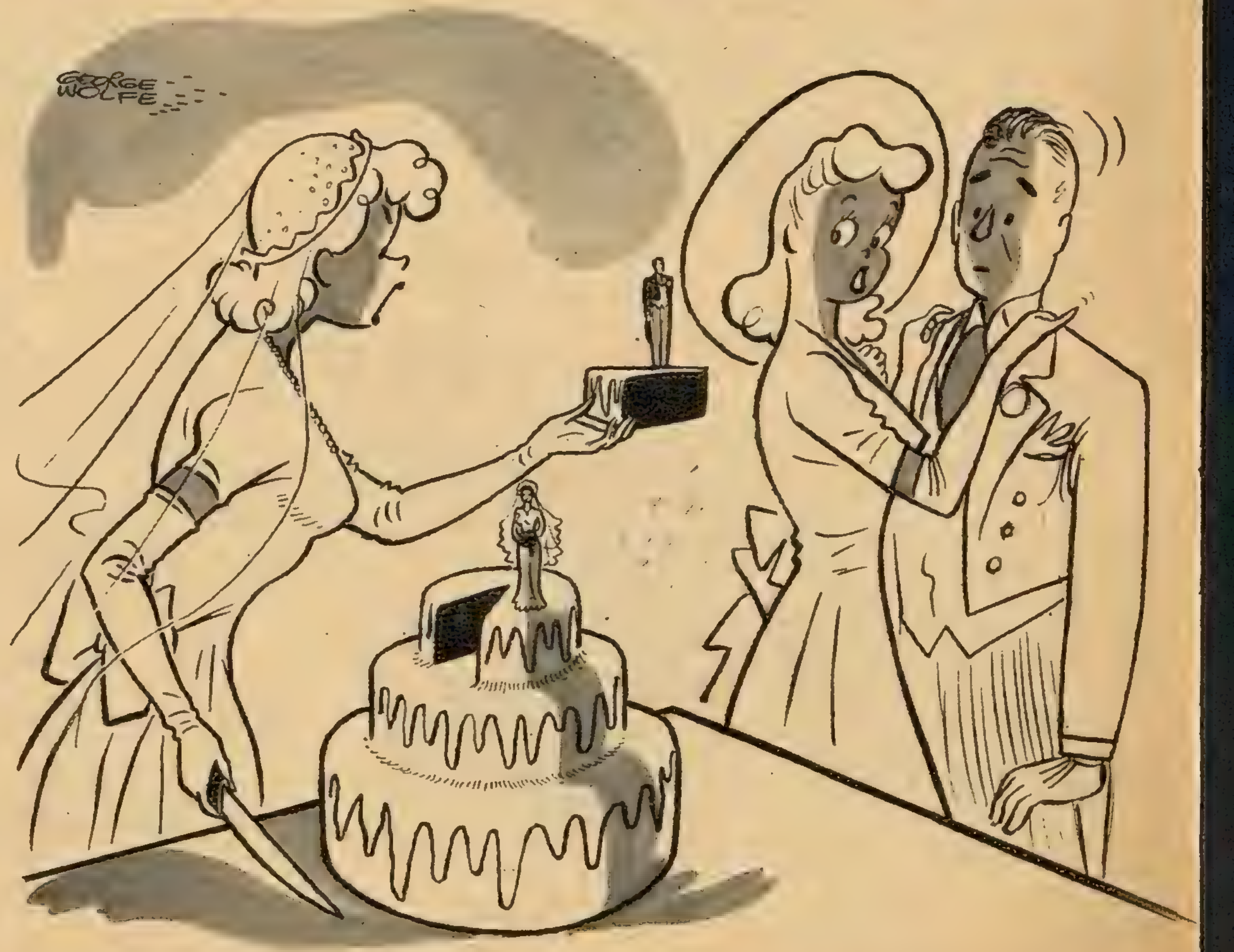
MOST salt-water fishing requires no license, but some states govern crabbin and clamming, and towns often impos local limits. Inquire into your local conditions.

The ocean yields so much food that a fe years ago I saw school tuna weighing te to thirty pounds thrown away simply because no one would accept them. Fres tuna is delicious. It's hard to imagine anyone refusing a good baking-sized tun these days.

Finally, a warning: The person who ha never tried fishing before may start ou this summer with the simple intention o getting food, but he is bound to wind u as a confirmed angler who will keep o fishing for the fun of it. He'll devote tim money, and thought to fishing. There something about it that gets you, an there's much more to it than merely catching fish.

You'll find out—just as the other twent million anglers did.

THE END



"Of course, dearie, if you really *want* him—!"

*Leslie Brooks, Dusty Anderson, Marilyn Johnson featured in the Columbia Production "A Thousand and One Nights"*

## *Solid! S-T-R-E-T-C-H-ABLES by Catalina*

Sophisticated colors...plucked from sunny California...exclusively styled by Catalina in ELASTA-Q*...sensational new elastic fabric...perfect for the water...and-oh-so-solid on land! $10.00

Write for the name of store nearest you and illustrated booklet.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH
*Catalina*
SWIM SUITS • SWIM TRUNKS • SUNSTYLES

ELASTAQ
AN AQ FABRIC

CATALINA, INC. • 443 SO. SAN PEDRO ST., LOS ANGELES 13, CALIFORNIA

Important Epicurean Discovery
CROIX ROYALE
Brandy
Super Fin

Definitely a brandy for those who know and insist upon the best. From choicest San Joaquin Valley grapes, Croix Royale Brandy is made with painstaking care and precise knowledge by that best of old-world methods—the Pot Still. The result is a brandy, rich, mellow, and velvety smooth—the favorite of Americans who formerly bought only imports.

Send for free recipe booklet.
Address Dept. P

Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.

WAR BONDS COME FIRST, ALWAYS!

Made by Old-World Pot Still Method

CROIX
ROYALE
Say Croy Royal
Liqueur
BRANDY
84 PROOF

# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

### BY EVE STANLEY

Esther Williams and Frances Gifford survey the romantic possibilities at a swank resort.

## THRILL OF A ROMANCE

*(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*
*Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lauritz Melchior*

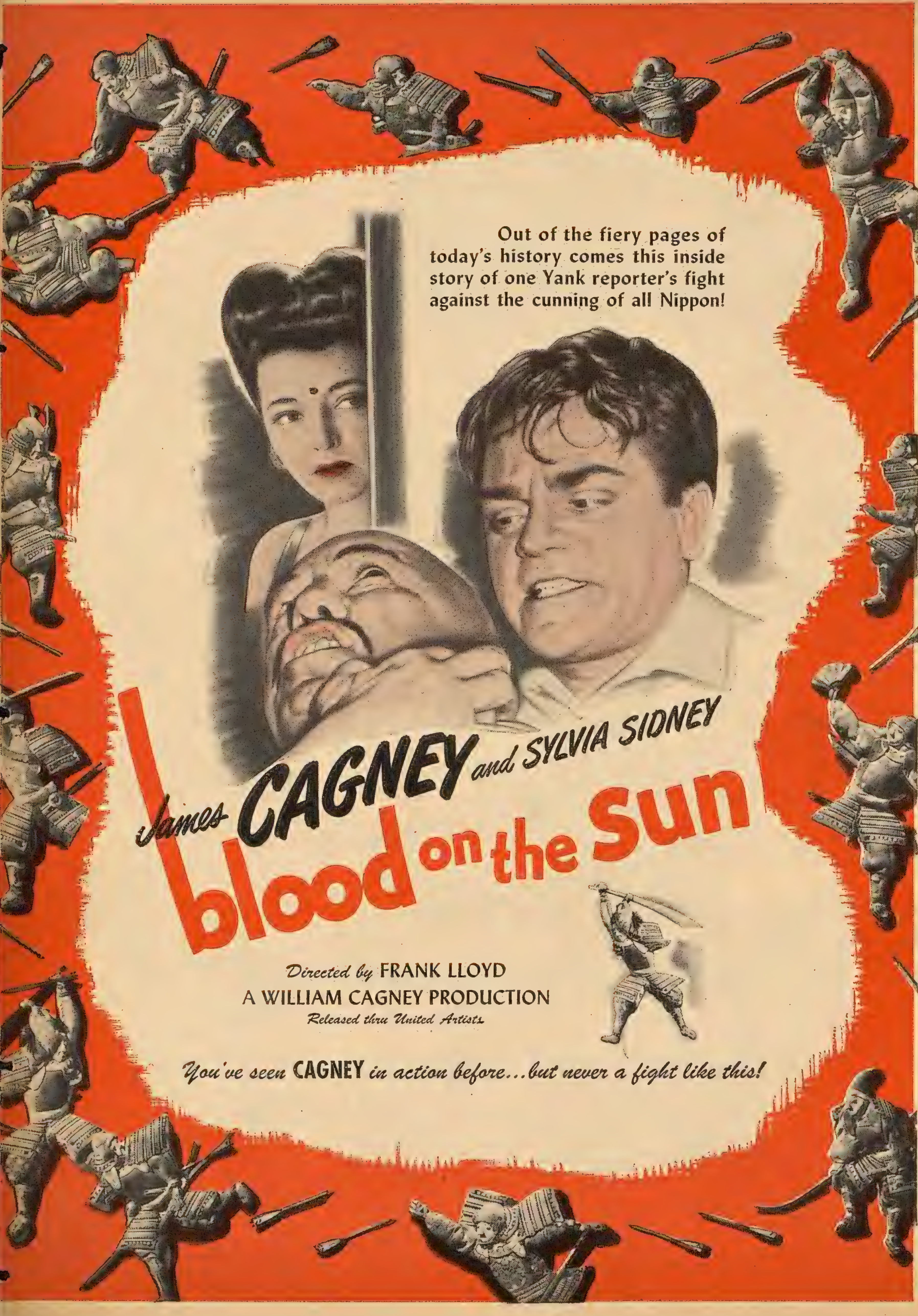
THIS generous slice of Technicolor escapism offers a straight hour and forty-five minutes of the kind of life almost every moviegoer would give his eyeteeth to enjoy. Most of it is pictured as taking place in a paradisaic California resort hotel, where there's plenty of rich food, music, elegantly dressed company, sunshine, and mountain scenery. There's also a de luxe swimming pool, with delectable Esther Williams demonstrating how a gal should look in a bathing suit—not to mention one of the world's greatest (and heftiest) tenors, Lauritz Melchior, wandering at large about the grounds. Van Johnson turns up, too, in a major's uniform, and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is there to keep everything pleasantly musical. With all this at hand, nobody has to worry about a thing. Even Esther, on a groomless honeymoon, finds consolation in short order—and without doing a singl thing a nice girl shouldn't.

Lauritz Melchior, whose Wagneria achievements are by now almost legendary has jovially consented to represent himself on celluloid as a benign glutton wh sings on the side. His offerings, which include everything from Pagliacci to a catch new number called Please Don't Say N come out a neat compromise between casua ease and throat-splitting vigor.

Other appealing members of the cast ar Spring Byington and Henry Travers, an Carleton Young plays a suitably uninspiring stuffed shirt. Producer Joe Pasternal with his usual flair for injecting youthfu freshness into Hollywood formulas, ha made something so easy and colorful ou of this one that it turns out to be the nex best thing to a vacation.

*(Other reviews on pages 84-85)*

Lauritz Melchior and Van Johnson, abetted by Tommy Dorsey, cook up a wacky serenade



Out of the fiery pages of today's history comes this inside story of one Yank reporter's fight against the cunning of all Nippon!

*James* **CAGNEY** *and* **SYLVIA SIDNEY**

**blood on the sun**

*Directed by* FRANK LLOYD
A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION
*Released thru United Artists*

*You've seen* **CAGNEY** *in action before... but never a fight like this!*

Pride of THE NATION
PRIDE OF THE SOUTH!
SWANEE PRIDE
SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR
100 PROOF
Delicious
Straight or Mixed

SWANEE PRIDE
Liqueur

Hardy Southern gentlemen KNOW what this full 100 proof liqueur does to juleps, old fashioneds, manhattans and highballs . . . smooth and surprising . . . straight or mixed.

M. S. WALKER, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

HOME FIRE HAZARD NO. 5
TRAGEDY STALKS CARELESSNESS
NºS 917983
Pyrene FIRE EXTINGUISHER
TO OPERATE TURN HANDLE TO LEFT WORK LIKE A PUMP
WARNING
The phone rings or the milkman is at the door—and it happens—the hot iron scorches the covering on the ironing board—an accidental fire, yes, but the kitchen is ablaze. Accidents will happen and fires will occur. Feel safe! Guard against fire in home, cabin, car and boat. Get one or more of these inexpensive, handy, quick-acting Pyrene extinguishers—Today.

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"—Free booklet of household hints sent on request.

BY THE WAY: WHEN DID YOU LAST TEST THE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS IN YOUR HOME?

Pyrene
BUY and KEEP WAR BONDS

Pyrene Manufacturing Company
FIRE EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY HAZARD
NEWARK 8, NEW JERSEY
AFFILIATED WITH C-O-TWO FIRE EQUIPMENT CO.

LAW
STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 35 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B., Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept.54-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT can't rob me of my savings
I'VE A FAMILY MUTUAL HOSPITALIZATION POLICY
Costs only 3c A DAY • EACH ADULT
1½c A DAY • EACH CHILD

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Hospital Expenses paid, up to . . . . $540.00
(beginning with the first day)
FOR ACCIDENT
Doctor Expense paid, up to . . . . $135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed up to . . . $300.00
Loss of Life by Accident . . . . . . $1000.00
WAR COVERAGE and EXTRA BENEFITS
Childbirth Expense paid, up to . . $60.00

Sickness or accident can easily wipe out, in a few weeks, savings it may have taken years to accumulate. Don't let this happen to you. With a Family Mutual Hospitalization Policy, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. In case of accident, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. Your Family Mutual card admits you to any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., WILMINGTON 99, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. L-48
601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.
*Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.*
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______

## THE GREAT JOHN L.

*(United Artists)*
*Greg McClure, Linda Darnell, Barbara Britton*

BING CROSBY'S first venture in movi
producing (nonchalantly launched
between overseas trips, copping Osca
and sundry other distractions) was ev
dently backed up by plenty of money a
plenty of research—and then allowed
run off under its own steam. It boasts
title character whose hard-hitting biogr
phy might well have turned out to be f
of period color, raw muscle, and punc
But since nobody got around to deciding
the beginning whether it was to be a sto
about fisticuffs, a national hero, a sot,
a long-suffering lover, it comes out pre
much of a mix-up.

Well-muscled young Greg McClure, w
never played anything but college footb
before, plays John L. Sullivan. In this ove
long mélange, he displays a fine physi
and considerable willingness. He also figh
with style, but the confusions of his pa
would tax the talents of a genius. Lin
Darnell, whose role of musical-come
star starts out sinister, goes noble, and en
up like the last act of Traviata, likewi
does her best, and shows signs of bei
able to do something much better. Barba
Britton, as John L.'s first and only lov
is handed the most incomprehensibly sa
charine character of the lot. Sweet-singi
Lee Sullivan, the suave Otto Kruger, a
George Matthews do well in smaller rol
and good costumes and sets provide atmo
phere without bringing things to life.

Luckily the picture's crowded detail pr
vides some moments which are far superi
to the story as a whole. All of the fig
scenes, though they add up to a tremendo
jumble, are lively and good. Nostalgic b
such as the presentation of Sullivan's f
mous diamond belt, and the fight held
barges up the Hudson are guaranteed
do a bit of memory-stirring for those w
cherish the Great John L. tradition.

But the best part of the picture is
extraordinarily debonair and side-splitti
exhibition of *la savate,* the disconcerti
French technique of fighting with the fe
—tossed off with lightning speed by Sim
Semenoff of the Ballet Russe. The ten
porary rout and final bull-like triumph
John L. over these effete tactics turn out
have more life than anything else in t
script.

## MEDAL FOR BENNY

*ramount)*
*othy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, J. Carrol Naish*

HE California-Mexican *paisanos* have been sympathetically described by au- r John Steinbeck as a lovable, indolent, l simple-hearted race of ne'er-do-wells. ien he writes about them they seem l and human—but when he merely ps out with a movie idea, something ms to get lost. That's the case here; if you're willing to settle for the un- iable pulchritude of Dorothy Lamour the made-in-Mexico charm of Arturo ordova, you'll find several things to oy in this little tale and an honest tear two besides.

enny, the swaggering hero of the xican quarter, never actually appears in picture. He's gone to war, leaving Dor- y Lamour hopefully waiting for him, old father (J. Carrol Naish) wistfully nking of him, and shiftless Arturo de rdova trying to outdo him. When Benny's oic death makes him a national hero, snobbish money-grabbing town tries capitalize on his fame. J. Carrol Naish s well with a touching situation here, ietically upholding the dignity of the *sanos*. Meanwhile Mikhail Rasumny in- ges in some inimitable character by- y, Lamour and Cordova get around to inevitable romance, and everything s up in a happy flourish of hokum.

## SPECIAL MENTION

OUTHERNER (U. A.). (Formerly titled old Autumn in Your Hand.) Zachary Scott, etty Field, Beulah Bondi.
CORN IS GREEN (Warner Bros.). ette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring.
CLOCK (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Robert Valker, James Gleason, Keenan Wynn.
VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M). Greer arson, Gregory Peck.
HOUT LOVE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy, atharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball.

BONDS AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION-PICTURE THEATER

## THE NEW FIRST LADY

Continued from Page 19

rived in 1924, and they continued to live there until they came to Washington, eleven years ago.

As a youngster, Bess Wallace was all tomboy. Henry P. Chiles, deputy clerk of Independence who was in Bess's classes at school, reports: "She was the only girl I ever knew who could really whistle through her teeth." And her husband says: "I think I first fell in love with her in the fifth grade when she stuck out her tongue at me."

Independence, Missouri, is more Southern than Middle Western—its people call themselves Southerners. And in the best tradition of the Southern upper classes, Bess at fifteen suddenly grew up from the tomboy into a dignified young woman who no longer whistled through her teeth or batted the ball with the boys on the sand lot; she put up her tawny red-blonde hair, lengthened her skirts, and became very much the proper lady.

She graduated from Independence High School in the same class with Harry, and stayed at home for the next few years while her mother and grandmother taught her the fundamentals of running a home. Then, still in the best Southern tradition she went to finishing school for a year, at Barstow School for Girls in near-by Kansas City. Here she majored in literature and languages, became an expert horsewoman, and was a social leader in her group. She wore clothes the other girls still remember as simple, quiet, but "awfully good."

Contrary to reports, she was never a village schoolteacher. Like most girls of her generation, she had to make up her mind early whether to teach school or marry. Bess decided in favor of domesticity, although it would be thirteen years before she married Harry Truman.

The Horatio Alger side of the Trumans' life story belongs to Harry. Harry's was a farm family, without much extra money.

"Your Bergamot, Sir"
ORLOFF
BERGAMOT
Men's Bath Talc
BERGAMOT
BERGAMOT

**BERGAMOT**... for generations the choice of gentlemen . . . for its exhilarating herby tang . . . for its superb masculinity . . . for its supreme good taste. Now in the finest of toiletries for the discriminating man of today.

If you make an art of good grooming and good living . . . if you have a "fastidious" skin . . . you'll appreciate the unusual quality of Bergamot grooming aids by Orloff. You'll keep, treasure and re-use the handsome jars!

IN *Apothecary* JARS:

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Bath Talc . . . | $2.50 |
| Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment, in large jars | 5.00 |
| Brushless Shaving Cream | 2.50 |

IN *Mortar & Pestle* JARS

| | |
|---|---|
| Shaving Soap . . . . . . | 1.25 |
| Men's Deodorant . . . | 1.25 |
| Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment . . . . . . . | 1.75 |

IN *Apothecary* BOTTLES:

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Cologne . . . . | $1.25 |
| After Shave Cream Lotion . . . . . . . . . | 1.25 |
| Men's Hair Dressing . | 1.25 |
| Men's Liquid Deodorant | 1.25 |

IN *Apothecary* BOTTLE *with Shaker Cap:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Face Talc . . . | 1.00 |

*At Leading Stores Everywhere*

BERGAMOT
*gentlemen's toiletries*
BY ORLOFF

JEAN VIVAUDOU CO., INC. • 10 W. 33RD ST. • NEW YORK

*Inspired by priceless antiques in the historic Mercer Apothecary Shop—now a national shrine at Fredericksburg, Va*

OK'd by Service Men Overseas

"Thanks for *Kirsten* pipes," say overseas "G-I Joes." Many letters are received from fighting men, telling us they appreciate the cool, relaxing, no-bite smoking pleasure they get from the *Kirsten* . . . they say this pipe can "take it" when the going is tough! Only overseas PX and Ship Service Stores are now being supplied with *Kirsten* pipes, and none is sent to individuals anywhere. Some day . . . perhaps soon . . . genuine *Kirstens* will again be available to everyone . . . they're worth waiting for!

*Support the Mighty 7th War Loan*

KIRSTEN PIPE CO.
Dept. 109
Seattle 1
Wash.

THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. AND PATS. PEND.

"For The SPARK That NEVER Fails"

At drug and cigar stores, PX and Ship's Service.

Your Lighter Will WORK . . . better—with
RUMIN
Gold Coated FLINTS
and LIGHTER FLUID
ROCK FLINT CO., 123 Doughty Boulevard, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Rubber Heels & Soles

So when he finished high school he went to work at a succession of jobs—as farm worker, drugstore clerk, bank clerk, railroad-station attendant. He saw little of his high-school "girl" because he was too busy working and she was too busy being popular and carefree.

About ten years after he'd left high school, Harry renewed the romance. Across the street from the Wallaces lived Harry's Aunt Nellie and her two daughters. He visited them often, and one evening his aunt asked him to return the plate on which the Wallaces had sent over a cake. Harry did, and stayed to talk with the pretty, blue-eyed Bess. From that evening they started "going steady." Although Bess had had many beaux, she was Harry's first and only girl. Harry saved up his money and a year later bought a sports roadster, into and on which "the crowd" could ride to picnics and ball games. He and Bess were the most popular couple in town. After keeping company for five years, they became engaged in 1917, just before Harry joined the Army and went overseas.

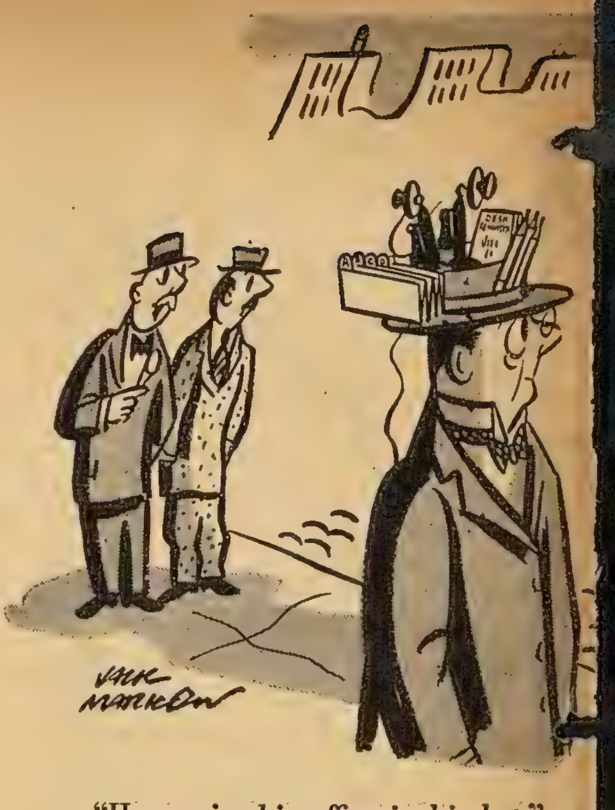
Bess waited for him, and on June 28, 1919, six weeks after Harry returned, they were married. After a brief wedding trip to Chicago and Detroit, they settled down to live in the big Gates Victorian mansion with Bess's mother. Harry had a notion he'd like to have a business of his own. He and one of his soldier buddies pooled their savings, borrowed some money, bought up a load of men's clothing, and opened a haberdashery across from the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City.

IT was then that Mrs. Truman began to be a real business partner with her husband. She went over the store books with him at night, helped him take inventory, schemed over advertising signs with him. Business was not very good, for a depression was beginning. It got worse, and in 1921 the haberdashery met sudden death. Truman and his partner were deeper in debt than when they had started. Friends advised bankruptcy. Harry came home and talked it over with Bess all one night. They decided bankruptcy wouldn't be honest or fair to their creditors. Fourteen years later, after he had come to Congress, they paid off the last of that debt.

The whole country now knows the rest of Harry Truman's amazing rise to the Presidency—how, after his business failed, he got a job as county road commissioner, then as county judge, and finally was elected and re-elected to Congress. Throughout that rise Mrs. Truman kept herself in the background. But whatever Harry's problems, they went home with him at night, to be talked over with Bess. He never failed to phone if he was going to be late, and it is said that he has never spent a night out of the city without calling home. "Bess looks like a woman who is sure of her husband's love," a Washington friend has said.

When he entered the Senate, she began taking over more and more of his correspondence, helping him write his speeches and doing his research. As chairman of the Truman Committee he got sackfuls of mail each day, ranging all the way from screwball pipe dreams for quick victory to valuable tips on fraudulent suppliers of war goods. Every knotty problem went home to Bess for a talking-over.

Bess made big headlines for the first time in Washington when it was discovered that Harry had her down on the Senate payroll as a clerk: salary, $4,500 a year. Columnists tried to make something of it, but Harry defended his wife's position openly and hotly: "She earns every cent of it. She is my chief adviser. I never write a speech without going over it with her. I have to do that, because I



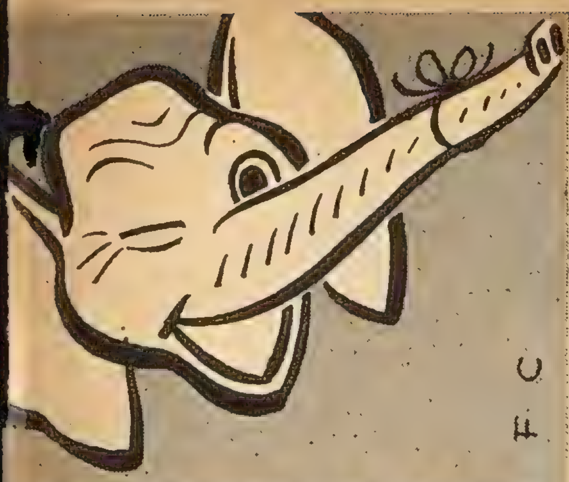
"He carries his office in his hat."

have so much to do and I never make an
decisions unless she is in on them. Sh
takes care of all my personal mail." Mr
Truman stayed on the payroll and th
gossip fizzled out.

There's more to that story than appeare
in the columns. The $4,500 salary repre
sented much-needed cash to the Truma
family. A senator's salary of $10,000 is litt
enough in Washington, where a congress
man has to entertain and live well. Ther
was a mortgage still to be paid off c
Harry's mother's farm. Margaret wa
growing up and there were college ex
penses to be met soon. When the new ta
bill came out in '42, it was the final blo
to the Truman budget. Mrs. Truman, a
though she had been keeping house with
out a maid, volunteered to add the ful
time secretarial job to her housekeepi
load.

MRS. TRUMAN didn't want to be a Vice
President's wife any more than Harr
wanted to be Vice-President. She had be
come used to her duties as congressman
wife and he loved his job in the Senat
But as the new Vice-President's wife, he
life changed very little. She continued t
help with his "paper work" and to kee
house without a servant in their five
room, $120-a-month apartment at 47
Connecticut Avenue. She had little cook
ing to do, except for breakfast, becaus
as Mr. and Mrs. Vice-President they sud
denly became the going-outest coup
in the capital. Nor did Bess seem to fe
the importance of her new role. It wasn
at all unusual for her to phone frien
going to the same party and say, "Can
drive over and pick you up?" She didn
seem to realize that, ordinarily, the Vice
President's wife is picked up herself by he
friends or their liveried chauffeurs.

The Vice-Presidential social whirl
fused her more than it impressed her. He
biggest difficulty was remembering th
names of the hundreds of people she me
To put it in her own facetious way (he
grand sense of humor often surprises thos
who don't know her well), "I rememb
the *names* but not the *faces.*" At one ver
swish luncheon, a smartly dressed woma
greeted her ecstatically, and she couldn
for the life of her remember who th
woman was and where she had met he
To her consternation, she later found he
self seated beside the selfsame woman
the table. Throughout the meal Bess ke
the conversation on the safe ground
generalities. As the party broke up, th



memory
LIKE AN ELEPHANT

Yes, people remember seeing unsightly dandruff... it's so unpleasant! So why take a chance? Banish loose dandruff, stimulate your scalp and bring your hair under well-groomed control, by massaging daily with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
at all drug stores and barber shops

How to give
TIRED EYES
a quick rest
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

YES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it tart to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—

UICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically lended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

woman shook her hand warmly, glanced over her costume with an appraising eye, and said, "You must let me dress you."

Mrs. Truman gasped, said a polite "Thank you," and hurried away. "Who in the world is that woman?" she asked the first close friend she could buttonhole.

"You *don't know?*" her friend chortled. "Why, that's the famous Schiaparelli!"

Since coming to Washington eleven years ago, Mrs. Truman has ordered all her clothes from a women's shop in Kansas City. "They know what I want," she says, and lets it go at that. Five feet four and weighing in the low 130s, she wears mostly tailored things in dark colors which set off her blue eyes and her graying hair, which still has a lot of the red-blonde in it. But, like most of the First Ladies of the past, she probably will be "dressed" by some leading fashion designer soon. At her first public appearance after the inauguration, when she went to Congress to hear her husband make his first speech to the lawmakers, she wore the same black suit and blue blouse she'd worn to the inauguration and to many an official tea and luncheon.

"WHAT kind of First Lady will she make?" is the question almost every American woman and a lot of men are asking. Her neighbors out in Independence say, "Don't worry—Bess will do just fine. She's sensible, she's smart, and she's level-headed." Her old neighbor down the street, Mr. M. D. Jackson, who has known her since she was knee-high, says, "She'll be efficient and poised and exactly right as First Lady. Even as a girl she was never affected or silly."

Her childhood Sunday-school teacher, Mabel Southern, says, "Bess was always one to take hold and do what was needed. I remember how she volunteered to sing in the church choir when she was a girl, even though she hadn't much voice, just to help us out."

Vietta Garr, her cook for seventeen years, says, "She's the nicest person I ever worked for—she knew everything there was to know about how to be a lady."

The Rev. L. M. Proctor, retired Independence Baptist minister, says, "With Mrs. Truman taking over the management of the White House and Mr. Truman the executive job, everything is going to be all right. They are the kind of couple who can keep their feet on the ground and have their dreams too."

Mrs. C. S. Graves, whose back yard adjoins the "mansion's," says Bess is a master housekeeper and manager, always with time to be gracious and friendly and to do more than her share of community work.

As First Lady, Mrs. Truman will be relieved of her routine household tasks by an efficient staff of servants. However, she will have the multitude of official duties as First Lady that every White House wife has had to assume, and Bess will take them on like the good homemaker she is. But she will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the most motherly, "folksy," and unassuming First Ladies of them all. She won't write a column, she says, she doesn't like traveling, and she doesn't like to be active in politics. Her only activities outside the home before coming to the White House were work in a USO canteen, some church organizations, and membership in the secret P. E. O. Society, an educational and social group organized seventy-five years ago in Iowa. She disagrees with her husband only on church affiliation. She and her daughter are Episcopalians and Mr. Truman is a Baptist.

Asked whether she would still get up at the crack of dawn to breakfast with her early-rising husband, she said, "Indeed I

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Even your best friends don't hesitate to put you on the spot when you slip up on your grooming. But aside from the appearance of your shoes, the care you give shoes has a lot to do with the wear you get from them. It will pay you to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.

*Summer note:* For the care of white shoes, remember to ask for SHINOLA WHITE. It's easy to put on, but hard to rub off.

SHINOLA WHITE LIQUID SHOE CLEANER
FOR ALL TYPES OF WHITE SHOES
SHINOLA BROWN WAX LIQUID SHOE POLISH
BLACK SHINOLA SHOE POLISH
PRODUCTS OF THE BEST FOODS, INC.

SHINOLA
FOR EVERY TYPE AND COLOR SHOE
ONLY 10¢

RED-ITCHY SKIN?
watch out—it's often
ECZEMA

'Invisible' Liquid Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing Zemo—a Doctor's highly medicated *invisible* liquid—quickly relieve intense itching burning of Eczema, Psoriasis and similar annoying skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Amazingly successful for over 35 years! Apply any time—doesn't show on skin. First trial of clean, stainless *liquid* Zemo convinces! Buy Extra Strength Zemo for mean cases. At all drugstores. ZEMO

Grownups may be polite and say nothing but trust a child to speak out and tell the truth. That little boy is right too! There's no excuse for offensive, stained toilet bowls. Especially when it is so easy to keep them sparkling white and clean with Sani-Flush.

No messy scrubbing is necessary with Sani-Flush. Use it twice a week at least to remove discolorations and the ever forming film where toilet germs lurk. Unlike ordinary cleansers, Sani-Flush is chemical in its action. It disinfects, cleans hard to reach surfaces, even cleans the hidden trap. Safe for septic tanks and in all toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REMOVES A CAUSE OF TOILET ODORS

PAIN

WEARS YOU OUT . .
. . DRAGS YOU DOWN

When Headache, Functional Monthly Pains, or Simple Neuralgia interfere with your work or your enjoyment, try DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS. Get them at your drug store. Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Regular package 25c, economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

will." She will also probably continue to wait up for her twenty-one-year-old daughter Margaret when she's out on dates, and worry when she's late. Margaret, tall, blonde, and the image of her father, is a student at George Washington University, where she majors in history and English, gets A's and B-pluses, belongs to Pi Beta Phi sorority and the Phi Pi Epsilon Foreign Service fraternity, and sings soprano in the Glee Club. Quiet and a bit retiring like her mother, she doesn't go in for the usual college-girl outfit of sloppy-Joe sweaters and bobby sox; wears her straight hair in a neat ladylike long bob with only a touch of curl in the ends. No beauty, she is attractive in a tailored-woman way.

Her parents have no lofty ambitions for Margaret. "All I want her to do is marry a good man who would make her happy," says her father. If she marries during his term in office, she will be the White House's fifteenth bride. Eleanor Wilson was the last bride to be given away at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, when she was married to William Gibbs McAdoo.

THE Trumans also will probably be recorded as one of the homiest families in the White House. Mrs. Truman's mother, Mrs. Wallace, will live there with them for the present. The favorite family pastime is listening to music. They own a large collection of records of all kinds (Schubert is their favorite composer) and the President himself is a fairly good pianist. Margaret, who has a well-trained voice, sings to her father's accompaniment while her mother and grandmother listen proudly. Their piano and phonograph were the only pieces of furniture they brought from Independence.

Among the Trumans' closest friends in the capital are the Arthur Clarendon Smiths. Fifteen times a day over local Washington radio stations comes a whispered commercial most capitalites have memorized: "Don't make a move—without calling Smith's." "Don't-Make-a-Move" Smith admits that their friends the Trumans are one set of listeners who couldn't obey his admonition—the Army Quartermaster Corps moved the Trumans' personal belongings into the White House. Mr. Smith, who moved President Wilson and who swung six votes toward moving Truman into the Vice-Presidency at the Democratic Convention, was a bit disappointed, naturally. The Trumans laughingly assured him that they would have liked to "give him the business."

Of the three Trumans, Bess probably faced White House life most reluctantly. Coupled with the shock and grief over Roosevelt's death was her genuine dread of becoming First Lady. "She cried all night," says Harry, "and it wasn't for joy, either."

But, as her neighbors out in Independence say, "Bess will do fine. Hasn't she always done fine?"

THE END

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM

STIFF JOINTS and BRUISES

Muscular Aches and Pains • Sprains • Strains

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

## HERE COMES THE GROOM

ON this week's cover, Bill Webster, Libert
war veteran, takes the final import
step to the future he dreamed of during h
combat days. It's June. He and Nancy Willian
stand at the altar—a little awed and a lit
scared—listening to the words that make the
man and wife.

For several months we've watched Bil
farewell to arms and his reabsorption in
civilian life. We've seen him, one step at
time, regather the threads of his career
resume where he left off when Uncle S
called. So we now leave him in Nancy
hands, and we wish them both good luck an
bon voyage in their journey through life.

## GADGET OF DESTRUCTIO

Continued from Page 29

around 20,000. (The bombsight knows
altitude limit, although accuracy diminish
as you go up. At reduced speeds a goo
bombardier can use the sight as low
1,000 feet.)

Despite temperature well below zero
the substratosphere, the man down fro
usually removes his gloves. His first manu
operation is to set the gyroscope spinnin
Next he peers into his rubber-protecte
eyepiece for the first time and twists th
"search knob" which angles the telescop
forward until the target comes within vie
From top to bottom and from side to
across his circular field of vision is a s
of cross hairs. He places the horizont
hair right on the aiming point and "clutche
it there by raising a lever which from the
on drives the telescope motor at a spee
relative to the speed of the plane. Th
target remains constantly in sight now—
bombardier's version of "keeping your ey
on the ball."

QUICKLY another lever is pushed
"arm" the bombsight, just as you woul
cock a firearm. It means that when every
thing is set, bombs will be released; th
is no practice run. One glance at a bubbl
atop the sight (it looks very much like
carpenter's level) tells whether the plan
is riding steadily. If not, the twist of
knob immediately sets wing tips even. B
pulling two electric switches behind hin
the operator opens bomb-bay doors an
"arms" his bombs—sets the vanes spinnin
inside them. Now, unless set for a delaye
fuse (anywhere from one tenth of a se
ond to six days), they will explode on con
tact.

The bombardier returns to the telescop
More than likely, during the seconds tha
have elapsed since he clutched the cros
hairs in place, wind or normal drift ha
taken the target off dead center of h
vision. Two large knobs at his right han
make adjustments for left-right and up
and-down—actually steering the plan
itself into position. Absolutely all th
bombardier has to do from now on is hol
this cross hair right on the target. Th
machine does the rest by a simple-looki
device still shielded from public view.
angled telescope is moving slowly towar

perpendicular position, but before reachg the perpendicular it comes to the exact int at which bombs must be .dropped ., with a “lead”) in order to hit the et a mile or two ahead. Their release automatic.

A separate device, the intervalometer, aces the bomb load at desired intervals. ten bombs are to be dropped in a 1,200-ot path across a freight yard, the first ould fall on a spot designated by the mbsight's cross hairs, the others every 3 feet thereafter. The entire load is away ithin three seconds, and with that the lot resumes control, probably taking asive action to dodge flak. (Although the mbardier has required no more than enty-five or thirty seconds for the final hase of his run, ground guns have had me to determine range and send their ells skyward.) Then begins the race ome.

All this, of course, is the way a bomdier would go about his job in clear ther, when he can hit what he sees. ombing through clouds sometimes calls r another device—something that can't discussed yet. The communiqués refer it vaguely as “instrument bombing.”

If the lead bombardier should miscalulate and overfly the target without getng his bombs away, the group probably ould continue to an alternate target; ming in a second time over the primary rget would just be asking for trouble. any event, if the visibility had been od and there was no proof of mechanical ilure, the group almost certainly would ave a new bombardier leader the next me out. The Norden is as foolproof as at.

XCEPT for some mediums, nearly all types of American combat craft have sed the Norden sight satisfactorily. Even ttle P-38 fighters have ventured out with e bombsight in lone raids, and earned the ickname “Droop Snoot” because of a new mbardier-navigator compartment added ad of the pilot's cockpit.

me criticism has been aroused because America's alleged refusal to share the orden with Allied nations. The truth is at until very recently the British thought eir own Sperry sight superior, while the ussians' low-flying Stormoviks had no al need of a precision instrument. The orden's chief points of superiority over ther modern bombsights are its relatively mple manipulation and the automatic elease.

Made at the rate of seventy bombsights year before the war, the Norden now quips every Army and Navy bomber lling off the assembly lines. It's a truly merican weapon.

THE END

* * *

On his way to a Chicago studio broadcast, Dunninger, "the master mentalist," called on Blackstone, the magian, and found him angrily ransacking his bedroom for a mislaid white tie, always worn in his act.

"You're a mind reader," Blackstone said. "Where did I put that tie?"

Dunninger concentrated in his mastermind fashion.

"In that box," he said, pointing. And the tie was there, but black.

"Humph, you're a fine mind reader!" cried Blackstone scornfully.

"Ha!" retorted Dunninger. "If you're any kind of magician, you can change black tie into a white one."

* * *

**REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!**

Money Back Guarantee

**USERS SAY**

**Physician Writes:** "Enclosing check for 12 cans of Cal-Par."

**Drops 35 pounds:** "Thanks to the Cal-Par Plan I reduced from 160 to 125 lbs. I feel wonderful." Mrs. E. C., Kas. City, Mo.

**Nurse Reports:** "Lost 45 lbs. in 31 days; never felt better."

**90 Lbs. Fat Gone:** "Your Cal-Par Plan helped me reduce from 288 to 198 lbs. Friends tell me how wonderful I look. Recently I had an operation; my doctor said he never saw anyone recover so quickly." Mrs. V. E., Augusta, Kas.

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. military hospital and a state public health officer. Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR (30 DAYS' SUPPLY) at health food, and drug stores.

- ● *NO EXERCISE!*
- ● *NO REDUCING DRUGS!*
- ● *ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!*

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR, we will send you postpaid a special can for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE, Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR Dept. 11H
685 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME..........................................
ADDRESS.......................................
CITY..........................................

**SONG POEMS WANTED**

We want song poems and lyrics on all subjects. We offer the services of a noted Hollywood Motion Picture composer and arranger. Send your poem today for consideration *and our liberal offer.*

**HOLLYWOOD MELODIES**
Hollywood 28, Calif. P.O. Box 2168M

**RHEUMATISM**

**ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA**

Why continue to suffer the agonizing pains of these diseases when the usual remedies have failed. Learn about a new trustworthy, modern, non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous treatment is completely explained in the Ball Clinic's FREE Book. Write today. No obligation. **BALL CLINIC, Dept. 2300, Excelsior Springs, Mo.**

**PULVEX FLEA POWDER**

*Kills fleas*

25¢ AND 50¢

100% SATISFACTION ...OR MONEY BACK

**ASTHMATICS!**

*If you find it difficult to get relief* **TRY**

Let Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR help reduce the severity of your next asthmatic attack, notice how its aromatic fumes aid distressed breathing. Use it and see how dependable it is—potency rigidly standardized through strict laboratory control—quality always uniform. Ask for ASTHMADOR in powder cigarette or pipe mixture form at your favorite drug store.

**Get ASTHMADOR today!**

**ASTHMADOR**

**Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair**

**She's as Lively as a Youngster— Now her Backache is better**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

**Can't SLEEP?**

**Maybe It's NERVES**

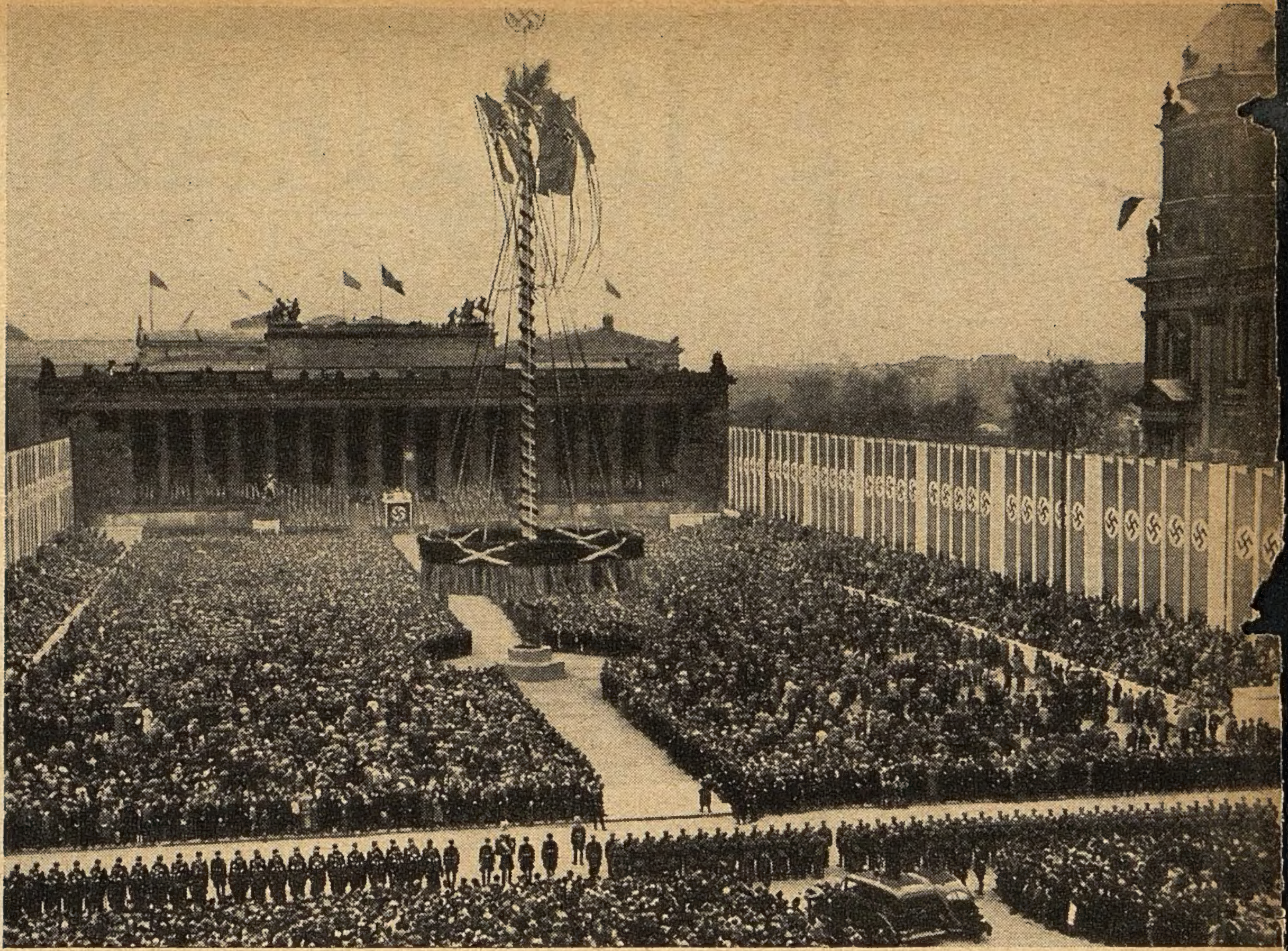
Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. **DR. MILES NERVINE** (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are **Nervous, Cranky, Restless?** Get it at your drug store—**Liquid, 25c and $1.00.** Effervescent Tablets, **35c and 75c. Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**

**DR. MILES NERVINE**

JUNE 9, 1945

**PAUL HUNTER**
*Publisher*
**EDWARD MAHER**
*Editor*

**Liberty**
. . . FOR ALL



# WHAT IS FASCISM?

THE word "Fascism" is bandied about so freely in the press, over the air, and in ordinary conversation, it's high time we arrived at a simple, easily understood definition of what it means. Fascism has been defined many times, of course, but usually the definition reflects the mental attitude or prejudices of the one doing the defining. What we need is an accurate, simple, and fundamental definition recognizable by everybody.

Contrary to popular belief, Fascism is not something invented by Mussolini and brought to perfection as a black art by Hitler. Nor does it pass out of the world with their downfall. Fascism is as old as mankind itself. Mussolini merely gave it a modern name, taken from the word *"fascio,"* which means "bundle."

But no matter what name it is given, Fascism is the rule of the many by the few. It springs from a conviction that people as a whole are characterized by two qualities—stupidity and greed. It operates on the principle that people are too stupid to know what is best for them in the way of government and social order. It believes people are so greedy they will readily relinquish control of their affairs to anyone who promises them enough in the way of material advantages.

It is evident, therefore, that Fascist thinking is not confined to the Axis nations. There are many people in this and other Allied countries who subscribe to these doctrines. Such beliefs, of course, deny that all men are created equal, and it is only a slight further step to a denial that they are endowed by the Creator with rights to either life or liberty, or to the pursuit of happiness, except al[illegible] lines laid down by the ruling clique.

In the Axis countries the shrewd and brutal men who think along these lines were not much given to temporizing with idealism or such things as the Golden Rule. Their way was to impose their beliefs forthwith by means of the knout and the bludgeon. For those who remained unconvinced after the application of these tools of Fascism there were the concentration camp and the execution chamber. For the relatively few who fell in with Fascism, to do its dirty work and run its bureaus, there were material rewards given and accepted with complete cynicism.

That the people of this country could ever be subjected to such extremes is, of course unthinkable. Yet many who believe themselves liberals are continually calling fo measures which would deny our people the right to work out their individual lives according to their abilities and inclinations From this it is only a step to the belief t[illegible] people must be forced to conform to a pattern laid down by men in authority. This is called pushing people around. And pushing people around is the sinister hallmark of Fascism

Paul Hunter

# Gardens win home-front victories!

**1860** **THE URGE** to grow things is natural to Americans. In grandfather's time no well-run house was complete without a kitchen garden. Seeds were saved from year to year, in Corby's early days of Canadian whiskey fame.

**1918** **"YOU'RE IN** the Army now," trainees raised crops to help America feed herself in the first World War. War gardens produced a quarter of a million tons of food in Corby's 60th year as a great Canadian whiskey name.

**1942** **VICTORY GARDENS** spring up as war increases the need to save food and shipping. In two years the goal was upped to 22 million gardens, 10 million tons of food! Production of Corby's Whiskey was stopped in its 84th year.

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
PEPPER 10¢
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

**1945** **A HUNGRY** Europe, a tighter transport problem, make gardens important now as never before. As you help win victory over food shortages, you may find time out from spading to enjoy Corby's, the light, sociable blend. This whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is available from reserve supplies. Watch for Corby's at your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

## CORBY'S

## A Grand Old Canadian Name

**PRODUCED IN U. S. A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

# *To Everyman's Taste*

Whether you enjoy them on Park Avenue or Main Street, frankfurters have a wonderful flavor all their own. And so does Seagram's 5 Crown!

For here is a whiskey of true pre-war quality—backed by an 88-year old reputation for making fine whiskies—making them taste better!

Naturally, good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"... because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste.

*Say* **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Host
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
Seagram

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT—BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

## Seagram's 5 Crown

*Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York*